





Sixty Thousand Miles of

SKETCHES,

BY A TRAVELLER.

“ His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread
Where sleeps the dust of earth’s recorded dead,
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
Pillar and pyramid, in age sublime,
The pagan’s temple and the Christian’s tower,
War’s bloodiest plain and wisdom’s greenest bower;
All that his wonder waked in school-boy themes,
All that his fancy fired, in youthful dreams.”

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the eleventh day of January, A. D. 1830, in the fiftyfourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Carter and Hendee, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors in the words following, to wit:

'Sketches, by a Traveller.

" His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead,
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,
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In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned ;' and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned ;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Letters, etc. were written by the same person, and originally appeared in the New England Galaxy, and Boston Courier; some amendments, however, have been made, and many, it may be, are required. But as the writer was indebted for some parts, to the journal of a friend, he cannot be responsible for any errors but his own; and therefore he cannot claim for all his sketches the authority of a guide-book. The articles were written merely for a newspaper, without thought of other publication—would that they were better.



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LETTERS FROM A MARINER.

NO. I.

SIR—In complying with your request, I shall need all your indulgence. The duty of a sailor is too hard, and his deficiency in general knowledge too great, to enable him to describe well, even his own wanderings.

My journal is but a log-book, filled with the courses of the winds and the aspect of the skies. It was commenced in my sixteenth year, when, impelled by a thirst for adventure which amounted to a passion, I shipped myself as a green hand, for a long voyage.

On the 22d day of April, we sailed from Boston in a good ship, bound for the Northwest coast of America. On the first day of May, a sail was discovered bearing down upon us from the western quarter, and in three hours she passed under our stern, hailing under English colors, as from New Providence. She was well armed and manned, yet, making ourselves a warlike show, we feigned courage, and parted company with a decided dislike to her countenance.

The first land made was the island of St Anthony, one of the Capes de Verde. Here we took the N. E.

Trades, and were accompanied for ten days by shoals of albacore, dolphin, and bonito. Our next land was the little island Trinidad, uninhabited and barren.

In the parallel of Buenos Ayres, we had one of the gales that in winter are so violent in these latitudes; and though our ship was strong, it seemed as if the arm of Providence must interpose to save us. A heavy sea swept our neat whale boat from the larboard quarter, stove in the binnacle, and carried away the goat house with its unlucky tenant. Our fears were great, but they could not extinguish our sympathies for poor Capricornus, who was a favorite with us all. We saw her heading towards the ship and struggling hard to regain it, when a sea broke over, and she was seen no more.

Between the latitudes fiftyseven and sixty south, in winter, when there is scarcely six hours' sun, the weather is bad at the best; and we had storms of sleet and snow, our ship was buried in the water, and in these long and dismal nights our births were seldom dry. Yet no one was sick, though all were much exhausted. We were deliberating on a return to port to recruit ourselves and refit the ship, when a gale assisted our councils, and carried us, though in a rough way, so much west, that we could steer north in the Pacific Ocean with good offing from the coast.

Being in want of wood and water, we steered to Massa Fuero for supplies. The boats were sent on shore and returned with a report that there was much drift wood, but too high a surf to land at the watering place. A great many fish were taken with the line, and a goat was killed with a harpoon, which, with a few greens, gave us a princely repast. We lay three days for the surf to subside; but we waited in vain. This was an unwelcome state of things, for we had few anti-scorbutics, and we feared that the scurvy would board

us this side the Sandwich Islands ; yet the disease is delayed by a free use of water.

The island of Massa Fuero is distant from Chili one hundred and twenty leagues; and from Juan Fernandez, twentyfive. It is lofty, and may be seen twenty leagues. On the hills there is a little stunted wood, and the valleys are covered with tall spear grass. There are some fertile spots planted with vegetables, by people who came to hunt the seal; but the poor fur seal has become almost extinct since it made the acquaintance of man. Goats there are in large flocks, and tame enough to be killed with muskets. We saw, too, a few cats, some of them so gentle that they came up to us. The waters around the island abound in fish, that take the naked hook with an avidity that would have astonished Izaac Walton. We left this island, which the captain called the Paradise of the Goats, to its own solitude, and on the 26th November, beheld the blue summit of Owyhee peeping over the clouds.

The sight of land diffused a general joy, that was heightened when we discovered the rich cultivation of the eastern slope; we saw fields of tarro, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and watermelons. In the evening we hauled off for Toeigh Bay, and lay under short sail during the night. A friend of the king came on board with supplies of hogs and vegetables, when we sailed for Woahoo, the only harbor where a ship can be safely overhauled, and the residence of the Lord of the Isles.

The Sandwich Islands are so well known, that you will not thank me for extracts concerning them, and I am impatient to take you to the Northwest Coast, which is less travelled ground, and more like what is called in charts, *terra incognita*.

But that I may say all that I would of any of the Pacific Islands, I will in this letter extract from my journals of several voyages; without having before my eyes the fear of anachronism, which is a hard word, signifying, as I always believed, the confusion of dates.

At Woahoo, we were visited early by a person who seemed to be of distinction, and he had written testimonials of character, from various mariners; though in a country where forgery is easy, such documents would raise more suspicion than confidence.

We produced a bottle of old stingo and a tumbler of the capacity of a pint. To his comrades he served a moderate allowance, but inclined more to liberal principles when he poured out for himself. His potation was any thing but thin, yet it was swallowed in a moment of time, and followed by a smack of the lips, and the ejaculation of the English word ‘strong.’ He then took to his canoe and paddled off with the strength and somewhat after the manner of an alligator.

We had next to do the honors to Reo Reo, the sovereign. We saluted him with seven guns, for majesty is venerable even to a republican, though like Brutus, he dislike in his own country, the very name of a king. Reo Reo was by no means a fool, though if a good life be the fruit of wisdom, he cannot be ranked with the wise. His besetting vice was that of a savage, perhaps of a monarch, intemperance. He had some correct notions of trade, for he glanced at goods that we knew he coveted in his heart, with an affectation of utter indifference, which manœuvre we met by a corresponding expression of *sang froid*. It was a trial of cunning, but the savage was vanquished. However, while somewhat in our debt he slipped away in a whale ship to visit his Royal Brother in the British Islands, where he died; and I fear without imitating Theodore

of Corsica, who, while in prison at London, made over his kingdom for the use of his *creditors*.

William Pitt, who was regent in the king's absence, was a man of much shrewdness, and some honesty. Boki has less of either; I dare not call him thief, but I believe that he would partake of what he knew to be stolen. In fact, the first law of nature, with these people, seems to be to acquire, and theft is adopted readily, as the means. Yet they have certainly improved in their moral qualities since the residence of the missionaries.

I was little on shore, though once I dined with a chief, on what he called a roasted pig; yet if the animal had recovered voice it would have been not to squeak but to bark.

I like the Sandwich people less than the Otaheitans, who are, or to me they seemed, more affable and kind. A Frenchman, as he names the Persians, the Parisians of the East, might call the Otaheitans the French of the South Sea.

But the people of the Marquesas are the most beautiful of all savages. They are quite too handsome for my preconceptions of a cannibal. They have a Grecian precision of outline, but lack the beauty of sentiment; and you would look in vain for an intellectual face. I remember that a whale's tooth suspended from the neck, is a title to distinction, and that he who has the largest tooth has the most honor, and feels the greatest pride. This is all that I can tell you of the Marquesas.

NO. II.

SIR—I was once (1817) bound from the islands last mentioned to Coquimbo, when we hove to under the southeast side of Pitcairn's Island, the retreat of the mutineers of the Bounty. We discovered a village under a noble grove of banyan and palm; and the inhabitants were seen hastening down the declivity by a circuitous path to the beach. I was one of five who went in a boat near to the shore, where the islanders stood on a projecting rock, making courteous signs for us to approach. But the surf was too high, and several of their young men swam off. They gave us from the water the English salutation, 'How do you do?' and one of them said in a very pleasing manner 'I will come into your boat, Sir, if you will permit,' but not one of the whole attempted to get in till he had obtained permission. Ten came in, and as soon as seated, asked with the utmost eagerness our nation, and reason for coming to their island. The cause of our coming we stated to be, partly to obtain provisions, but principally to see with our own eyes the innocence and happiness of their little society.

All were desirous to go on board, but as the sea was high, and the weather in their own phrase 'looked naughty,' I limited their number to three. They decided by lot who should go, and the unsuccessful swam off under the promise of being permitted in their turn to visit the ship. It was dark when we dropped anchor, and we discovered immediately after, a single man in a canoe that could hold but one, and which, though little better than a cockle shell, he managed dexterously. He came under our lee quarter, and called in a bold manner for a rope, by which we hauled him and his canoe on deck together. He was not encumbered with dress, wearing nothing but a free mason's apron without the emblems.

In the morning a gale drove us off many leagues. Yet although the sea was high, our visitors showed no symptoms of alarm ; but all were uneasy for the pain their situation, or ignorance of it, would give their friends on shore. Their agreeable manners and amiable dispositions made them favorites with us all : and if ever there was a golden age it must have produced people like these. I have never seen in others such natural ease of deportment or unhesitating boldness in speaking their sentiments.

'Mr Adams' seemed to be held by all in great veneration. Since their infancy, the good man has been anxiously engaged in turning their minds to good, or, in their own words, he has 'learnt them to love all good things, and to hate every thing that is *naughty*.' This last is a phrase in high favor with this Solon of the sea, and if the manner in which it is used shows a lack of elegance, it indicates a simplicity that belongs to innocence.

The women, notwithstanding the assurance of Adams, had bewailed the young men as lost when the vessel disappeared, and when they arrived on shore, all parties seemed frantic with joy.

Our boats lay beyond the surf, and the patriarch brought off for the crews, a roasted pig. He requested our 'attention,' and said grace in a solemn manner and these words, 'For what we are to receive, the Lord make us thankful.' In the crowd standing on the cliff, I pointed to a couple of females who the old man said were his daughters, and on my expressing a desire to see them he waved his hand in a manner that shewed he had a system of signals ; for the youngest ran down the slope and without waiting for the returning wave, plunged into the surf. She needed little aid to get on board, and in the same moment when she put her hand upon the gunwale she was seated at her father's side.

Her countenance was decidedly English, and constantly animated with smiles. Having received many presents, Hannah returned on shore, and Mr Adams consented to pass the night on board.

But he could not compose himself to sleep; at every movement on deck, and we tacked frequently, he ran up and seized a rope where his aid was little wanted, and cheered the sailors with the exclamations usual in hauling. Then he would return to his cabin, where he was often heard in prayer. As ours was the first ship he had entered since the Bounty (for I think he did not visit Capt. Folger's), perhaps the revival of old recollections was too strong for his philosophy, or perhaps he feared that we might detain him as a prisoner. My own private belief was that his intellect was a little disordered.

I went on shore to see the village, and was received on the beach with a general 'welcome.' We passed through a grove of cocoa palms planted with regularity, and the broad leaves were so interlocked as to exclude the light of the sun, and produce a twilight at noon day. Had there been no birds to sing, it would have been almost dismal. The trunks were large, strait, and tall, and the whole grove looked like a magnificent temple of pillars.

Near this is the village, divided by a swift rivulet of the clearest waters. The houses are of plank hewn from the tree, and the windows are sliding pannels. In the village are some noble banyan trees, which make a canopy that will almost exclude the rain. Some of them look like a pavilion, and in all it seems to a stranger that nature has borrowed the aid of art. The branches, like those of the live oak in America, extend themselves parallel to the earth; and when they require, from their distance to the trunk, a new support, a shoot like a prop falls to the ground, where it takes root like a new tree. The banyan therefore covers a great surface.

The Otaheitan women followed me wherever I went, with inquiries of their long lost country; for they persisted in believing that I had come last from Otaheite.

To Adams we gave a good boat, many tools, and some useful books. To the young people we promised a supply of 'spelling books,' for which they made early and anxious inquiries. Their desire to learn seemed very great.

We received the spy-glass of the Bounty, and a few blank books that had been on board. We also saw the guns, which are visible at low water, though half devoured by rust.

I had the pleasure to receive many pressing invitations to live upon the island. I was a waif on the world's wide sea, and perhaps it had been better for me had I been here cast ashore: for even Hannah promised that if I would remain and teach her to read, I should have a house of my own, and never be called to labor in the 'yam fields.' Other destinies led me away, but not without more regret than I can express, as I took leave of these innocent, kind, and happy islanders.

This was more than twelve years ago, and I have never had a conveyance for the spelling books. I confess with sorrow that I have not sought one: if you can inform me of such, I will recover a little self esteem by sending those and better books, though they cannot restore to the Islanders their lost simplicity.

NO. III.

ON our voyage from Pitcairn's Island, we had an alarm, and the consternation was extreme. I had one night

thrown myself on a chest in the forecastle, and though wet to the skin, was fast asleep; when suddenly my memory of a sailor's hardships was revived by a violent trembling of the ship. Then came a sound like distant thunder, and another shock of the vessel. All hands rushed on deck, and the belief was general that the ship was aground. The lead was thrown, but no bottom found. The shocks, however, became less fearful by familiarity, and they occurred at intervals during two days.

The pleasing emotions of a mariner when he first sees the Sandwich Islands, are different from his dark anticipations when he discovers the snow-clad mountains of the Northwest Coast. The land between the latitude of fifty and fifty-five, north, is of moderate elevation, and covered completely with dense forests of hemlock, spruce, and fir. No cultivated fields, no towns, hamlets, or cottages enliven the prospect to a sailor as he views the land after a long voyage, through his trusty friend the telescope. It is one vast wilderness and unbroken solitude.

As we drew near, we discovered a small opening, leading to a safe passage two miles in width, which we followed for two leagues, and entered the good harbor of Newettee. Here we found an American brig, on which the Indians had made an attack two days before—fighting at close quarters with their knives, till repulsed by part of the crew in close column, armed with long pikes. Many of the Indians fought when desperately wounded, and of the crew, two were killed and five dangerously hurt.

The master resolved to have satisfaction, or at least, revenge; and afterwards, when several canoes were alongside, and the fore deck covered with those who came to trade if they might, and steal if they could, the signal was about to be given to seize the chiefs, to be held at

a ransom of furs. But the accidental discharge of a swivel disconcerted this just and liberal scheme of retaliating the wrongs of the guilty, upon people who might be innocent.

On the first alarm, those who were sitting on the rail dropped into the water like turtles, and others farther on board, leaped into the water with the haste of a startled frog.

One chief was taken, and his ransom fixed at twenty skins of sea otter. After he had paid it, he paddled ashore with the air of a madman, plotting mischief, or rather planning justice and revenge. One of the crew of another brig, seeing a canoe passing that held some men who were present at the attack on the other vessel, edged round a swivel loaded with spikes and musket balls, and discharged it with so true an aim, that few survived in the boat to tell the death of their comrades.

Our captain begged of another master a little girl seven years old, that he might restore her to her relations, who lived northward. The child had been but a week on board, when we remarked a woman in a canoe under the stern, making signals to her, for neither knew the other's language. At night, being on the watch, I heard a splash in the water, and then the sound of a paddle. I skulled after in the jolly boat, as fast as I could, but failed to overtake the canoe, which carried away our little captive.

This, with the loss of a whale boat, irritated the captain, who resolved to be indemnified for at least his expenses. Therefore, when accident rather than justice favored, he began to execute his plan, little dreaming to what it would lead.

A canoe from an inland tribe came alongside, manned with ten men, each armed with a musket, bow and arrow, and dagger. The chief came boldly on board, and

was secured in the cabin. It was offered to his comrades to ransom him at twenty sea otter skins, and it was threatened, if the price did not forthcoming, to take him to the north and sell him for a slave. At this treachery the Indians stared wildly, as well they might, and after a muttered consultation, dropped under the stern. The captive in the mean time was in the cabin under the guard of the steward, who was a strong man, and of the ship's tailor, who was bolder than a tailor commonly is. Each of these was sitting on the transom opposite a cabin window. The chief untied the cotsack from his shoulder, and with a flying leap went through the cabin window, which he broke with his head, and which was barely wide enough for his body. In the next moment he was seated in his boat, examining the priming of his musket. The crew ran to the stern with their arms pointed at the natives, who on this demonstration rose and presented theirs to us. Our captain ordered us not to fire, well knowing that the Indians deserved less punishment than praise, and in fact the brave bearing and presence of mind, in our captive, won our admiration. But unfortunately the transaction was seen on board another vessel, the master of which having lost a brother by the Indians, held them in utter hatred. He discharged, as the canoe passed him, a volley with such fatal effect, that one Indian only remained standing, who paddled the canoe beyond the reach of shot. Still there was another vessel to be passed, and the ferocious man who had occasioned all this carnage called out and requested that the canoe should be sunk. The master, though he knew nothing of the quarrel, complied with the nefarious request. A swivel loaded with grape was discharged, the boat was riddled, and the last brave, unoffending, and devoted man, fell over the side.

We learned from a vessel lately arrived, that provisions commanded a good price with the Russians at Norfolk Sound, and thither we went. Governor Barenoff purchased all our supplies for twelve thousand seal skins, worth at Canton twenty thousand dollars. Here we hauled up for several months, and contracted with the governor for a party of Kodiack Indians, expert with the bow, to hunt sea otters on the coast of California.

The governor had the national hospitality, and having cellars well stored again, after a scarcity, held frequent assemblies, where each guest was expected to drink *fairly*; that is, cup for cup with the man in office. This point was never waved, as an idle ceremony, but entered so much into the governor's hospitable feelings, that none had independence to refuse compliance. Hot punch was the liquor to which we sacrificed conscience on the altar of complaisance, and I know men who there contracted habits of intemperance that have destroyed them.

This settlement is called Sitka, and is placed at the bottom of a deep bay, with anchorage for any number of ships. The country is in barren ridges, covered two-thirds of the year with snow.

NO. IV.

SIR—Our hunters amounted to two hundred and four Kodiack and Onalaschan Indians, and we had, beside, four Russian families. Their food perfumed the ship. It was herring and whale's blubber, though for luxuries they served out whortleberries saturated with train oil;

and I have known the Russians reject a dinner of ship's provision for these dainties.

In fourteen days we anchored off the island Catalina, five leagues from the coast of California. The hunters took to the canoes, and crossed over to the main, and we followed with the ship. The Mission of Saint Gabriel is fifteen leagues from the coast, but a corporal's guard is stationed on shore to give notice of arrivals. The missions are twenty or thirty miles asunder, and are little else than stations for trade. The Padres are very kind and honest men. There are about twenty or thirty Spaniards at each station, and perhaps five hundred Indians. These are converted in a summary way; for when other argument fails, the bastinado produces instant conviction.

Hunters are sent out and the natives are brought in at the horse's tail. They are caught like other wild cattle, by the *lazo*, or a noose dexterously thrown over them from a distance. They soon become attached to the Padres and acquire habits of industry. These Indians are a gentle race very unlike the tribes of the north, which are warlike and cruel. In the north the natives are cunning, deceitful, and vindictive, never forgetting offence, but in the blood of the offender. They are active in the chase, and with a musket, the best of marksmen. They have small eyes, high cheek bones and the general aspect of a Tartar. Their appearance supports, the belief that all animals constitute a chain, and that there is no link between the least intellectual savage, and the most intelligent monkey.

Unlike most savages they care little for ornament, though beads and shells are often worn. The females, in aid of their natural charms, practice the arts of the toilet. They paint their faces in bright fanciful colors, and the under lip is rolled over a piece of wood which

rests upon the chin. About Columbia River many of the females are handsome as far as shape and feature constitute beauty.

The dress, along the whole coast, is a blanket thrown over the shoulders, and secured by a string in front. Sometimes I have seen shoes, stockings, and a hat, but never on the same person. I have seen also a chief in a marine's coat, but then he had no other garment.

I much desire to see a colony at Columbia River. The colonists, if from New England, would find a better climate than they would leave, and a soil easy and fertile to a great degree. They would find large meadows fit for immediate grazing, and fish enough for an army. I have bought at Columbia River for five leaves of tobacco a salmon large enough to feast the whole corporation, when the most hungry. The navigation is difficult, as the channel of the river changes; but two pilots would be able to take up all ships in safety.

At this time the penalties against trade with foreigners, were so high as to defeat their object. In fact every man was a smuggler, and the law a dead letter. The military commandant himself brought down his cattle for sale, and from these we chose thirty that would have been called good even at Brighton. But the salt (to use a mild term) was execrable and we had fears that it would not preserve the beef.

The Spaniards now, for the first time, discovered our hunters darting about in the bay, and the discovery gave them no pleasure, for which we cared little, as we did not go there to please the Spaniards. The commandant recommended a departure, and as no water was to be had, we gratified him, and went to Catalina for supplies. Here we found a few huts occupied by people so shy and genteel that they ran away from us. The men were naked as truth, but the women had aprons of mat-

ting. Their hair was worn after the fashion of a pitch mop, and had some resemblance also to a crow's nest. Their bodies were glazed with filth and their ugliness such, that they would have been thought plain in an assembly of Hottentots. In fact they were the lowest and most rusty link I had ever seen, in the chain of mankind.

Having filled our casks at a fountain of the purest waters that ran swiftly across the beach (and that I dream of to this day when athirst and asleep), we sailed for the Bay of Saint Quentin. This was our head quarters for hunting ; and our first duty, and you may be sure it was also our pleasure, was to discharge the Russians and Indians from the ship; which by washing, scraping, liming and fumigation, we rendered habitable. We next examined the good Californian beef, which had not taken the salt, and was spoiled. To be thus deprived of prog disturbed our equanimity; such is the dependence of mind upon matter.

Southeast from the anchorage fourteen leagues, and from the continent two and an half, is Rock Redondo; and as the hunters found many otter in the vicinity, this was the place of deposit for skins. The rock produced no water, and we had to send weekly supplies for two hundred and fifty men.

Six leagues northward from our anchorage, and not far inland, are saline ponds which afford large quantities of salt, and I was one of the crew that went up to them for supplies. At night we arrived at the ponds and slept under a tent made of oars and sails. In the morning, as I was removing the tent, I saw something stirring in the folds, which was a rattle snake five feet long and large enough to swallow a cat. He was the largest I had seen, furnished with excellent teeth, and a rattle fit for a watchman. We killed about twenty more upon

the coast. We never found them inclined to attack, but always ready to defend, and like a good soldier to die upon the spot they occupied; in this we willingly indulged their humor, and praised while we pounded them. Having gathered our salt, which we found in hard cakes, we made an excursion up the country. The vallies were covered with flowers of a thousand hues, but the hills were bare. It was like walking in a flower garden, and we strode along with an elevation of spirits hard to be conceived by one who has not escaped from a cargo of blubber, and two hundred Kodiack passengers. We remarked that the country was stocked with game, for we saw geese, ducks, curlews, hares, foxes, and deer. Our next excursion was to Rock Redendo. Our boat was decked over, and rather too large for oars. When the wind was northeast, we could run down in seven hours, but were sometimes seventy in making a return.

On the course back we had a quarter of beef fresh, a few small fish, eight pounds of bread, a little tea and sugar and twelve gallons of water, for a crew of five. In the morning our beef had become so much tainted, that we gave it to the sharks. We had worked to windward ten miles when there came a dead calm, and though we had but four fish and the bread, we made a good breakfast in the hope of a breeze. Noon came and night succeeded, and like Don Juan, we were still becalmed. On the next day came the breeze after we had so long whistled for it, and scratched upon the mast; and at sunset we saw the high lands back of the bay. In the evening it was calm again, but there was a heavy swell of the sea, and a strong current setting to the south. In the morning a thick fog enveloped us, and when it rose we could see nothing but sea and sky. Our hunger was appeased by the stronger force of anxiety. Our boat was too high to be managed by oars in so great a swell,

and we watched for a breeze as the convict waits for a reprieve. It carried us in sight of land, only to leave us again in the current. We were exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and hope died away within us.

There came at last a slight breeze and we started over our ballast, and a tub and stones, that made the fire place, till the office of cook became a sinecure. The wind then came freshly from the southwest, and as we never after or before knew it to come from that quarter, it seemed sent to preserve us.

NO. V.

SIR—I crave your indulgence to a few more extracts from my journal in California, and firstly of the island Ceros. It is ten leagues from the continent, mountainous and barren, though the hunters reported some valleys of great beauty and perpetual verdure. It abounds in deer, of which we took many, and venison ‘finer or fatter’ was never lifted on a fork.

The English ships once used to come here to take the sea elephant for his oil. We found the animals wherever we landed, and murdered two of the weight of fifteen hundred pounds. The bodies were ten feet in length, and as large in girth as the ox Columbus. They resemble the sea lion in all things but the proboscis that supplies their name. On land they are clumsy, but few animals move faster through the water. When attacked on shore, they raised themselves on the hinder legs, throwing their bodies forward to meet the assailant; and as the mouth is open and well garnished with ivory, close quarters are not the safest.

At Ceros we threw out our wood that was old and dry. It was filled with worms, and we feared that for change of fare they would take to a fresh beam, for they used their gimblets dexterously, boring the timber as much, almost, as—I am boring you.

On the night before we were to sail, five of the crew deserted in the jolly boat, and it was believed that they had gone to the main, but they were less wise. An Indian afterwards informed us that there was a boat sunk with stones, on the northern part of the island. We had great need of their service, but they kept out of the reach of process. In fact at this time the whole crew was dissatisfied. The captain had sold his bread at Norfolk Sound, and had neglected on the hunting voyage to get a supply. Boiled wheat was our substitute for the staff of life; and the sailors thought it was ‘not fit for hogs,’ though in my own opinion, it was. We had no vegetables, and our beef would have amazed a Cossack. Better fare however was on board, and this justly exasperated the crew. Good beef was sliced in the cabin, and delicious venison hung under the awning on the quarter deck. This was too much for human nature, when hungry, to bear ; and the five hands who deserted, had adroitly passed into the boat a prime saddle of venison, upon which they feasted on shore.

They might have denied their Saviour, and the captain would have forgiven it ; but in taking his venison, they pricked him where he was more sensitive, and he threatened all hands with the rope unless the offender stood forth, in which case he promised amnesty and oblivion. Everything was reconciled, for the culprits confessed the fact, and pleaded hunger in mitigation. Yet the captain was overheard to threaten punishment when he got into ‘blue water,’ and this idle menace, never meant to be executed, was the cause of their flight. They

gave up three hundred dollars each, which was due to them as wages, encountered a thousand hardships, and perhaps died of famine, rather than be degraded by corporal punishment.

In summer there are few rains in California, but for a while the plants are moistened by copious dews; then comes 'the sear, the yellow leaf,' drought, faggot, and fire. From August to December, the earth is parched and cracked, the streams are evaporated, and the cattle dead or mad, with drought. After the first of March, vegetation is so rapid, that it seems like the shifting of a scene at the theatre.

The manner in which our hunters took the sea otter, was various. The animals are shy, and must, therefore, be struck from a distance. They were sometimes hit with a barbed spear attached to a line and bladder : and an Indian seldom misses his otter at eight rods. He kills it also with muskets and catches it in traps. In this sport the Indians are very zealous, and the chase in a canoe is not without its attractions.

Now, Sir, imagine me at Mazatlan, in Mexico, near the entrance to the gulf of California. The town is small, and about thirty miles from the port. From this I went on the top of a mule to Rosario, fifty miles ; through a country covered with bushes, in a path just wide enough for the mule, but too narrow for the rider, among the sharp thorns by the way-side. There were but five huts on the way, and at all I obtained milk. Yet the soil is rich, and the vegetation so vigorous that the vines and bushes are almost impenetrable.

Rosario has about eight thousand people and silver mines that are rich, and have been extensively worked; but the first veins have been exhausted, and the miners having little science, have not discovered others. Two or three hundred mules, however, were

engaged in the mines. Excavations have been made under the town, which, like Paris and Rome, has its catacombs; but in a country where earthquakes are common, it is not prudent thus to dig the grave of a city, lest the first shock might complete the burial. These mines were discovered by a shepherd, who found in the morning under the ashes of his evening fire, many drops of pure silver, for he had made his camp upon a rich bed of ore, and like Martin Waldeck, converted his brands to precious metals.

On my return to Mazatlan, a Chinese, (whom sailors call a Chinaman), gave me such language that I tapped him with a crabstick, and he walked away making vows to the Furies. On the same day I went out after game, and was warned that Achong, with pistols and knife, was hunting me. I came back by the house of the commandant who gave me a file of soldiers to seize the Chinese, and carry him aboard. We took him from a crowd of Spaniards. He had two double barreled pistols loaded and bearing the mark of Don Ludovico Tirado, my very good Spanish friend who wished me out of his way. The pistols I determined to keep; but going ashore I was captured myself, and forced to surrender them for ransom. The Don's brother, however, reconciled us, whereupon we shook hands, and (as Le Sage says,) have hated each other ever since.

At about this time, as the weather, in seaman's phrase, looked *ugly*, the ship put out to sea, to have room enough to ride. I, however, was on shore and happened to be at a house where there were five or six ladies, with the commandant. At noon commenced a fresh gale, which in two hours was a hurricane: and at three o'clock, a brig and a schooner were driven upon the rocks. Our house was near the beach, shaded by a large tree of iron wood, but in other respects exposed to the gale. In

a few minutes the tree was stripped of every branch, and nothing but the trunk remained. A large house was unroofed in our rear, and the walls left standing at an unstable angle.—Half of our own roof was carried away by an invisible agent, and the house itself reeled as if about to fall, or share the fate of the holy one of Loretto.

There were pale faces in our garrison. The ladies invoked the saints, principally Saint Anthony, and when the sea broke its bounds and came roaring towards the house, the coolest of us thought, with the vanquished monarch, that all was lost but honor. We took advantage of a momentary respite of the tempest to evacuate the post and shelter ourselves under a wall. A sailor soon came from the stranded schooner, dripping like a river god, and bearing a bag of dollars.

Three days passed without tidings of our vessel, but on the fourth she entered the harbour. The crew had taken in their sail in time, but in the hardest puff of the gale, fearing that she could not survive upon her broadside, attempted to set the foretopmast staysail to get her before the wind; yet the sail was instantly torn from the rope. They next endeavoured to pay her off with tarpaulins in the fore rigging, but in vain, for she lay two hours with her gunwale under water. The jolly boat was swept from the stern, and the whale boat forced up against the davits, and by the power of the wind alone, broken into fifty pieces. In ploughing the seas for twenty years from the time when I write, I have had rough weather, but have never known a tempest half as violent as this.

This is all that is noted in my journal at Mazatlan, except the nature of the circulating medium received by us in payment; that is ten bars of silver, each weighing seventy pounds, at eighteen dollars the pound.

No. VI.

SIR—Imagine us now sailing from Mazatlan, south-east, along the shore. The country is covered with forests, and we saw many cocoa palms. There is little anchorage, and so high is the surf that there is no safety in landing with a boat. The coast is flat, but six miles inland is a high ridge of mountains, and we saw the volcano Apanaca, shooting up to a great height its pyramid of flame. We saw huts, and villages of huts. We discovered but one man, and he was running abreast with us, as a dog chases a bird, or the shadow of a bird. At last he gave it over, and sat down under a palm tree, having fatigued himself before he could tire the ship.

The first port we arrived at was Sonsonate ; the town, however, is six miles from the port. It is a place of little trade, for all the commerce centres at Guatemala, distant fifty leagues.

The surface of society was not calm : the people had too much of a good thing; they had so much liberty that they were free from some useful restraints. Their prayer to Saint Anthony for a breeze had been answered by a hurricane.

The town has about twelve thousand souls, that is, people. It is near a river, and as near to a volcano as Naples is to Vesuvius. The mountain throws out ashes and cinders, and at some shocks I felt the ground tremble under my feet; but the people live in the same fancied security that men feel in the plague. On our return to the ship, the boat was overset in the surf, and all of us ducked, but no one damaged.

Our next anchorage, after a sail of twentyfour days, was Guayaquil. It is on the river of that name, fifty

miles from the sea. The streets are at right angles, the houses built on piers, and the city itself is about two miles long on the river. The lower rooms are ware houses, and the people (a mixed race) live in the upper stories. Guayaquil has many advantages, and might easily be made beautiful; there are noble houses, and there is a wharf the whole extent of the city. Yet in the rainy season the streets are filled with water, and peopled with innumerable hosts of frogs, of which (as is said in Alabama) there are seventy bushels to the acre, with alligators enough to fence them in. Under a good police, however, this city might be an agreeable residence, for though nearly under the line, the thermometer seldom rises above eighty degrees, and notwithstanding the filth and stagnant water, it is not unhealthy.

We made a short excursion into the country, with guns in hand; partly it was made in a canoe, which in several narrow creeks roused the alligators from their lethargy on land, and many of them fifteen feet in length, took their 'sullen plunge' into the water.

We saw deer on the bank, but they were too shy for a shot; and we saw also, on our return, the summit of Chimborazo.

Our next movement was to Paita, a town of four thousand people, chiefly Indians. The houses are of bamboo, plastered with mud: the port is the best on the coast, and there is some trade, though the merchants live at Pura, distant fourteen leagues. I lived ashore, shooting pigeons and grey squirrels, and when we departed for Callao, I had gained in weight and comeliness. I should have told you, however, before, that the master was my relation, and made my duty light.

The coast to Callao is sterile enough for an Arab; for hundreds of miles there is scarcely a tree or shrub. The air we breathed was a thick fog, though we could

take the sun at noon. In the port of Callao nothing was visible, and but for the ship bells we should hardly have known ourselves to be in harbor.

I went up to Lima for a day, and made a lodgment in the French Coffee House. At Lima my journal is a blank, and I can only tell you from recollection, that the city is kept remarkably clean by streams of water, conducted through the streets; and that the buildings are generally but of one story, for the earthquakes are too formidable for elevated houses.

The complexion of the ladies inclines to the olive, and in walking they hide with their mantle all their face but one eye, though this is so brilliant that it may be felt. The dress fits close to the body, and would not be tolerated in the United States; and perhaps it is to hide their blushes, or the want of them, that the ladies cover their faces.

From Callao I returned to Guayaquil, and there took passage for Panama. This is a walled city, and was once of great strength. The walls, in the most exposed points, are twentyfive feet high, and of equal thickness. On the bomb proof battery are many huge pieces of brass ordnance, weighing from four to six tons. One only is mounted, and that in so bad a plight, that I should not like to apply the match. The streets are neater than at Guayaquil, but the number of deserted and crumbling houses give to Panama a character of desolation.

From this we made dispositions to cross the Isthmus, and on the seventh of September despatched six mules before us, with baggage. In four hours we followed, and found the mules and baggage waiting at a farm house. The muleteers were making merry, and cared less for our remonstrance than for the braying of their own mules. At last we set off, and one of the fellows,

whom I had pre-judged a scoundrel, felt an inclination to bathe in a fresh rivulet; and this delayed us another hour. I pretended to much equanimity, taking, in the saddle, a lunch of bread and cheese.

The mule is obstinate, in the proverb, but this is injustice to the muleteer, who has a stronger claim to the same kind of distinction.

Having crossed a mountain torrent, the road became so bad that we advanced but a mile and a half an hour. Here we gave the muleteers a glass of brandy, and it was a great stride towards their friendship. At two o'clock we came to a farm house, where the muleteers began to unload for the night, and we took it quietly, as remonstrance was a vain thing. On the next day we travelled in the worst of roads: in comparison, the dry bed of a mountain torrent was a Macadamized street. At first, we dismounted at a perilous pass, but soon learned to commit ourselves with confidence to the discretion of the mules.

At last, (for all things may be done by toil,) we arrived at Cruzes, on the river Chagres, a little town where travellers and topers are so few, that there is no inn for the pleasure of the one, or the accommodation of the other. The town has a population of two thousand negroes and mulattoes. It is seven leagues from Panama, in a charming situation, and with as rich a soil as was ever tilled or neglected.

To the muleteers we gave fortythree dollars, and for a canoe with four hands, to descend the river, twenty dollars more. Our bill at the house where we lodged was only sixteen dollars, for the lady expressed a reluctance to be hard with strangers. The river, in descending, affords the finest views: the high banks were covered with various tropical plants, and there was a frequent succession of Indian villages.

Chagres, which is an Indian town, is the most filthy place I ever beheld; yet I had seen Lisbon, and lately been at Guayaquil. The castle is on a high point, and completely defends the town.

There are about fifteen hundred people, and (I love a sweeping clause) all idle, ignorant, bigoted, inhospitable, and dishonest. Their situation, if not to their taste, accords well with their merits. The streets, which are gutters, are replenished by eternal rains, and endless are the armies of rats, mice, lizards, and stinging and buzzing insects. At night, the rats devoured for us, one hat, half a fiddle, one shoe, a cravat, an umbrella, a bundle of letters, and a peck of oranges. Human life is hardly safe from such vermin—human comforts vanish before them:

Here, Sir, ends the first voyage of Sindbad the Sailor; will you have the other five?

NO. VII.

SIR—My second voyage was in a good ship laden with dollars, from Boston to Calcutta, and in this voyage, and in those that grew out of it, I shall describe larger cities, and more interesting modes of life and death.

Paulo majora canamus, as our old schoolmaster used to say when he struck up ‘Old Hundred.’

On the 4th day of November, in the year 18—, we took wing, (our good ship vindicates the figure,) and passed swiftly out of the harbor. The first night I have recorded as the darkest I ever knew, for with such things must one fill a sea book. Few are the adven-

tures of a voyager that can interest a landsman, though a small thing may create an excitement on board. Every thing is relative, even glory itself, as you may see from the following extract from the log book; and the mate had not even a faint conception of what editors call irony.

'Our sail-maker, Peter Ulson, a native of Copenhagen, this day, at four hours thirty minutes, P. M., completed a new foresail, which he has performed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and in a manner that reflects on himself the greatest credit.' Such is the 'bubble, reputation,' yet I hope to share the sail-maker's fame by recording it, as Quintius Curtius is, to this day, remembered in connexion with Alexander.

Our commander had a face as grave as Garrick's between tragedy and comedy, or a more humble actor's on a slender benefit; yet he had an invincible propensity to wagery, and was very inventive of practical jokes, some of which fell heavily upon me. He was a good man, faithful to his friend, and fond of his bottle; though his fondness predominated over his fidelity. As it was his custom to throw over his flasks as fast as they were emptied, which happened at short intervals, he was reported by the captain of another ship, who knew ours and the master, by the chain of bottles. This is somewhat after the mode of the Kennebunkers in the West India trade, who drop shingles as they go out, that they may find the way home by tracing them back.

Our captain watched as narrowly as the youngest on board, for means and incidents to give an impulse to time, and to vary our monotonous life. Some deadly feud had arisen between the cook, a Madagascar negro, and the steward, a Lascar; though 'it was as if this mouth should tear this hand, for lifting food to't.' They desired a combat, and the captain gave his permission,

and pistols. Anger was a little mollified by fear, but shame opposed a pacification. The crew were called, the mate loaded the pistols, and the captain, after recommending their souls to mercy, gave the signal. Both parties, at the report, leaped a yard from the deck, and the Lascar, being spattered with red ink, was made to believe himself wounded, and was afterwards humbled when reminded of it; though he protested against fighting with cranberries. Thus, with a stiff breeze, and relaxed discipline, we went on our way rejoicing.

One night I was roused from sleep by the voice of the captain calling down curses upon something unknown and dreaded; when I entered the cabin, he had struck a light, and was dressing a large flying fish. It had entered the quarter port hole, while he was asleep, and by its coldness to the touch, perplexed and alarmed the worthy man, who, to this day, dislikes to be reminded of his consternation.

In the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, we took, with the hook and line, several web footed cape pigeons, and in the same way an albatross, of twenty pounds, with wings of eleven feet. He struggled like a haddock, but we *landed* him on deck. It was as good as trout fishing, though the flesh was tough, tasteless, and dry.

Sometimes we gave a furlough to the geese, who take to the water with alacrity, every one the moment he was loose, diving to a great depth; with the intent, as I suppose, of finding gravel, whereupon I pounded shells as a substitute, which they devoured eagerly. In every vessel there should be carried gravel for the poultry.

One night, as the mate was chasing the cook with a rope's end, to give him what Ben in the play calls 'a salt eel for his supper,' the man of the fryingpan jumped overboard, while the ship was walking five knots. He

grasped, however, the fore sheet, and after he had received several duckings, we boused him in, for he did not relinquish his hold upon life, or the rope; not always synonymous terms.

At the mouth of the Hoogly, we took an English pilot for Calcutta. The stream is muddy, and runs about four knots an hour; it has a few islands, and I remember only that of Saugre, at the mouth. Here it was that poor Monroe was carried off by a tiger, as he sat eating with his companions; the beast was immediately shot, but too late to save his prey.

At Calcutta, I had been about five minutes ashore, when I was nabbed by a police officer, who gave me in charge to an armed Sepoy; who carried me three miles into the country, as a juror on a poor Gentoo, who had killed himself feloniously. He had been much involved in debt, owing three rupees, (about a dollar and a half) which he could never hope to amass. It sunk into his spirits, and he did what Cato, whom he had never heard of, had done before him.

The variety of people seen in the streets is amusing; there are Turks, Persians, Chinese, Africans, Malays, Englishmen, and others. As many operations are carried on in the open air as at Naples, and jugglers are as busy as Punch at the Carnival. The barber goes round looking in faces for a beard, though he made no discoveries in mine; the sufferer sits down upon his hams, and he that shaves performs his duty well.

The jugglers frequently have a long snake, and sometimes a Cobra di Capello, with an eye that, as Hamlet says, means *micing mallecho*. Others have goats well trained to balance themselves on a small round of wood, and Capricorn is elevated by additional rounds, till he is several feet from the ground; where he stands like a republican in office, at the mercy of the

first man who will give his supporters a kick. Sometimes the jugglers have tall ladders, which they will so balance as to go up on one side, and down on the other; and the captain saw one, who drew up the ladder after him, but this, Sir, I never saw.

There is a large commonwealth of kites, among which, as with the Spartans, it is not dishonorable to steal. They will plunder a basket of provisions, carried on the head, though I know not that they will lift a turban, as related in the Arabian Nights; yet they are so unjust and bold, that they will pounce upon a fish when hauled by a line from the water.

But the queerest of birds is the adjutant, five feet high, and of a melancholy, gentlemanlike aspect. He has blue wings faced with white, a white vest, buff breeches, and a tuft of black upon his cap. You may see a regiment in line, on the long roofs, where they make a show as formidable as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. However, like that grave body, they understand not all the stratagem of war. They are voracious as ostriches, and I have seen the mischievous soldiers throw them a bone to pick, filled with powder and furnished with a slow match; and the poor adjutant is blown up while taking his comfort; even like our Madagascar cook, into whose pipe I introduced, at times, a little nitre.

In my next, I will tell you of the sacrifice of a young widow to the manes of her lord; whereas the females in your own christian city, are often immolated while the husband lives.

No. VIII.

SIR—*Non cuivis contingit adire Calcuttam*—that is, as you have never had the good fortune to see Calcutta, permit me to say something of it.

The climate, at the time of our arrival, realized my anticipations of the fine air of the tropics, though a few days were warm enough to be called hot. On these days, at noon, it was no time for a race, but the morning and evening were delicious. The mechanical art of breathing, which in New England is but a negative sort of satisfaction, and in a fog, oppressive, seemed in Calcutta to be a positive pleasure. I remember that we had, in our long train of retainers, an Ethiopian who had passed his life under the sun, and who was therefore tanned as dark as Erebus. I one day beheld him sleeping on a sand bank under a sun that would have roasted an egg. When the shade of a building fell upon his leg, he seemed uneasy; but when the shadow covered his body, he was roused by the chill, and rolled himself into the sun. At this time I was peeled to the skin, and barely kept myself from melting, like a tallow candle, by sipping iced water. There is a very comfortable machine, above the dinner table, called a punkah, by which several huge fans are kept in motion by an attendant, who pulls the string. This creates a breeze, and scatters the flies.

The servant to whom the administration of the punkah is committed, has no other duty to do or suffer; for with the native, exertion is suffering. The distinction of castes, which is as exclusive as in your aristocratic city, seems to have been devised as a division of toil, where all are indolent. This distinction of classes, however, is hard to be broken; and so severely does a na-

tive feel the ‘loss of caste,’ that he will retrieve it by some bodily suffering, though I aver not that I have seen the ceremony I am about to describe. A tall pole is erected, with a line hanging from the top, and to this is attached an enormous hook, large enough for a shark. This is forced under some of the muscles in the back of him who has lost, and would retrieve, his caste; and he is whirled round in a circle till his guilt is expiated, and he stands ‘redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.’ This includes more than the definition of angling—‘a rod and line, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other,’ for here is a fool at each end.

But it would be an endless task to describe the Hindoo superstitions, and the tenacity of their hold upon the mind. One of their customs is, to throw the dead into the river, and the bodies are eaten by fishes and carrion crows. Life is sometimes left when the body is committed to the stream. Our captain once picked up an old man, who was thought by his relations, to ‘have lived long enough,’ though his life was prolonged a week on board the ship.

One wretched man, suffering under the hydrophobia, was carried to the bank to die. The convulsions occasioned by the vicinity of the water, were horrible to see. He died, and the widow resolved to burn. Accordingly, time and place were appointed, and the place was Barnagore, three miles from the city. Thither I went, under the operation of the feeling that led a Roman matron to the amphitheatre, and that leads a Spanish lady to the circus. The crowd was not so large as a similar sacrifice would collect in Boston, where I fear it would be difficult to find a widow who would hear reason in the way of burning. It is true, that she might blaze before the public, but then she would burn only for a second husband. Excuse a pun, sir, for I am told that

you sometimes make one yourself. This Hindoo custom, however, has its advantages; making wives tender, who would otherwise be termagant, and upholding affection with the strong arm of self-preservation; for the funeral pile in the perspective of the conjugal picture, is apt to remind the wife, to take a reverend care of the health and comforts of the husband.

At five o'clock arrived the official permission for the rites of Moloch. It was announced by an infernal yell from the natives, and I shuddered to hear it, as when I lately heard the roar of the pit and gallery, and of the blackguards in the boxes, at an indecent allusion on the stage. When you next hear the same roar, let the offenders feel the insulted majesty of the press.

The widow, who was pretty and young, descended, when the shout subsided, from her palankeen, led by an accursed priest. She was dressed, as a victim should be, in white. She walked into the river, and, when she came out, put on a more splendid dress. When her child had put a bit of cake into her mouth, she walked three times round the pile, scattering boiled rice, which was picked up by those ill omened crows, the priests, and her relations. Then she threw into the air a nosegay, or a bough, and mounted the pile with alacrity, and a smile upon her face. She laid herself by the side of her husband, throwing her arms about his neck. Two poles were passed over the bodies, after the manner of a lever, and a hound of a priest sat upon one end of each pole. Then her unnatural relations covered the body with dried reeds, and her son, aged six years, applied the torch.

In a moment, the pile was in a blaze. I was very near to it, but saw no struggling in the woman, except the contraction of her arms around the neck of husband. Her features, while I could see them, were not distorted, but the froth gathered at her mouth.

I returned to the city in a palankeen, which is a very pleasant vehicle, though at first apt to remind the stranger of his coffin. You have seen it caricatured on the stage in Boston, but the veritable Bengal palankeen you will find only in Salem. The bearers go off briskly in a dog trot, at about four miles and a half an hour. They are beasts of burden only; for, from the distinction of caste, or some other reason, they will not *draw*. We had in our employment eighteen, and they were ordered to take a chaise to another part of the city. They would not draw it, but contrived a way to carry it on poles.

If you would see all the dresses, and many of the productions, of the East, visit at Salem the Museum of the East India Marine Society. It is a noble collection, and is one among many of the advantages of the India trade to Salem. This trade from the United States was commenced by Mr Derby—

‘Clarum et venerabile nomen,’

a man who led the way to the wealth of the Indies, and laid a noble foundation for the honor and fortunes of his descendants. The Marine Society is composed of weather-beaten and storm-proof captains or supercar-goes, who have doubled the southern cape of Africa or America. For several years there was a procession and dinner, but the ridicule of the press has ended the processions, while the dinner is wisely retained. The procession was as good as Abolition itself, which it resembled, as much as Asia is like unto Africa. The officers had mandarin cloaks, and other oriental garbs, and the man that attends in the museum was robed like a Chinese, and carried a tail like a streamer, sweeping the ground. The palankeen was borne by four blacks, in trowsers and turbans. A boy sat within, dressed like a nabob, and another, like a slave, carried the hooka by

his side. The hooka is an enormous pipe, with a long flexible tube, that resembles a snake. These good old times are over, the exhibition discontinued, and a Salem mariner is apt to look grave when the procession is mentioned, and to watch an opportunity to change the conversation.

The English in India have, as at home, a passion for the chase, and magnificent are the field sports of the East. The daring of the hunters is almost beyond belief. Putnam, with the wolf, was engaged in children's play; for in Bengal more than one similar pursuit of a tiger is recorded. I once saw an officer with a limp in his gait, who had been wounded in hunting the royal tiger. The elephant on which he rode had given the game so rude a reception with his tusk, that the hunter supposed him dead, and leaped down without fear. But the death was a feline artifice, and the tiger seized the poor hunter by the thigh, slung him over his shoulder, and carried him off as a fox takes away a goose. The officer had two pistols in his belt; with the first he broke a rib of the beast, who signified his gratitude by taking a new bite upon the thigh: but at the second discharge he was lucky enough to pierce the heart, and escaped to tell the story.

NO. IX.

SIR—I can tell you no more of Calcutta, except that the Tank covers twentyfive acres, that there is, and ought to be, a monument to Lord Clive, that the English take the dew and the dust on the Cheringa road, and that two sides of the Black Hole are extant, resembling the Galaxy office, but more commodious.

Now fancy us in the grand straits of Sunda, with high, bold shores covered with the richest tropical vegetation. Boats came off for traffic, and we bought, for twelve dollars, eighteen large turtle, and were offered monkeys, parrots, and birds of paradise.

Batavia, is called the Queen of the East, though it is but a Dutch queen. We anchored four miles from the town in nine fathom water, the dome of the church bearing south, half east. We found about forty sail of European and American ships, and a great many Chinese junks.

The season had been so sickly that six hundred people had died in a day, and that we might not be exposed to the sun, Malays were hired to do the work of the ship. I went on shore and found the city in a low and obscure situation, intersected with canals, (for when did Dutchmen build a city without them?) and shaded with tamarind, and other beautiful trees. Some of the main streets make a good show, but nothing in Timbuctoo can be meaner than the Chinese quarter. The Chinese, however, are brisk, cheerful, and industrious, living in a strange land, and on the fat thereof, like a Scotchman in England, or a Yankee in the Southern States; while the Javanese seemed torpid, indolent, and sullen.

Black Bill, a shrewd negro, who has been rich, is called the American Consul; and he furnishes boats and supplies for the ships. Limpo Ghaun, an old Chinaman, has the credit of keeping the best grog shop; where, I grieve to say, is the rendezvous of my countrymen, who soon fall into the Dutch custom of taking schnaps.

The Chinese held a festival, on some occasion to me unknown, and brought out Josh, their hideous idol. A platform was erected on the top of several tall and smooth poles, and covered with provisions. At a signal,

there was a scramble for the provisions, many Chinese climbing up the poles at once; and their zeal and the difficulty of the ascent, were very ludicrous. Those below might have hauled down those above, by the queue, but that it is a deadly injury to take a Chinese by the tail. He may forgive the inadvertence of a stranger, and intreat him to let alone his hair, but in a countryman, the insult would be grievous. It is sometimes inflicted as a penalty on a Chinese, to be deprived of his streamer, but lest it should fall into the hands of a stranger, the original proprietor will buy it at a great price. I, myself, am the owner of a queue like a pump handle, and should be glad to find a purchaser. There was a great commander at Goa, who filled the military chest by the mortgage of his whiskers; pray ask your broker, if in these times, he will advance a small sum on the security of mine.

In the vicinity of the city, are splendid mansions, amid beautiful gardens, and groves of tall cocoa palm. This, Sir, is a country to live in, though it is proper that a stranger should be ready also to die; for pestilence walks abroad like love, breathing spices and scattering destruction.

I went a short distance in a machine carrying two passengers within, a postillion forward, and three lackies without; the whole drawn by two horses, so small, that they reminded me of a rat dragging away his trap. All strangers, who have dignity and would preserve it, or health, and would not lose it, must keep one of these coaches, for the sun strikes with so much force that no common head can resist it. When I returned, ten hands were down with fever, and I myself felt the symptoms, which I put to flight with medicines.

While we lay in port, there were heavy rains, and such thunder and lighting as you have never heard or

seen. A ship alongside, received a flash on the fore-royalmast head, which went off through the lower bends leaving fearful vestiges of its power. The foretopmast was splintered, and flew in all directions; the royal top-gallantmast fell, and the foremast took fire. These tempests brought the advantages of a purer atmosphere, for before they came the air was like that of a heated oven, yet at noon the sea breeze generally gave a little relief.

The slaves are principally Malays, and are proverbially stupid. It is said that when the master suspects the slave of theft, he gives him a piece of wood, keeping one of the same length himself, and telling his man that if he has stolen, his stick will grow at night, an inch longer than the other, whereupon the Malay, if guilty, cuts off an inch, and convicts himself.

From Batavia, we coasted to Tagal, the very capital of pestilence, and court of death. Then we went to Samarang, a neater city, but neither are noted in my journal. I can only tell you, therefore, that dry docks are cut in the bank of the river, ships floated in, the entrance dammed up with mud, and the water bailed out with buckets. Here a crazy Dutch officer, suffering under a stroke of the sun, which had baked his brains, carried me to prison, but I was soon released.

There I saw the instruments that are used to arrest those, who, under the excitement of opium, passion, and the sun, sally out, attacking with the creese every one they meet. This is called running a muck. The instruments are a sort of forceps, with long handles large enough to grasp a man, strong enough to hold him, and rough enough with spikes, to restrain his struggles.

Surabaya is a pleasant town, and more healthy than the last. Here we saw a man hung, for passing his

creese through his master's body, and he died with composure. We saw, too, an Englishman with a couple of black swans, from Van Dieman's land, and each *rara avis* commanded a hundred dollars.

I have other notes in my journal concerning Java, but as I discover in a Providence paper, that a 'brother sailor' is cruising in the same seas, I would not run across his bows. He has chosen an unjust motto, for his 'Mariner's Sketches' are *not*

'As dry, as the remainder biscuit, after a voyage.'

Now, Sir, brush up your imagination, and fancy us approaching the coast of China. We found the sea thronged with boats, among which we sailed a hundred and fifty miles, keeping away for some, and for others luffing to. These frail barks are the only home of thousands of families. Hundreds and thousands are yearly lost, but what is such a deduction from the countless population of China.

We anchored in the Macao Roads, and the captain landed to get a chop and pilot for Whampoa. Macao is still held by the Portuguese, that is, as Chappiquidick is held by the Indians. The houses are white, and at a distance the city looks well; but the delusion vanishes with the distance, like the respect rendered to rank, or the devotion paid to beauty. Whampoa is seventyfive miles above this, and thirteen below Canton; yet we were five days in ascending, for when there was no calm the wind was contrary as a queen. We went up principally in one night. It was dark, and we were running eight knots; two pilots and the watch were looking out, yet we ran down a boat with a family. A fearful shriek from many voices, was our first intimation that a boat was near, for had there been a light it might have been saved. The pilot ran ast with terror in his

looks, saying, ‘Hi-yah no can talkee, suppose Mandarin Sabe, he chop, chop,—cut off head.’ On our arrival at Whampoa, two of the Company’s vessels saluted us with Yankee Doodle, and Von Weber himself never made such a tune.

NO. X.

SIR—Before we received our cargo, news arrived by a fast sailing cutter from the United States, of war with Great Britain. The ships ready for sea, slipped away, but before our preparations were made, the Doris frigate (soon joined by the Phœnix) kept a vigilant eye upon the river. Escape, therefore was impossible, and our situation dismal ; for no solitude is so hard as that of a populous city, and no confinement so irksome as that in the midst of bustle and activity. Had we been on a desolate coast, with the freedom of the shore we should have been better pleased. Having therefore dismantled the ship, we erected on the deck a house of bamboo, so thickly covered with mats, that the rain could not enter.

Though I was many months at Canton my opportunities for remark were few, for I was generally confined with fever, on board, or at lodgings ; and owe life and endless gratitude to the captain for his paternal care. While I was on board there was an inundation greater than had ever been known ; the river overflowed its banks ; and it was estimated that ten thousand boats were swept away, and that thirty thousand people perished in the flood.

Notwithstanding the war between the nations there was no hostility between the English and Americans at

Canton. They lived together as brothers ; the English physicians daily visited our deck, without fee or other reward than the satisfaction of doing a good action. On board the Marquis of Ely, which was moored near to us, there was an excellent band of music, and we often visited at the Marquis. Our chief officer was not the least welcome there, for he had wit, an irresistible laugh, and sung a good song ; that is, he sung it well. His voice however was too strong for the cabin, and when his songs were ended the gun deck rang with repeated huzzas from two hundred men.

We had been several months at Whampoa and peace we well knew was distant. Fever and confinement had shattered my frame, but as I felt that any state is better than inactivity, I entered an English ship, to work my passage to London, hoping to get from thence a conveyance home. I had little money, but carried a draft on Boston, for the amount of my wages. However, like the vagabond in Goldsmith, I had an ‘excellent knack at hoping,’ for the future always looked delightful, in spite of the experience of the past. I felt like Raleigh, that there was life for me ‘while the sea has pathless waves.’

Before I describe the voyage to England, let me commit another anachronism, in speaking of what I saw at Canton, at a different period. A seaman of the ship Emily, of Baltimore, was charged with the murder of a Chinese woman. It was alleged that as she was standing in a boat along side, he threw at her an earthen jar, which hit her on the temple, that she fell into the water and was taken out dead. A great many people collected around the body, on shore, and the excitement was very high. After much palaver it was agreed that the sailor should be tried *fairly* by an equal number of American shipmasters, and Chinese officers, and if found

guilty, given up for punishment. The viceroy, therefore, issued orders for the trial to be held on board. The Rev. Mr Morrison was not allowed to interpret, because he was attached to the legation of a foreign power. The ship was prepared for the solemnity, the prisoner confined in the cabin, the arms removed, and the crew ranged on the forecastle. Eight Hong merchants were present. Houqua, Moqua, Gowqua, Chonqua, Puanqua, Kingqua, Pacqua, and Consequa. The Ponue, (magistrate) then came on board, and Pacqua and Tom (Couqua) who secures the ships, fell on their knees to hear his commands; of which the American Committee could get no explanation. It was required that the prisoner should look the Ponue in the face. The jar was placed on the table, and also the hat worn by the deceased. When asked if he recognised the jar the prisoner replied that it was the same which he had handed to the deceased, that it might be filled with fruit. The Ponue was irritated at this explanation and the interpreter, though repeatedly urged, did not translate half that was said, in defence, being interrupted by the Ponue, who called the Chinese witnesses, saying that all he wanted of the prisoner, was a confession that he was trading with the deceased, and that this was his jar. It was evident that he had prejudged his victim. However, the Americans yielded not, but insisted on the examination of their own witnesses. They consented, however, that the Chinese testimony might be heard, in the full faith that their own would follow. The first witnesses were the husband of the deceased, two children, and a woman. They crawled towards the magistrate on their hands and knees, not daring to raise their eyes from the deck. The woman could not point out the prisoner, though no other sailor was near, until the interpreter laid his hand upon him. She then gave a

long account of the affair, in which she was prompted by the eldest child. This was stated to the interpreter, but he would not explain it, nor was the woman who spoke English, allowed to use that language.

The committee then conjured Houqua to give a faithful account of what they should say, and it was shown from what the woman admitted of the position of the boats, that the ship was between them, and that therefore, she could not have seen the occurrence. Moreover, it was proved that the same woman had said to four Americans, that she did not see the affair. The instruments of torture were produced, but she persisted in her story, saying that then she told the truth, though before she had uttered a lie. We called witnesses to testify that the hat of the deceased was broken not by the prisoner, but by the husband, when the 'upright judge,' rose in anger, saying that he could see for himself that the jar fitted the hole in the hat, and that the jar belonged to the man, who must be given up.

The reply was, that other things may have caused the woman's death. She may have slipped, or the husband may have killed her; and, moreover, we have a witness to prove that the prisoner handed the jar to the deceased, who took it. For this mockery of a trial, we will not give up the man, and if you take him, we will consider it violence and strike our flag.

The Ponue replied that it was Heaven's business, and that if he judged wrong, the Lord would avenge it, but that he felt that the prisoner was guilty. He dared not, however, take him away, but retired to consult the Viceroy.

After several days, the seaman was taken by the Chinese authorities; another day was appointed for a further trial at the Cansoo House, and permission given for friends to appear in defence. The poor sailor, con-

scious of innocence, and little dreaming of danger, was as calm as ever, but not a friend appeared. Perhaps no defence would have availed, but this cannot justify the neglect of his countrymen. A few noble Englishmen who endeavoured to gain admittance, were driven back. Questions were put to the prisoner, and his answers misinterpreted into a confession of guilt; and he was withdrawn amid the fury of the populace, to a death of torture, rendered doubly bitter by the desertion of his countrymen. Shame ! shame ! shame !

I have extracted this account that you may see the state of the judiciary in China. No life is safe, and I suppose that this Ponue is in as much peril from a higher officer, as the prisoner before himself. The stream of justice is poisoned at the source. The terror of the interpreter, and the prostration of the bodies, as well as the consciences of the witnesses, show the tremendous power of the judge.

NO. XI.

SIR—As I lived chiefly on Canton River, that only can I describe. A thousand islands are sprinkled at the entrance, which made the navigation difficult, till the Company ordered an excellent chart. Yet it is necessary to take a pilot at Lintin island, eighteen miles above Macao, where, though the river is ten miles wide, the channel is narrow. At the Tiger's Mouth, thirty five miles above, the river narrows to three quarters of a mile, and might be commanded by suitable forts. The Chinese forts are low, and have perhaps an hundred guns, but could hardly arrest the progress of a frigate

Whampoa which is on a low island, is almost inundated in heavy rains. The houses are huddled together, and the streets filled with mud and filth.

The approach to Canton is indicated by ten thousand boats, for here 'there are land thieves and water thieves.' Some boats that bring down the tea, are two hundred feet long. They are kept very neat, and resemble the canal boats of Europe. But of all the craft that floats on the river or elsewhere the strangest is the junk. It is sometimes of a thousand tons, and carries five hundred men. There is one principal mast standing between two smaller ones, and on this is hoisted a huge sail of matting and twisted bamboo. The smaller masts are used principally to display the broad and gaudy flags. A pair of eyes is painted on the bows of all vessels, and in a junk the *glim* is as large as a hogshead. The sterns are adorned with figures of beasts, birds, and serpents.

A mile below the Factories, is a ruin called the Dutch Folly, though if the legend be true, Mynheer was more knave than fool. The Dutch, it is said, obtained permission to build a hospital, but erected a fort, and were carrying ashore in hogsheads, their guns, calling them provisions, when one cannon broke through and tumbled into the river. 'Hi-yah, how can sick man eat gun,' said the Chinese and the Dutch were detected too soon to profit by their trick.

Foreigners are limited to the suburbs, and it is not safe to go far from the Factories. That part near to the Factories is very neat: the shops are convenient, and make a great display. It was a few years ago destroyed by fire, yet the damage was as soon repaired as the breach of an ant-hill, and such is the horror of a Chinese at innovation, it was rebuilt exactly as it stood before.

It was my fortune to be at Canton when about forty captains and others, English and American, made a respectful remonstrance to the viceroy, on various points of grievance and exaction. The principal complaint was of the price of a boat to Macao, which often cost from eight hundred to a thousand dollars, and the remonstrants determined to deliver their address themselves. I also thrust myself among them, and having fortified our resolution by a collation, we marched out in pairs, headed by a Parsee, who knew the avenues, and language. We walked swiftly and silently, and having passed through many streets, to me unknown, came suddenly to the city gate. This was open, but forty paces inward, was a small wicker gate where two soldiers kept guard. We rushed on, but they closed the doors, and without violence we could advance no farther. They gave the alarm, calling out *Fang qui!* and we were soon surrounded by an immense concourse, whose long tails and smooth shaven crowns, were exceedingly grotesque. A mandarin came to ask our wants, but we made no other parley than that we must see his master. Another came, but the Parsee who knew his grade from his cap, refused to communicate; and next came he whom we desired to see. He sent for Houqua, and the poor old soul came more dead than alive; his teeth chattering like castanets. He entreated us to return from the gate, but we refused to go without a promise that our address should be delivered. The promise was given, but the next day the address was returned to us without reply. This was all that I had to do in this strange embassy, but the party made a second attempt to enter the city, and succeeded. They were lucky enough to rush in before the gates could be closed. The Parsee who led, remarked that one sentinel ran away, and as he supposed, to the viceroy's palace.

Him they followed, though he ran so fast that his streamer was horizontal as a weathercock. They entered the court-yard of the palace, and were surrounded by soldiers. They listened to a long lecture seasoned with threats, and were then conducted back. Many of the wrongs, however, were redressed, and a boat may now be had to Macao for forty dollars.

Before I quit the Chinese seas, let me extract from the journal of another voyage, an account of our perilous situation at Manilla. We were riding in the bay in fifteen fathom water, with a small bower and chain anchor out, when the weather changed in an instant, and all hands were called to get down the royal yards and masts. At 5. o'clock, A. M. she went adrift, and we gave her a scope of sixty fathom cable, which did not bring her up, and the gale was freshening every moment. The ship drifted a mile an hour, lying in the trough of a dangerous sea. We could not, with safety, drop our best bower anchor, unless we could bring head to the wind; for, as she then lay, had we let go the starboard anchor, the vessel on swinging round, would have brought a cross in the cables, with the chain above the hemp; and the latter would have been at once worn off. We cut away the spars in the fore part of the ship, but it did not bring her head to the wind. There was now a hurricane forcing the ship nearly on her beam ends, and the weather so thick that we could not see ten yards. The barometer fell to twenty-nine inches, and every thing wore an appalling look. Yet though it was a time of terror, we omitted to do nothing that might save us.

We cleared the shoal of Saint Nicholas, and were driving to the southeast shore of the bay, when soundings, within a few minutes, changed from fifteen to ten fathoms, and to muddy water. As the last resource,

we let go the sheet anchor, which, with the advantage of a long scope, and good holding ground, brought her up; but with a cross in the cables that we feared would cause our destruction. Our ship was of the strongest, for not one in five could have sustained so long the fury of such winds and waves. To ease the cables we cut away two of the masts, and the axe was about to fall upon the third, when the wind shifted in a moment, blowing off shore, and producing a smoother sea.

But before this, the ship in plunging bow to the sea, brought up, on the chain cable, with such violence, as to capsize the windlass, part the deck stoppers, and tear the nipper up from abaft; though it was secured to the deck by bolts passing through the beams. It was carried forward, wedged under the windlass, forcing up the bitts, and the cables would have been lost had they not been clenched to the mainmast.

NO. XII.

SIR—Now suppose me (in spite of the last anachronism) on board a Company's ship, working passage to London. There was a large fleet, under convoy of the Doris and Phœnix frigates. We left the river in gallant style, and on the next day the Doris returned, having sailed in the fleet merely to decoy the Americans to sea. Our ship, being a fast sailer, was ordered by the Commodore to look out, and it was a laborious duty for the crew; for by day we had to press all sail ahead of the fleet, and return to it at night.

On the sixteenth day we entered the Straits of Banca, between the island of that name and Sumatra. In Banca there are tin mines, that belong to the Dutch, and

immense quantities of the metal are exported to China, and other countries. The coast of Sumatra is here so low, that the first indication you have of land is the sight of trees.

We anchored off Auger, and when we were again under sail, the commander charged the crew at large with having stolen six dozen fowls; and as no one would *peach*, or confess, the grog of the whole was stopped till we should reach Saint Helena. But there was not half that number of fowls taken in at Auger, and the charge of the captain was but a trick to withhold the alcohol. I had been told before we sailed, that he was not distinguished for gentleness to inferiors, and at sea I had daily evidence of the fact. I did not feel quiet, for I might do wrong or he might believe that I did, and with him punishment did not always delay for conviction. But I had the good fortune to please. One day, when the captain was looking at the sail-maker's gang, I saw his eye resting upon me, and plied the needle fast; he condescended to ask after my health, and to direct the purser to receive my name to the articles; by which I had full seaman's wages, two pounds five shillings a month.

Our ship was very large, as all ships of the Honorable Company are. None are of less than twelve hundred tons, and some are of more than fifteen hundred tons measurement. We carried twentyfour thousand chests of tea, besides other goods, mounted thirtytwo eighteen pounders, and mustered one hundred and sixtyfive men, for so were they called, as we rank with dogs,

‘ Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.’

We had Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Russians, Danes, Swedes, Greeks, Prussians, Yankees, Portuguese, Italians, Creoles, and Chinese.

This formidable band were exercised daily at the guns; but I little doubted that a Baltimore privateer of sixteen guns, could give me a passage home in a prize ship.

On Sundays, all hands were assembled early, by the tolling of the bell, and gathered to hear the service, under an awning on the quarter deck; and wo betided him who came late, unshaven, or without a clean shirt.

One of the crew, a poor young Portuguese, was drawing near his end, and as his memory wandered back to the vineyards of Oporto, he longed for a taste of their wines; a little of which the surgeon requested for him of the captain. ‘ Port wine! Doctor, (said the Bashaw,) when you know there is hardly enough for my own table?’

We rounded the Cape of Good Hope with a good breeze, and here the crew were again assembled to receive threats for general neglect of duty: but no promises were made in case of our doing well, whence I supposed it to be more agreeable to our commander to punish than to reward.

At Saint Helena, the fleet anchored off Jamestown, but we could get no water for four days, as the Bombay and Bengal fleets were to be first served.

The confinement of that wonderful man, Napoleon, has made Saint Helena too well known for me to describe it. When the signal for sailing was made, our anchor, of sixtyfive hundred weight, came up to the bows like a collier’s, and ours was the first, among fifty ships, that had head to the northwest. This elicited from the second officer the only civil speech he was ever known to make—‘ Hurrah, my boys, for Old England.’ This, however, was his last offence against dignity and sullenness, and he seemed to be ashamed of having been betrayed into a momentary good humour. He was, however, a man of his word, for he never threatened a

sailor with a drubbing, without a faithful, that is, a full performance.

We had a good run across the equator, though the voyage was much retarded by the dull sailors in the fleet. Near to Corvo, the man at the mast head gave notice of two strange sail, bearing down upon us, from the island. We were sailing in three columns, each headed by a frigate, and the Commodore was slow to believe that an American privateer would look in the face of such a force. The two sails obtained a position ahead of us, and lingered till we were within four miles, when they ran up the American flag, and filled away, one going sea-ward, and the other tacking for the islands. Two frigates were instantly under a press of sail in pursuit of one of the fugitives, and the first was soon so near as to open a running fire from the bow guns. I was congratulated on the prospect of having my countrymen to sup with me, for all pretended to think it over with Jonathan. But I knew the gentleman better; for he shot across his enemy's bow, bringing her close in a wind, and the frigates returned without a prize.

On the 5th of August we saw the Lizard Point. We steered up channel with every sail spread; and it was a brave sight to see the fleet sweeping along, so deeply laden with the riches of the East. A richer, it was said, never came round the Cape.

On the latter part of the voyage, I tumbled twenty feet, struck upon the muzzle of a gun, and was carried away like Hotspur on the stage. I soon recovered and was satisfied, for once, to have so hard a head.

In the Dover Roads the convoy left us, and every ship went to London as her commander preferred. The jack tars were in lofty spirits, for the wages of a long voyage were due, and there was at that time no danger of impressment.

The confusion that followed the mooring of the ship is not to be described. All discipline was ended, and hammocks, chests, and bags, obstructed every passage. The Jews, who had successfully studied the nature of a sailor, came on board with liquors, fruits, and other refreshments. These they dispensed with a liberal hand, but with no charitable intent. They knew that the road to a sailor's heart lay directly over his palate. Now at sea I had often heard the sailors speak evil of the Jews, and resolve to have no further dealing with the tribes; yet when a bottle of gin was decanted, the Israelites were viewed through a more favorable medium, and in three days the current coin of the sailors was in Hebrew hands.

I went up in one of the Gravesend boats, which landed me at Billingsgate, where the English language is spoken in great purity.

What some traveller says of Lisbon, is true also of London at Billingsgate—that it has a double advantage over cities that attract only the eye of a traveller: for it takes his attention also by the nose.

I put my goods on the back of a porter, who could carry as much as a camel, and trot off with it as fast. I ran after him, for a prudent general has always an eye to the baggage. In my haste, I stepped upon the fish that a young lady was assorting into heaps. She seized an eel that was yet alive, which she applied to my shoulder as I retreated, calling me at the same time the son of a dog's wife. I overtook the dromedary as he entered the Pig and Gridiron. He demanded a crown, and I was foolish enough to give him half; but the ferocious water nymph had bewildered my intellect.

I then took to the streets, and as I was staring at a caricature of a Yankee, at a print-shop, was tapped on the back by a midshipman of the Indiaman, who asked

me to dine at his sister's, in Shoreditch. I could never refuse a friend so reasonable a request, and went with him where I found a good dinner, partook, and was thankful. He then carried me to Leadenhall street, where I found several friends whom I had known in Canton, and where I engaged pasturage at a guinea a week.

NO. XIII.

SIR—At our boarding house I found a young American named White, an excellent fellow, seated at table, with a segar and pot of beer; an emblem of contentment, though money was low in his pocket. We agreed to blend our present means and to unite our future fortunes. At first, we were to spend our money in exploring London, and in examining what was curious and rare, supposing that we could, at any time, find employment in another ship. Herein we took of the future little heed; like that idle animal which hangs upon a tree till it has eaten every green leaf, when it tumbles down, hardly able, under its exhaustion, to ascend again.

In one of our early rambles, coming to the Serpentine River, we saw a fleet of small ships, that had been rigged for the amusement of Royalty. They were of about fourteen tons each, and completely manned and armed. On some gala days they represented two squadrons, under the British and American ensign. Mock battles were fought, in which, I suppose, the British flag was never struck.

By the last of August we had seen something of London, and such a reduction had been made in our funds,

that we began to think of ways and means. We therefore went to Mr Beaseley's office, but the Consul was absent. The clerks advised a voyage to the West Indies, as only prisoners of war could be sent home at the public expense.

On the fourth day of our search after employment, we found a ship for Bermuda, and agreed to work on board at the river price, 2s. 6d. and a dinner, per diem. We had given so much to watermen, in searching for a vessel, that we were reduced to that doubtful friend, the last shilling; and something formidable was due to our landlord. Our first financial operation, therefore, was to leave articles with a pawn broker, worth twenty dollars, on which we raised 16s. 6d. Being in funds again, we boldly resolved to begin the day with breakfast, and visited the stall of an old woman who sold coffee, bread, and butter; but before taking the dainties, we were considerate enough to ask the *damage*, and learned with pleasure that we could make a good breakfast for two pence. We labored for the day on board, and returned to sleep on shore, but with an appetite like a crocodile's. To sup at an eating house would have been death; but we feasted magnificently in the street, upon a loaf, and two smoked herrings. After this independent meal, we marched into a beer house, and called for a pint, with as much confidence as if we had been 'dipped in Pac-tolus.'

This course we followed for ten days, but were not elated to learn that we were not to be paid till the ship arrived at Gravesend. Now, being able, we were anxious to redeem our chattels, and had the mate's permission to go. We called at the Captain's house, for which civility he expressed less pleasure than surprise, and asked whence we came, and what we wanted? We revealed as much of our history as related to the pawn-

broker, when he launched out forty shillings, the amount due for wages.

He advised us to make haste, lest we should be too late to intercept the ship at Gravesend. We were too late, and the vessel sailed without us; but we had forty shillings in bank, and began to feel the insolence of wealth. But it was too good to last, though we were as economical as the State Legislature. On the seventh day after the sailing of the ship, we had 1s. 6d. in the funds, and we supped for sixpence each, with a poetical indifference to the future. In the morning, there seemed no resource; when, in the nick of time, we found a ship, and gave notice to our countrymen, one of whom, an old Triton, was appointed boatswain. But the old luck was near, and we had to shog, as the vessel could not be cleared with any American sailors. Our resentment kept up our spirits, and in good time, White recollect ed that, at his former lodging, he had a Kodiak cloak, and a few shells, from the Sandwich islands. These we carried to Exeter Change, where there was a cabinet of curiosities. A lady named Phipps, and her daughter, were the attendants. The kind lady seemed to feel an interest in our adventures, calling us her children, and giving ten shillings for our merchandize; though, as she had better specimens, we knew that the money was given in charity. These excellent people conducted us through the museum, and when we were about to go, asked us to drink their health in a glass of wine, and we were not rude enough to refuse.

We were now in affluent circumstances—thanks to those who bought our goods, and whose sex I would eulogize, if I could, after the manner of Ledyard. Fortune now began to favor us, and sent us to an honest collier, who carried a good heart under a soiled jerkin. He was bound for Ostend, and permitted us to work the

passage. We went after our chests with light hearts; but that we might pay a porter for their carriage, we had such dealings with a pawn-broker as diminished their weight; they grew lighter under the operation, like Falstaff walking up Gadshill. At night, I could find no shelter but a small scuttle in the forecastle, where the coals had settled down.

At Ostend we thought our cares were over, when we saw a cutter about to sail with despatches; but the master was absent, and the people would not receive us on board. This looked like old times, and we went to a Scotchman who had acted as American Consul. He told us, in his peculiarly agreeable way, that he could do nothing for us, but advised us to make tracks towards Ghent; we expressed no gratitude for the counsel, but discharged, in a few words, some misanthropy that had begun to gather about our hearts, and left Sir Mungo Malagrowther, in better spirits than we had lately felt.

My comrade sold his chest, and we lashed on our packs, and set off, looking like peddling Jews, for Bruges. Having walked four hours, we stopped at a neat farm house, to get a drink of beer; but having no knowledge of a sign to denote beer, we received milk, and money was refused in payment. I never before saw neatness carried to such extremes as in this cottage; every metallic utensil shone like gold, and the floors were white as scrubbing could make them.

The streets of Bruges we found narrow and ill paved; and where in Boston there is a side walk, there is in Bruges a gutter. In the centre of the town was a square, where there was a drill of raw troops. On one side the square is a grand cathedral, which we entered, and ascended a flight of steps; hereupon a man approached, and intimated that our further advance depended upon our liberality. We had no money for such

vanities, but offered the smallest copper coin, which the man took, after he had made a mouth at it, and admitted us to see a large organ and clock. We then ascended to the dome of the church, where there was a boundless prospect of the level country. Here there were forty-nine bells, and, thank Fortune! none of them were struck during our visit.

The charge for supper was so light, that we took passage in a *treckschuyt* for Ghent. This conveyance is safer than by steam, but it is miserably slow, though well adapted to the genius of a Dutchman, who is seldom in a hurry and never in a passion. He is as impassive as Oatalissa—a stoic of the canals.

We arrived by sunset at Ghent, when fifty bold and ragged boys made a plunge at the baggage. Two of them made a simultaneous seizure of mine, struggling for it like two dogs for a bone, or like the Arabs for the absolute possession of Captain Riley. I did not know enough Dutch to express myself in words, but I rapped them over the knuckles, and they took my meaning.

Arrived at the minister's house, we entered as if we had come to our own home. We expressed to the servant our desire to have an immediate interview with the plenipotentiaries. He, seeing that we were Americans, and perhaps taking us for diplomatists in disguise, led us to Mr Adams, who took us by the hand, as if we had been old friends, long parted. It was the republican grip, that we had not felt for many a day.

He then asked us what we wanted, and having satisfied this natural curiosity, we were told that we should be sent home; for, said he, civilly, the country has occasion for service from lads like you. We had high life in the kitchen, till the other ministers returned from an excursion, when we were sent with a letter to Captain Jones, at Antwerp, a hundred miles.

NO. XIV.

SIR—On our departure, the gentlemen of the kitchen gave us dinner at a tavern, and at four o'clock, having stuffed our pack with cold provisions, they accompanied us to the gates. Here we went into an alehouse and charitably drank ‘misfortune to our enemies.’ The sun was near setting and the sky threatened rain. It soon fell and we passed on wet and weary, in the belief that we had lost our way. At length we saw a light ahead, and it encouraged us as much as the sight of land cheered Columbus. The first house had the sign of an inn, and we entered with little ceremony. A pretty young woman who was knitting at a side table, started with astonishment, for we were covered with white mud; and an old boor, who was sitting over a turf fire, smoking his eternal pipe, raised his spectacles to his nose, and surveyed us with attention.

The young woman could speak French, and asked my comrade what tongue it was in which we conversed; and being told that we were Americans, expressed her surprise that our skins were so white, and our hair so little curled.

When we arrived at Antwerp, we saw the American ensign on a ship in the river, and we hailed and requested a boat. The steward furnished a good breakfast, after which the captain sent a message forward, requesting the pleasure of our company in the cabin. This civility boded no good, and the commander informed us that we must go to Amsterdam, where a vessel was fitting out, and he gave us money enough for the journey, with a letter to the Consul. It was the fortune of war, as a great man says when he is vanquished, and we set off to try one port after another,

for a passage home, as Vanderdecken boards the ships about the Cape, to send his letters.

My comrade was all life and spirits, and I believe would have been glad to be sent in this manner to every port in Europe. We went off lighter than before, for we sent our baggage by the *Diligence*, addressed to the Consul.

It was about nine o'clock, when we passed the eastern gate; the roads were good and the air was clear. At eleven we stopped under a shade and commenced an intimacy with the steward's beef, and thought that if the state of the world permitted, we should like to wander about in it, like Sancho and his master, in search of adventures; especially of such as occurred at Camacho's wedding. A pleasing young woman now passed us; she was about twenty years of age, having a handkerchief only on her head, and a small bundle in her hand, and with such an air of dejection as excited our curiosity.

The roads here were singularly pleasant, being shaded with venerable elms, whose branches are so interlocked as to form a perfect shelter, and the road so level and straight, that nothing intercepted the sight till they seemed to terminate in a point.

On this walk, my companion entertained me with some of the adventures of his life, and they were so numerous and strange, that my own, in comparison, seem to have little incident.

We approached a woman and child, covered with tatters; to them we poured out the whole contents of the wallet, and left them eating after the manner of those who eat seldom.

We next overtook the young woman who had passed us while we were resting; and my companion, by means of his French and some German, entered into conver-

sation. She belonged to a town in Germany, distant four hundred miles. Her husband was a conscript in the army of Russia, and as she had heard that his regiment had been disbanded in Antwerp, thither she travelled to get some tidings of him, but in vain. Her story affected us so much that we offered half the money we had to help her homewards, but she would not take it. But though the pilgrim of fidelity refused our coin, she offered us many thanks. We gave her little encouragement that she could find her husband; he was probably slain ‘at that great battle under the walls of Moscow,’ or hunger, cold, or the Cossacks, destroyed him in the retreat.

In the morning we walked to Breda, rapidly, for the weather was cold, as the season was the middle of October. On our entrance to the city, we were assailed by half a dozen Sergeant Kites, who desired to enlist us in the army of the Prince of Orange, offering present pay and future glory. We refused the terms, but one of the recruiting officers had the goodness to take us to the canal boats, engage for us a passage to Dort, and settle the price with the skipper. We laid in a provision of bread and cheese, and went off with a breeze at the rate of five miles an hour; when the breeze failed, a horse carried us off at that snail-like pace so congenial with the operations of a Dutchman’s intellect.

We passed directly through Dort, and had a breeze again for Rotterdam. But we quitted the boat for a good road and arrived by night at the outskirts of Delft, a considerable town. We took the liberty to ask an idle soldier, if there were in Delft, any houses where travellers were fed and lodged for money, and he replied that there was one which he would have the honor to show us. He left us at the door, upon which we

knocked long and loud, and at the seventh peal, a weazle-faced man came and asked what we wanted, and on being informed, requested us to quit his premises. I admit that our appearance was not at all in our favor, but lodgings were necessary and supper desirable. We next went into a butcher's shop, and asked to be directed to lodgings, when a young man, who was buying a beef-steak for his supper, said he would take us to a house where we should lodge like the Prince of Orange, which was all that we could reasonably require. After passing many alleys too narrow for a jackass with panniers, we arrived at the princely lodgings. An old woman, who looked much like a witch, requested that we would be seated, and in complying with her request, I wedged myself into a bottomless chair, in the posture of a chicken trussed for the spit. The witch apologised for the state of her furniture, and gave me the joint stool. She further told us that she had nothing better to drink than buttermilk, of which we took a hearty swig, and gave her money to get something of more substance for supper.

In a dark corner, we discovered an old Frenchman, rendered blind and deaf by age, smoking with much satisfaction a pipe two inches long. He was ninetyfive years old, had been absent forty years from France, which he still hoped to see again, and we pleased him by saying that his hopes were reasonable.

We had a sumptuous meal of beefsteaks and hot potatoes, and requested leave to take possession of our lodgings. The old woman brought a ladder, which she placed against the ceiling overhead, and ascended through a scuttle, desiring us to follow. Our supper had made us bold and we did follow, into such a lost as Sancho never occupied in his hardest fortunes. Our appearance and poverty we thought a sufficient protec-

tion, though we had some misgivings when we heard the trap door bolted after us; but fatigue and sleep overpowered us, and late in the morning, the sun shining in our faces interrupted our slumbers.

We started with new vigor for Amsterdam, distant twentyfive miles, and before we had gone half the distance, discovered the elevated spires of the city. The country through which we passed was exceedingly fertile, and cultivated like a garden. Six miles from the city, we passed a large open field with immense herds of cattle, the largest I had ever seen; every one of them covered with a white linen garment, and this was the first time I ever saw an ox with a shirt on.

The Consul at Amsterdam did not receive us with smiles, nor did he bestow any thanks upon Captain Jones, or the ministers at Ghent, for the honor of our acquaintance. However, he bade us find board and lodging at five guilders, (two dollars) for that he would not give a stiver more. We were received at a decent house for seven guilders; and as I was standing at the door I beheld the young German woman of whom I made mention as having sought her husband at Antwerp, and whom we saw last near Breda.

On seeing us she stopped and began to weep bitterly. We comforted her as well as we could, and she told us that she had been robbed of all the money she had in the world, and that she had nothing to rely upon but the cold charity of the inhabitants on the road, which would never carry her home. The good woman of the house called her in, to offer a supply of bread and cheese, and my comrade who carried the purse, gave her full half the contents, and the whole would not have made her rich. She departed in better spirits, and with renewed hopes of reaching her home.

At the end of the week, our landlady, in her best attire, and it would have made you laugh to behold it, went to the Consul for payment. She was dismissed without money or ceremony, but on reflection, she sent her son and daughter to carry the bill again, when it was paid, for the son was pertinacious and the daughter pretty. But the Consul directed us to find lodgings elsewhere, at five guilders, and we were obliged to live in a cellar, where we fed principally on cabbage. At this time we were employed in making ready for sea a small schooner, which we rigged completely, and ballasted with pigs of cast iron.

At Christmas, the ice was so thick that the whole population was out in sledges and with skates. The ladies were excellent skaters, passing along as a scholar might say, with the swiftness of Camilla—

‘When like a passing thought she fled
In light away.’

There was at this time a Dutch ship in the harbor, whose master was of Philadelphia, living on board with his wife and family. He had sometimes employed me in his vessel, and to him I applied to raise a small sum by pledging the draft I had received for wages in Canton. The draft he would not take from me, and I required of him but fifteen guilders. ‘Give him twenty,’ said his kind hearted wife, which he immediately offered, and in so friendly a way, that he made me doubly obliged to him.

The news of peace between the United States and Great Britain, was received with joyful acclamations at Amsterdam; and the old Dutchmen grinned with delight at the prospect of good tobacco, for lately, they had smoked inferior qualities, and at enormous prices.

As I was about to sail, I received a message from the friend that had lent me the guilders, who had found me a situation as chief officer, on board a brig under the Norway flag, bound for Philadelphia. We had a prosperous passage home, and it was a joyful sight to me to behold the sandy shore of Cape Henlopen.

And now, Sir, take out your wipe, which the vulgar call handkerchief, and get an onion, for this is the last Letter of the Mariner.

TRAVELS OF A TIN PEDLAR.

NO. I.

MR EDITOR—It is a good thing for New England that all her sons can read, and it is a better thing for the Galaxy, that some of them can also write. Thanks to my genius, and to an old lady in horn rimmed spectacles, I can do something in either way. This, however, I say from no wish to mortify you or others, who are less indebted to nature and fortune. *Non omnia opponum us omnes*, as my old schoolmaster said upon all occasions; whence I conclude that it has a general application, and is proper to be quoted now.

I, my son, (excuse familiarity, for I am a kind soul), am as well acquainted with every nook in New England, as you are learned in the avenues of Boston. There is not a village where I am not known, or a secluded farm house where I am a stranger; and few are the dogs that growl at Jonathan Farbink. From my manner of life, I have formed, like Wordsworth, a social attachment to inanimate objects: I honor Mount Holyoke, and reverence the White Mountains. There are streams that I love more than the old heathens loved

Arethuse, and many unnamed and unknown springs, that gush from the rocks, I rank above the fountains of Bandusia, and Vaucluse. Green River, though I have not seen it, I love, inasmuch as I admire and honor Mr Bryant. But in my circumgyrations, which is a tough word for wanderings, I take an especial delight in passing a school house; counting 'that day lost,' when I do not see one. I always stop a moment to question the white headed boys upon their studies, and to offer a bit of candy, (for in that also I deal,) to the damsels. It shakes from my round shoulders, twenty hard years to be thus employed in front of a red school house ; for I seem at the moment, to be a chubby urchin, laden with bread and cheese, toiling for the head of the class, and blushing at my own honors, and the praises of the master.

The place where I first opened to light and literature a pair of small grey eyes, was a small village near the Cape. In early youth, before I had dropped the Roman costume that children wear, and assumed the *barbarum tegmen*, of Tacitus, I had displayed a marvellous taste for letters: and to this day I remember the intellectual pleasure with which I acquired the alphabet; which course of study, like Scriberus, I ate through in gingerbread. I am told that the law furnishes a similar train of education at Lincoln's Inn. From my instruc-tress, however, I concealed my facility in acquiring, well knowing that the alphabet once over, there was to spelling no royal road, any more than to geometry.

The time passed at school, was from my tenth to my eighteenth year. If you ask if I loved the school house, I must task my candor, to say that I had a preference for the woods and fields, and formed a thousand truant like excuses ; the most successful of which was the pretence of colic, then called by another name. Often was

I found loitering by the thickets, paddling in the stream, building dams like a beaver, or fashioning in the highway, cakes and loaves of mud. But in eight years, hope and fear, ambition and the birch, gave me the character of a scholar, who knew little less than the master, and he was famed for knowledge round the country side. As I have preserved every ‘reward of merit,’ I can show my character as a scholar, by many documents higher in authority than this that I am penning. In the latter part of my pupilage, I was as is said of a bishop, *translated* to an academy, where I read Æsop, Corderius, and other classic authors, in the original Latin. But in reading the Roman poets, my precious religion; (like the profane soldier’s) was in danger. I was ready to admit the truth of what I heard at church, but I could not feel it; yet there was not a gorgeous cloud, where I could not see some trace of the majesty of Juno, and in every wood, I expected to be met by Venus, *nuda genu*, or Diana more closely robed. But all scholars are heathen, and need conversion as much as the natives of distant islands.

At this venerable academy, love soon came to the confusion of Latin: Aurora Hemlock had a name, that would have charmed me, heathen as I was, had I been blind; but her eyes carried me away into a long captivity. Her desk was opposite to mine, and we had soon a correspondence other than that of the eyes. Letters and replies passed between us, couched in language as elevated, as we thought our sentiments required. But that Argus, old Dustywig, who knew nothing of love, and tolerated no romance, laid upon our letters his huge unhallowed paw. These, he compelled us to read to the whole school; and never before, did I read with so ill a grace. But to see how a writer may err in the estimate of his powers! What I had written seriously,

seemed to have a mine of comic humor; producing peals of laughter in all, and in some, such convulsions of merriment, that they rolled upon the floor.

You express your surprise and regret as to the humble vocation that I have long and gainfully followed; but the ‘choice of life,’ was with Rasselas, long debated and never concluded; and who was Rasselas but Johnson. In this choice, it is better to decide erroneously, than to make no decision. My youthful limits were wider than the *unhappy* valley of Rasselas, but my desire amounted to a passion, to see men and things beyond: and the gratification of this passionate desire depended upon some respectable and locomotive employment. It is hard to decide, ‘when doctors disagree;’ but my decision was prompt, as none such were admitted to the consultation. The old schoolmaster affirmed that I had talent, and hoped to see me a lawyer; but I preferred to be a pedlar of tin, rather than a vender of brass.

One of the earliest books that I had loved to read, was Memoirs, purporting to be of Edward Montague, son to ‘Lady Mary,’ who at an early age, ran away from school, entered himself an apprentice to a chimney sweeper, and afterwards broke his indentures, to wander in the south of Europe reaping a rich harvest of novel impressions, and acquiring, like Fielding, a profound knowledge of the two kinds of life.

My travels, you ask; but though they have been pleasant to me in the performance, to you they will in the recital be dull. The last excursion was to Vermont, and I set off with a wagon covered with *roasters*. The first night arrested me at Concord, that venerable town that you must have heard of, and may have seen. It was in the canicular, or dog days, and the weather was warm; a few faint sounds had broken the enerva-

ting stillness of the day; such as the chirp of a locust, or the melancholy croak of some exhausted frog. I slept with three other sinners, and the publican thought that the bed would accommodate a fifth. If his own conscience reproach him not, neither do I, though in a case like this, forgiveness rises to the dignity of a sublime action.

Let us skip to Windsor : It has no castle or park that I know of, yet it is a charming place. From this I plunged into a shady road that wound around one of the highest of the green mountains ; and, like Sancho, turned my beast loose to crop the herbage, while I myself mused and meditated, after the manner of the Don. A rivulet was near of pellucid waters, a little ruffled by the wind: casting my eyes into a bend of the stream, in search of a trout, (many have I tickled), I beheld an object that struck me aghast ; the body of an infant lying on its back, with its legs drawn up in an easy attitude, and its little arms folded on its breast. The water was slightly agitated, and communicated its own motion to the body. Near it lay a huge eel, that had perhaps fed upon the child. I will never taste an eel again. In breathless haste I returned to the hotel, and called for a cogue and a coroner. My dismay communicated itself to the officer; but with a long pole he put the eel to flight, and raised to the bank the body of a—bull-frog, of eighteen inches ! I forswear, soup forever. Were I to live in France a thousand years, and the last remnant of a city besieged, I would as soon turn Cannibal as taste a frog.

What is the truth of history, when things before my own eyes, are thus perverted by the imagination ? Froissart, I shall never again open with pleasure; his history may be true, but what can I trust, after having called the coroner to an inquest upon a frog. J. F.

NO. II.

SIR—At the dinner which followed the ‘crowner’s quest,’ there was a beautiful girl waiting on the pedlar. I informed her, that in the Bay State, it is the privilege and practice of a traveller to kiss the cook, when the dinner is good; and attempted to introduce the rite into Vermont; but she repulsed me, and retired with the disdain of a beauty, and the majesty of a queen. In a moment, entered a strapping negro, fat and ferocious, giving me to know that *she* herself was the *cook*; and I bought her immediate absence with a pistareen. I retired, and hauled up in front of a cotton factory, having ‘no admittance’ chalked in a crooked line upon the door. On the question that agitates the surface of society, I have nothing to say: in manufactories I have no interest, and of them, little knowledge. I am frank, and confess poverty and ignorance in a breath. Ignorance is a misfortune, but poverty is (at least in cities) a crime: yet to diminish the *misfortune*, I boldly entered the door with the prohibitory motto, and endeavoured to wear so easy an air, that no one would doubt my right of ingress. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but it is harder, as poor Marlow found, for modesty to assume the guise of impudence.

At the entrance I was stunned with horrid and inexplicable sounds; yet the confusion was not like that of Babel, for in it the human voice had no part. Placing myself in an obscure corner, I looked down upon machinery of a beautiful simplicity, attended by females of a similar description. At this stage of my reflections, an ill-looking agent espied me, and after desiring to be informed what I would *please* to have, (confound his civility,) intimated the propriety of my walking down

stairs; when I retreated, like a lion from the hunters, or like Ney from Russia.

These Green Mountain boys are generally sharpers, but divided into many classes: horse thieves are the most respected, and hold the highest offices, being commonly sent to the legislature: counterfeiters are more esteemed near the Canadas, though rogues of humbler kind, and of all descriptions, find everywhere a welcome and a home. Where such are exalted, honesty must be a reproach, and few men I found that deserved it. Nature, however, with her usual benevolence, has provided for the safety of the honest traveller—who is generally a tin pedlar—by having stamped upon these Vermonse, an outward stamp of the inward man; for their faces show a mixture of the fox and wolf. Their moral courage exceeds their physical, for though they dare not face an enemy, they are yet bold enough to tell a lie. I have never loved them, since I was ejected from the cotton factory.

I recrossed the river at a ferry, and travelled leisurely to Hanover, the seat of the college, and perhaps, of the Muses; though Parnassus has no representative nearer than Monadnock. At the college, I sold three tinder boxes, and a dozen lamps. Among the students, I found five punsters, and one Penobscot Indian—

‘ His blanket tied with yellow strings.’

Then I went over to Norwich, and sold to the cadets three dozen of Knapp’s blacking; but no one asked for a lamp. Handsome fellows, are the cadets: the students at Hanover have, in comparison, but a sneaking gait, like that of a person coming late into church, or like my own manner of walking away from the Mosquito factory. The students are thought to be good at an argument, but the cadets are better at a knock; the former prefer the ‘ smell of the lamp’ to that of nitre,

and would sooner stake themselves on the horns of a dilemma, than on the spikes of an abatis. The *ultima ratio*, (as my old schoolmaster said when he flogged, and that not tenderly) would turn in favor of the cadets.

Among the military youths I saw not one deformed leg; but among the students there were many cripples. The sagacious farmer keeps at home his strong and well formed offspring, to walk between the handles of the plough, and whistle in the furrow; but his children less indebted to nature he sends to Dartmouth; yet the lord of his library has a less fruitful domain, than the lord of the soil.

From Norwich I went to Newbury, over roads so dusty, that I arrived in the guise of a miller. On the way, (in Fairlee,) I passed under overhanging cliffs that threatened extinguishment; and here I put the colt (for so I have called my beast for fifteen years) to the top of his speed. The cliffs reminded me of what I had read at the end of Johnson's dictionary, of the Tarpeian, and the rock of Leucate: traitors were thrown from the one, and lovers leaped from the other; but for him who was a traitor in love, there seems to have been no adequate punishment.

At Newbury, the hotel is large, and may accommodate three hundred guests, allowing but three to a bed: any accommodations were thought good enough for a tin pedlar, and I was lodged in the garret, where the bed vermin charged upon me in battalions. I soon abdicated the sheets, for the softest plank in the floor, so that bed and board were convertible terms. But I became nervous; for, though I am not an instrument, or thing to be played upon, yet am I sometimes out of tune. But at last, sleep descended upon my eyelids, and, in my dreams, I was on an island, shaded with palms, in a sea abounding with turtle and clams. Fruits were above,

and flowers beneath; on one side was a babbling stream let, and a murmuring cherub on the other. But a yell, sharper than a war-whoop, broke upon my slumbers; first came a long and wailing note, as of a trumpet on a deserted battle field; then blended sounds of rage and pain, such as only two fighting cats, or demons, could produce, and such as Rossini could not survive. I discharged my ire upon them in a billet of wood, which ‘peppered’ some of them.

Then I slept, and was again upon my tropical island, but everything there was changed; thistles occupied the place of flowers, and the fruits were chokeberries and crabs. I saw a track in the sand, and, like Crusoe, started with horror, for it was the track of a *cat*. My cherub companion seemed *furred* to the eyes, when I would have taken her hand, she scratched me, and when I would have snatched a salute, I was repulsed by an abatis of whiskers. Then I was all at once a mouse, and what is worse, I had no hole to creep into, for near me was an enormous cat, whose eye was fascination to mine.

I was roused by a loud and confused sound, composed of many discords; it was a simultaneous opening of every sharp key in the human bagpipe. It was a long anthem, set upon a single note, and the words were ‘fire! fire! fire!’ I smelt it, or what was worse, thought I smelt it, and hurrying on my clothes, that is, thrusting my leg into my coat, my arm into my trowsers, I hastened to the house top. But it was a false alarm, and my indignation glowed like Lehigh coal; it should be a felony, to raise a false alarm.

I was again in the land of shadows, and upon my ‘isle of palms;’ in the centre was a furnace, like a glass-house, and I was admitted without question or ticket. It was populous with idlers and operatives, and seemed to be

under the command of an old fellow in a flame colored suit of asbestos; he was horned like Capricornus, and tailed like Taurus, in the Almanack. I kept open an eye for a retreat, but could see no chance for an exit. Things began to look suspicious; it was no place for mirth; but I soon heard music. It was a sound that expressed the extremity of sorrow, mingled with a tender melancholy; it was the music of an amateur dog; and I humbly request the owner to kill the performer. He was seated at the gate, looking the chaste moon impudently in the face, and howling like an opera-singer. I addressed him gently by his christian name, but he regarded me not; I said ‘get out,’ in a voice of thunder,

‘But still, the dog howled on.’

I sought for missiles, but all except the fire shovel were exhausted on the cats. I took it, and suspended it as the sword over Damocles, above this disturber of the public peace and slumbers; it dropped like the guillotine, but not upon the criminal’s *head*; for in the morning the ostler brought the tail of a dog, a yard in length, and at noon I saw poor Ponto ruefully licking the stump.

Having been unjustly used in respect to my lodging, I received amends in the sale of a tin oven, that would not stand fire. If you, Sir, desire of me a better fabric, I will warrant it of the best; and if it be your further pleasure, that I dine with you at Thanksgiving, we can together form an opinion of its merits, and I will not, like Mr Pry, do you the scandal to ‘drop in’ upon your cook.

J. F.

NO. III.

SIR—After travelling westward many miles, I entered a pretty village in the mountains; the people were liberal and discriminating for I sold many miscellaneous *notions* at a comfortable price. I was taken aside, by a good gentleman with a long nine in his teeth, and a white hat over his left ear; he was the village lawyer, and told me that I was trading against the statute, and that the constable ('he looked like a mastiff,') was about to complain. Therefore, said he, as Cicero said to Cataline, vanish—emerge—evaporate. I hooked on the black padlock, and in ten minutes was on the mountain looking back upon the village.

At the next inn, which was of unhewn logs, plastered with mud, I was challenged to a swap; but, Sir, money could not buy my old and faithful horse. Many a cold winter morn has beheld Jonathan Farbink, shivering himself, while his cloak was on the back of his old servant and friend. But when a race was proposed, I underwrote upon the risk, turning out certain presidents and directors, as collateral security. Well I knew the mettle of old Dobbin, even in the tin wagon, where, in fact, he exhibits the greatest speed; even as a dog scours away the fastest with a cannister at his tail. I touched the wager, and won, also, the admiration of my antagonist, who admitted that I drove a 'camfire' team; for that, in Vermont, is the commendatory phrase.

At dinner, I held a colloquy with a discreet maiden lady, equal in charms to the prettiest Asturian in Don Quixotte. Her complexion had something of the violet, but little of the lily or rose; and she had an eye like a boiled egg. Upon my statement that I was sin-

gle and discontented, she intimated her approbation of the class of travelling merchants, and her partiality for an individual; but I tore myself away, and passed through the heart of the Green Mountains, to Burlington.

The Onion River has some pretty scenes, for the river is more attractive than the name; still, the word is better than the thing. Our rivers were first explored and named by rude and unimaginative hunters, and not, as in other countries, by intelligent travellers. Here is the Onion River, and the Otter Creek; we have also the Big Hockhocking, and the Little Hockhocking, the Little Muskingum, and the Big Muskingum, and the Big Sandy, (which is muddy) and the Big Muddy, (which is sandy). The Indian appellations are always descriptive, and often musical; the Castilian language has nothing more majestic than Monongahela, and Alatamaha; and the Italian, nothing softer, than Ohio and Miami. In the Green Mountains, the forests are dense and dark, though they occasionally display a log hut, and a sunny spot of cultivation. Tall trunks 'shorn of their beams' (that is, of their branches) and blackened by fire, stand like the remaining pillars of a desolated city, and seemingly frown upon those foes of the forest, the woodman and his white haired sons.

Having toiled up a rugged hill, I saw the sky indented with distant mountains, which I knew were on the western side of the lake, a noble expanse that I soon beheld, calm as a sleeping beauty, and reflecting in its bosom the flattered image of the hills. At the wharf our attention was attracted by a small dark object far up the lake; as it approached, a clanking was heard, and the steamboat came rushing on, pawing over the waters like a behemoth.

I went in it to Plattsburgh, where I walked out with mine host of the Cross Keys, who was intelligent, and willing to communicate knowledge. With the forefinger of his left hand, he pointed to the place where the fustian-clad militia routed fourteen thousand veterans, who at Waterloo, had stood ‘firm for the honor of the household troops.’ This conflict raged at the same time with the battle on the lake, and both, Sir, made martial music. Haydn’s Creation has some good thoughts, at least sounds; yet it is but little to the taste of the old warrior who loves the roaring of a twentyfour pounder, a clap of thunder, and now and then an earthquake. To say the just thing of these Vermontese and their neighbours, nothing less than an earthquake can move them from their post, more especially when it is behind a log, a bush, or a stone. Sir George Provoost, held them in unmerited contempt, for although they are too sturdy to submit at once to the discipline of firing in platoons, yet their long guns were pointed with such *judgment*, that every bullet did *execution*.

The river, which is broken by rocks into frequent cascades, divides the village. There is a bridge, and above it, and below, are islands covered with bushes. On the margin of the stream, are several mills of granite, and on the north is a forest, through which runs the Canada road. On that road (said my garrulous landlord) came the crimson ranks of the enemy, keeping excellent time to solemn music. At the same moment their fleet doubled the point, bearing down on the American line, at the harbor’s mouth.

The invading army was in three columns, one of which advanced upon the bridge, a second went up the river, and the third remained to bombard the town. The column that went up the river, attempted to ford where the opposite bank was lined with riflemen, lying

(said my informant) ‘ flat upon their bellies.’ Sheltered themselves, they discharged a murderous fire. I myself, Sir, am not particularly clumsy, yet these banks are so steep that were the enemy in my rear, and he a mad dog, I could not quickly ascend.

Yet the British soldiers, with their characteristic obstinacy, persisted long in the hopeless attempt. A few, however, reached the summit, but it was only to be thrown back into the stream, from which they rose not again. I doubt if any people will mount a breach better than the English, or stand longer in the open field to be knocked on the head. A Frenchman will make you a better charge, but his hardihood soon evaporates like the foam of his own champagne; an Irishman, who trails the puissant pike, scorns ‘ upon compulsion’ to budge a foot, and a Welchman is sufficiently pugnacious; but they all lack the bull-dog pertinacity of an Englishman. A Yankee, indeed, has his good points, for he will be tomahawked, killed, and scalped, before he will quit his breastwork, be it log or wall. Think not that I underrate my countrymen, but we shall win more honor in fort, than in field. This is but right, as our wars must be defensive; and as this preference to breastworks has no connexion with cowardice. Our first great battle was at Bunker Hill, and the next, in point of important effect, at New Orleans; and at these the fowling piece and rifle did such service, that they are ‘ hung up for monuments,’ and inspire a confidence in their own way of mowing down a multitude.

The second column advanced to the bridge, and halted; for the planks were up, and four six pounders doing grim duty on the other side. Yet the attempt was made to cross upon the timbers. The first men that tried to pass, were swept away by grape shot, though a few clung to the beams till weakness relaxed their hold,

when they dropped into the stream. Three times the troops advanced, and thrice were they thus swept away.

Another detachment was sent to ford the stream at an island below the bridge. At the moment when they arrived within unsafe distance, the little island seemed a volcano: every bush discharged a flash, and every flash carried death. Yet a small party *did* pass below the island, and halted opposite to a mill, which was occupied by boys like Callum Beg, and who received the enemy with a shout of welcome, and a discharge of muskets. At this moment, the contest ceased upon the lake, and every eye was turned with intense anxiety to discern in the smoke the victorious flag. It was the striped banner, and retreat was the word with the enemy; inextricable confusion followed, the dead and wounded were left where they fell, and plunder, as well as victory attended the defenders. Thus, Sir, have I described to you the battle of Plattsburgh, at which I was not, and where I had little desire to be.

From the Saranac I returned, over a route too little interesting to be described; but though I date this letter from Boston, my travels are not over unless you desire that they close; for I have been west of the Alleghanies, and south so far, that I have seen oranges and palms.

J. F.

No. IV.

SIR—So great is the hiatus in my manuscript, that I now write in December; though the last excursion was in summer. In Washington street I found subjects for regret, for I shudder to see, in winter, a pretty face un-

der a leghorn hat; which was invented merely to intercept the rays of the sun.

He that would build in Greenland a house with the open verandahs of Italy, would have a fair title to the fame that is conferred by ridicule. Beauty and grace are nothing without ease; no face can be beautiful, when the body is suffering with cold, and no motion graceful, when the muscles are rigid. This is learned and true. Rob Roy plaids satisfy both taste and judgment; but I prefer heavy charges against parents, brothers, friends, and lovers, who bestow faint praise upon India rubber shoes; which I honor more than the slippers of Cinderella.

I form my opinion of a lady when I see her first, from her dress; (though I protest against being judged from my own.) If she wear a shawl, she undoubtedly has common sense; and good sense I expect, if her bonnet be of fur; she that wears a plaid cloak lined, I honor, and if I can, admire; but when she walks in gum elastic shoes, homage is added to admiration.

This is the perilous season of sleigh rides, and will destroy its thousands. A party formed for a sleigh ride, is the worst of all parties; and the philosopher was never less in the wrong than when he compared the pleasure of sleighing, to the enjoyment of sitting at home with the feet in cold water, and listening, at a proper distance, to the bells. This is all the pleasure, with but half the danger. I carry to this day the mark of my last and first sleigh ride. We were six men in duffils, posting away with the speed of a comet. Our horses threw back the missiles, like proficients in the noble game of snow ball; and I was struck in the lip by a fragment of ice as large but neither as soft nor as round as an apple. The scar of the wound remains, and throws a hue of ferocity into a countenance not otherwise hard.

Having offered good advice to ladies, permit me to throw away the same upon gentlemen. It is very proper for such of you, my friends, as are predisposed to pulmonary complaints, to set at home over a close stove when the weather is warm and dry; and to walk forth in pumps when the air and earth are damp. If you can thus wet your feet, endeavour, also to keep them damp. Always walk in the teeth of the wind, with the coat and waistcoat thrown open; it is cool and airy, and the linen is, in December, a sufficient covering to the breast. I have remarked that some who wear the waistcoat open on Monday, button coat and all, by Thursday. This is a phenomenon that cannot be explained by the state of the weather; perhaps in linen, the sufferer,(for such he is, or will be,) is as deficient as the Irish barrister, who required eleven additional shirts, to make up his dozen.

If you have the dyspepsia or if you wish to have it, coupled with incubus, eat late suppers: or if pickles lie upon your stomach like pigs of lead, eat freely of them, for it looks slavish to refrain from what will injure. If your employment is sedentary, that is, if you have nothing to do, do nothing. Take no exercise, especially upon compulsion; and when you find vertigo coming upon you, understand no hint to go forth and walk awhile.

Cigars have my entire approbation, and he that will smoke ten in a day, will moreover confer an obligation on the doctor; yet brandy is better for him than tobacco, and I recommend it to all. Any excuse will do; you are thirsty, or you may be; but anticipate thirst, and you will create it.

If your laundress wishes well also to the faculty, she will give you damp shirts, and the chambermaid can lay them under obligations, by wet sheets. It was but lately, that I slept in such, and at midnight, my own shivering awoke me. Indescribable pains afflicted me, and I

roared like a lion; raising the house, and perhaps the dead. The remedies were as hard as the malady; a red hot trencher was applied, and it succeeded, in removing the pain to the *outside*. In the morning I was so much relieved that I could walk with moderation, and my first employment was to purchase a warming pan, which shall go with me till I die. I will never again tempt unknown sheets till I have sounded them with the pan; I would sooner trust the bed of Procrustes or Guatamozin, than commit myself to unaired sheets, in winter.

When you feel a general depression, and a growing ill humour, which you deem the attendants of incipient disease; if you are unskilled in medical practice, apply at once to a medical book. Then try the patent medicines; they are all of them warranted to destroy many diseases of a contrary description; and when they fail with the diseases, may succeed upon the patient. In selecting them, choose those whose labels promise the most, for faith operates better than a charm.

I suppose that you ride often, and drive well, that is, fast; I hesitate not to believe that you can turn a corner, at the speed of twelve miles an hour, with a convenient disregard for your own neck and utter indifference for the lives of passengers. This shows spirit, and what is better, a desire to patronise the learned professions. When you see an old woman, crossing the street before you, endeavour to cut off her retreat; and when she stands, (like a statue of wonder,) with raised eyes and uplifted hands, not knowing which way to run, give the rein to your horse. If this should break no bones, something may ensue in the way of hysterics.

If you are of the heroic, or hasty temperament, be pugnacious in action; never settle a dispute without a battle; for peace is never more firm than after war. It

is majestic to fight it out; and if the gods look down with favor on one brave man struggling with adversity, it must give them pleasure to see two men struggling together. If you love the doctor, I would advise to a 'rough and tumble,' rather than a systematic set to; for I have known very pretty sprains come from a back hug, and a beautiful fracture from a kick in the shin. The ribs however afford the finest practice both to the pugilist and the surgeon, as the former may dance round them (as the phrase is) like a cooper round a barrel. But never pull your adversary's nose; though you may 'tip him the lion,' that is, flatten it upon his face, like Michael Angelo's.

But gratitude never follows good advice; therefore no more^{of} of it. In Milk street I came upon a crowd of idlers. Every eye was upon an old elm, and in the branches I discovered one of the birds, sacred to Minerva, whose reception in our Thracian city intimated little honor for the goddess; yet the countenance of the bird was rather in sorrow than in anger. He had chosen his station for defence and was victualled for a siege; for he grasped in his left claw a rat,

'By a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.'

many a missile of ice was aimed at him; and when they ruffled a feather, he would look down upon his assailants, with a stare of wonder and of solemn indignation: yet ever and anon he tasted his venison with an air of grave and unutterable satisfaction. I left him to finish his meal, and went away under the fear that he would soon be finished himself; for a sportsman come up with a gun and bag, but I desired not to see the murder. I myself was born in a wood and have for the sylvan people a fellow feeling.

I am wiser than Cæsar who might have lived had he believed in omens: yet the arrival of this owl I cannot expound. Did he come in reference to the assembled wisdom of the commonwealth, then why did he not perch upon the capitol, or the back of the codfish itself. Perhaps he came like me to see the people, and to moralize; yet if he made man his study, his subject would sometimes sour his temper, and dissolve the pearl of his benevolence, in the vinegar of misanthropy.

—‘I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And sick of having seen them,
Would cheerfully these arms resign,
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head, between them.’

Perhaps sir, you suppose that I should have the advantage in the exchange, or that I need not transmigrate to obtain my wish as to the head. If this be your belief, I will furnish no more proof for it, under my own hand.

J. F.

NO. V.

SIR—At the close of my last letter, I had returned to Boston, (from whence you had eloped) having sold my merchandise to advantage, and I deposited a cool ten in the Savings. I invested another in a lottery ticket, which was perhaps investing in the *shaving*. The scrip was bought of a *Greek*, which was but right, as I have a Roman reliance upon fortune. Thus was I ten deep, in the Union Canal, but hope was before me and that was worth half the money.

Having taken in goods for another excursion, I gave old Dobbin the rein, which was in other words, permission to retire at the rate of nine to the hour ; and when the stars began to twinkle, we were at Pawtucket. The falls constituted in their natural state, a very pretty cascade; but the encroachment of wheel and spindle, has been at variance with the picturesque.

Even now the fall is in itself well enough; but it lacks accompaniments, trimmings, binding. The frame is wanting, though the picture is good. In the golden age of bow and arrow, moecasin and blanket, the banks were shaded with pine; but now the river runs between two mis-shapen cotton factories. Yet when the waters are high, it is a pleasant sight to see them foaming over the rocks.

There is something in a water fall, as in a fire, that attracts the eye of man and beast. Gentle reader,— or reader is a better phrase, for I know you not, and have my doubts ; raise your eye to the pleasant family-circle to which you are reading this narrative, and you will find every eye upon the fire, and no exception lies to cat or terrier. A waterfall has the same attraction to the eye, even where we have seen it a thousand times; and two men upon the bridge, driving a bargain in cotton, will look steadily at the torrent. Below the falls is an abyss, where the water boils up as in a cauldron; by the side of it is a building of six stories, from the roof of which I have seen young tritons plunge into the gulf, in a way that would astonish a Sicilian diver.

I went over the very best of roads, to Providence; where I was shaved by a barber so learned, that he posed me on the Greek articles; and he shaved as well as he spoke. I emerged with a smooth chin, or as Milton says, shorn of my beams; and ran against a lady of a thousand attractions; she received with indulgence my

confused apology, and desired that I would not distress myself. But I did distress myself, for sweetness was in her voice, and soul in her eyes. It is said that the ladies of Providence, are the most beautiful in the Republic, and I doubt if the rule have the proof of a single exception. For the assertion, there is both ocular proof, and circumstantial evidence.

The bridge is the exchange, the rialto, where the idle and the busy ‘most do congregate,’ to the annoyance of the females, who must pass through their dense and admiring ranks.

At the college I sold a few lamps, of the true Herculaneean model; for the new president imposes such delightful tasks, that the ‘young idea’ of the freshmen, requires aid from the taper. Good ! I ’m glad of it—one of them bantered me on my queue, and quizzed the skirts of my coat ; but I proffered him a lantern, that he might after my departure search for an *honest man*.

Mr M. the ex-president, was ever to me a good friend, and never did I leave his hospitable house without a tip at his currant wine. The right hand of fellowship to the old gentleman, and the same Sir to you. Something also I know of the great Trismegistus, for he was my father’s friend; once on a hot and sultry dog-day, when I had toiled up the hill on which he lived, he purchased a few of my manufactures, and invited me to the meridional refreshment. I was always afraid of the great, and on this occasion, I went in, resolute not to forget the wisdom of the Proverbs,—‘ when thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite.’ I can at all times do something with a knife and fork, but on this occasion my appetite was good; and such was the art or nature of the honest man whose guest I was, that before rising from table we were as familiar as if I had been a judge, or he a tin pedlar.

At Providence, I was miserably cheated by a man with a hooked nose ; ever while you live, Sir, distrust one who carries ‘the aquiline.’ I have known many such, and but one amongst the whole was honest, (my own nose has a little of the curve;) what a people the *Romans* must have been!

From Providence, I passed to Connecticut, favourably known from its habits. The school houses were as regular as mile stones; and therefore the people are not ignorant, though they are not very learned. Their mediocrity is, however, not in talent, but in attainment; they have no large capital where intellect can have excitement, exercise and reward.

At New York, I remarked that the men pursue nothing with moderation; it is not possible for them to be luke-warm in politics, tardy in business, or slow to anger, and redress. The young pursue pleasure with a constancy, unknown, and not tolerated, in other cities; and many a noble fellow is destroyed in the chase.

The ladies have more of the princess in their gait than the retiring dames of Boston. They demand, rather than permit admiration; but the humble man who is writing of them, readily complied with all demands, for he admired them from his soul.

Broadway is, I suppose, named from scriptural allusions; and you cannot walk over the half of it, without a conviction that it leads to death, and worse. On each side the Park, is a line of hackney coaches, as long as the funeral procession of a judge; and the coachmen are the most impudent of Irishmen; they are a nuisance, and I recommend them to the notice of the grand jurors. Upon one, who jeered Dobbin, I would have taken personal vengeance, had his shoulders been a little less broad ; but I hope I shall yet catch him alone, asleep,

and with his hands tied behind him ; for under favourable circumstances, I will surely break my mind to him.

The commercial streets are like the avenues to an ant hill, when the emmets are abroad; (though the best of the *Emmets* is no more;) here is industry and gain, labour, and its reward.

In New Jersey, the roads are good, the taverns *fair*, and the publican's daughters very fair; a pretty girl is so regular an appendage to an inn, that I doubt if licenses are to be had without one, and refreshing it is, in a dusty day, to receive a bowl of nectar from the hand of such a cup-bearer ; or to descend to terrestrials to have the mint broken in the julep by the fingers of beauty. Yet this same beauty is always too hard for me in driving a bargain. With age and ugliness I can be as hard as their own faces, but to youth and beauty, I am weak and kind ; many a discount have I made, when under the spell of black eyes; and upon my interest, I have closed my own, when a flattering tongue has called me *dear Mr F.*

The city of Philadelphia is neat, regular, and commodious ; the people to each other are so kind, and to strangers so hospitable, that I always take my departure with regret. It is an error to suppose that the Philadelphians love not ornament ; but it is in so chaste and plain a style, that it can hardly please the multitude. The very signs in the streets, are neat enough to be framed for the parlour ; and of these Woodside has painted the best. I lodged for a while at the Dove, but left it as a quarrelsome house, and found a very peaceable society at the Bear. The Wolf is a good house, frequented by brokers; and when a lawyer is not at court, or his office, he may commonly be found at the Fox. In New England, the sign post attempts to blend the arts with the conveniences of life, are often

rude sketches, intended; I suppose, for Horses; though they would remind one of that precise period in the life of Cinderilla, when her steeds resumed their whiskers. The Golden Ball, representing a pumpkin, is an attractive sign, as indicating the nature of the pies; but Washington looks down from a thousand posts in a very grim and uninviting manner. The Eagle, also, in the guise of a buzzard, makes a wing at the traveller; and the Peacock spreads a tail for his delight or convenience.

Where steeples are scarce, it is vain to look for a weathercock; and there is but one steeple in Philadelphia, and no vanes, like the aerial watchmen of Boston; of which 'thus presented to my mind, let me indulge the remembrance.' The Narraganset Cupid on the Province-house, I honor as a relic of times remote; a token of the sylvan men who moored their barks in the creeks of Shawmut; and the Cock upon the church, I reverence as a religious bird, not given too much to crowing. His office is high; he sits there reminding men to be vigilant in their duties, to die for their country, and to avoid the crime and contrition of Peter.

Next in my estimation is the Grasshopper, as big as a sheep on Faneuil Hall; he is no emblem of industry, and why is he there? Sir Thomas Gresham a princely merchant, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, was once but a poor foundling, left in the field to perish; the note of a grasshopper attracted a person to his aid; and in after life, when he that was the deserted boy, had become the friend of his sovereign and the companion of princes, he erected the Royal Exchange, and surmounted it, from gratitude and a noble humility with a gilded grasshopper.

J. F.

P. S. Have I fallen into imitation in describing these signs? it has just occurred to me that I have.

NO. VI.

SIR—I ascended a shot-tower near the navy-yard; the stair-case had no balustrade, and the steps like those of the pyramids, were a yard in depth. I got up, however, very well, and looked down through the barrel, and upon the city; in the descent my nerves became disordered, and I was like a sufferer under the incubus. Shutting however my eyes, (as I do when I discharge a musket at training,) and keeping my right shoulder in continual contact with the wall, I accomplished the descent.

I ascended also the steeple in Second Street, and listened to a horrid tale of the churchyard, from the sexton and which, if I believed, I would not repeat. Shrieks had been heard from a range of tombs, and when one of these was afterwards opened it was found that a coffin which had held the body of a young lady, was empty, and that the body was at a distance from it. This accounted for the cries; the poor girl when buried was not dead, but revived from her trance, only to perish more miserably.

At this church on the Sabbath, I was struck with the perfect silence of the house and the deep attention of the congregation. In some other churches I have seen infants carried that were not taken for baptism; and I cannot commend the practice; the first solemn note of the organ, generally brings out a counter from the wondering baby and the effect is not good. All natural sounds, even the roaring of a lion, are said to contain melody; yet I have known some infants and tom-cats, with execrable voices, either for a concert or a solo. I have sometimes heard the note of the infant, accompanied by a sonorous bass from a huge nose that is blown

through like a trumpet. I could willingly see the instrument between the forceps of a blacksmith; in which situation the musician of the proboscis might exalt his own voice, especially if the pincers were in a nervous hand.

I have been annoyed also, by the falling of a walking stick, as large as a studding-sail boom; five times did it fall, and as often did the owner set it up for another prostration. Why, when it was fairly down, did he not let it lie? it was no twig, but I could with pleasure see it forming an intimacy with his shoulders, even if I had to introduce the parties myself.

There are some other practices at church that require the interference of the legislature, one of which is the assuming of such vinegar aspects as startle children. Gravity is not wisdom, nor is a sour visage the expression of a devout heart; of the two, it is the better to expand the face with a smile, than to contract it in a frown.

From Philadelphia I travelled westward, crossing the Schuylkill on a bridge of one entire arch, of the length of some hundred feet. Casting my eyes beneath, I saw a little nymph in a skiff, which she managed with great dexterity. The skiff was of a beautiful model and the same may be said of the mariner. The toll gatherer had a little cur dog (as the man says, in the play ‘I shall never forget that dog’) which for my gratification and the consideration of a pip he held for a moment over the water, and dropped him into the stream, the dog shewing no fear before the souse, and no resentment after, but coming out as much pleased as though he had received a favour.

From Philadelphia to the mountains, Pennsylvania looks like one well cultivated farm. The forests are trimmed, so that the cattle feed among the trees, mills

are busy on every stream, and the barns are of a magnitude and durability that surprise a man from New England. The Germans have selected the best of the land, and it has thriven under them. Lancaster is as large as Providence, and situated on a plain, though within a few miles the land begins to swell and the hills increase, till they end in the long ridges of the Alleghany mountains.

There were emigrants enough to form colonies, and they travelled in various ways ; some chartered Dutch wagons with six horses for the aged and the children, while the stronger followed on foot. At night they encamped, and I sometimes united with them ; supper was cooked in the open air, ‘Stranger, will you join with us?’ was the word, and the night passed away as well as in pictured halls, and curtained beds. In fact, the sleeping accommodations on the road are not upon an exclusive plan ; thirty beds are arranged in the hall, and if the most fastidious traveller gets one to himself he ‘thinks it luxury.’

Some of the emigrants had neither money nor friends; to them my advice was never to beg of a Dutchman ; though they might sometimes succeed in asking charity of a German damsel, before a boor had entered her heart to eject humanity by the collar. The distressed objects that a traveller sees, are many, and some I saw that I should like to forget. Yet let me record my own munificence ; in the mountains I met a poor young woman with three children sitting by the way side. Her dress and manner betokened better days, and her story has many parallels, in the west. Her husband, after a long illness that exhausted their slender funds had died at Pittsburgh, and she and her children were crawling at the rate of five miles a day, to Philadelphia. I gave them a bank note of——Dollars, and took that occasion, (as my grandmother was wont in regard to myself) to ad-

minister good advice. I advised the poor woman to take passage in a return wagon (for which the funds were sufficient) to Harrisburgh, where she would be in a christian land again, and might find some kind person who had no German blood percolating through his heart, to lend assistance to Philadelphia.

If you charge me with vanity, the next adventure will acquit me, and I will tell it with the fidelity of Rousseau, hoping that the confession will be a little expiation for the guilt. One evening as I was riding down the slope of the Laurel Hill, I beheld an old man lying by the road side, apparently dead; it would be a pleasure for me to think that he was dead in reality, for I passed him as though he had been a dog; I am troubled at the recollection. I arrived at the foot of the hill before I thought of my duty, and then, I neglected it; though, perhaps, I thought that some other traveller would have more feeling than I had; yet I would give the best cargo that I ever carried over the mountains, to know that some kinder soul took the old gaffer to the village, gave him supper and a lodging and dismissed him with a little coin. The Image that he was created in, should have been his defence from death by hunger, or any gradual cause, in the highway; and if my aid could have saved his life, I have no better hope than to die as he did, deserted by men.

The woods in the mountains are venerable, and frequent cascades are tumbling from the rocks, while the noise of birds and waterfalls makes an agreeable and melancholy music. He that has a taste for killing rattle snakes may gratify it, unless the reptile should begin first upon the man. I discovered in the hot sand of the road, one of the largest, with ‘an eye like Mars,’ and retired to the bushes to cut a stick; but returned nimbly on hearing a rattle in the vicinity of my heels. It came

from the mate of the gentleman I had left in the road ; I killed them both, and in *cold* blood.

The trees are generally oak, chestnut, hickory, laurel, and beach ; and on the smooth bark of the latter, you will see in capitals, J. F. I often leave my name upon a smooth surface ; my graver is a large knife that was given me at school for my personal beauty and the motto *O, formose puer,* was furnished by the master, who was himself a handsome man.

I wish that all travellers would thus leave by the roadside, some memorial of themselves ; for these traces of a friend, give nearly as much pleasure as the meeting with the friend himself. On the covered bridge over the Susquehanna I passed a pleasant hour, reading inscriptions in chalk and coal, of those who had gone before me ; and I left my own initials, with a figure in crayons, to stand as a representative of myself. My life might be written from the materials that are extant on trees, bridges, and wainscots ; and I have often profited by my own memoirs ; that is, when at a Dutch inn I have been tormented with fleas, and recorded the incident and my own indignation over the bed, I have avoided that couch, on my return, as I would fly from evil. Yet, that such records may escape the brush of the chamber maid I invest them like Gibbon, in the obscurity of a learned language.

Ten miles from Pittsburgh I turned to the left to examine the place where Braddock fell ; and an old man in the vicinity gave me a flattened bullet that he had found in a tree ; a relic, perhaps, of that disastrous battle, and of the first field of Washington.

The Monongahela is a deep and slow river, and the Alleghany swift and shallow, which I take to be the exact difference between you and me ; yet, Sir, boast not your depth, for the Alleghany runs through the better

country, though it reflect not, like the deeper stream, the beauty of the banks.

I passed a week at Pittsburgh, turning Dobbin into a field of clover, and living in a corresponding manner myself; that is, I pastured at Darlington's, for three shillings a day. The town is an immense forge, though I saw no statue of Vulcan. Manufactures flourish at Pitt'; I write this on occidental paper; near me stands a bottle of domestic porter, which I am about to drink from a western tumbler, and in the morning I was shaved well, with a Pittsburgh razor.

J. F.

NO. VII.

SIR—The city of Pittsburgh is surrounded, at some distance, by hills, one of which I ascended, and employed an hour in rolling down fragments of rocks, to see them fall, like thunderbolts, into the Monongahela. There is a neat bridge over this river, and a better over the Alleghany. The Ohio has not, in its whole course, a bridge, though there are places where they might be built; yet the sudden swell of the river would be dangerous—for I have known the waters rise, in two hours, higher than I dare tell.

The market I remember well; for in it, a puff of wind carried my summer hat within reach of a bear, chained to a post; and bruin left not one straw upon another. In the market I saw wild ducks, turkies, and pigeons, opossums, racoons, grey and black squirrels, and venison. The fish were—cat-fish, snapping-turtle, and eel. If you know the fish called *pout*, in New England, you

can imagine the shape of a cat-fish; and I have seen one of the weight of seventy pounds. The terrapins are good, but the eels and cat-fish are half mud: I prefer an alligator, towards the tail.

I purchased a skiff with an awning, armed it with a musket, victualled it with a peck of potatoes, a quarter of racoon, and jug of whiskey, and committed myself to the current of the Ohio. The river was high, and the current carried me forty miles in a day; and on the third evening I was at Wheeling, in Virginia; a town as large as Worcester, and more lively. Opposite the town is an island, producing delicious melons; over this island there was, on my arrival, a splendid rainbow, apparently resting on each bank of the river. I came to an anchor, that is, I tied my cable of the bark of an elm, around a rock in front of Symmes' hotel. At Wheeling, I took passage in a little steam boat, which held my skiff in tow; as far as Grave Creek; where I lodged, like a muleteer in Spain, at the well known and less esteemed house of Mrs Cockayne; in which, while the forest has a tree, I will never lodge again.

In the vicinity are several of those mounds, that are so common in the great western valley; the largest, which is called the Big Grave, I could encircle at one hundred and ten strides, so that the circumference is about four hundred and forty feet. On the summit is a little hollow, like an old crater, and large trees are growing on the sides.

On the next night, I was pulling the leg from a chicken at McFarland's, in Marietta. Here the Muskingum comes into the Ohio, at a rapid rate; the waters are very clear, and run over a bed of pebbles.

I knew the two fathers of Marietta: Rufus Putnam, and Return Jonathan Meigs, both scions of New Eng-

land. The old General was delighted with a listener, and as I am a little deaf, it cost me nothing to please him; but he was every way a venerable man. Return Jonathan had a flock of merinos grazing about the plain, and I tasted his mutton.

The Indian remains in the rear of the town, are walls of earth, enclosing a space as large as the Common in Boston, in the centre of which is a raised plat, of several acres. They are the kind of works that savages would erect, made by labor without art:

Why do you censure, in the last Galaxy, my puns? Some men like a good pun; though if a pun be a bad thing, the worse it is, the better; and he that will sneeze at one, need take no snuff. I picked up a few Indian relics: I have a noble calumet, with a tube of stone a yard in length, and it is wonderful to me how it could have been bored, though I bore very well myself; but put up your handkerchief, for I have done.

To a traveller from New England, it is pleasing to see, in Ohio, such customs, faces, and names, as he has left at home. A primitive manner of travelling prevails, and that relic of the golden age, the pillion, is in use; though times have changed in England, since members of Parliament, going to London, carried their wives behind them, on the pillion.

At Belpre is Blennerhasset's Island, that looks better in description than in reality. There are some willows, and a few peach trees; though the boatmen had left little fruit for the lord of the soil, that is, of the sand. Peaches, however, are so abundant, that one may always have them by asking in a civil way.

I drifted down, with little variety of incident, to the Big Sandy, which is the boundary of Kentucky. Here I arrived in a night of darkness, and went ashore towards a light, that disappeared, after involving me in an

inextricable maze. Having vainly endeavoured to find the boat, I gathered a bed of leaves, slept like a soldier, and awaked in as pretty an ague as a doctor would wish to see.

In this part of my route, I killed with the paddle a great many grey and black squirrels. Far north, there had been a scarcity of mast, and the squirrels came down, like locusts, on the more fruitful regions: I have seen nine upon a tree at one time, and perhaps I saw not all. They swam the river boldly, but when the water was rough, arrived at the bank too much exhausted to crawl. I did not see them navigating a piece of bark, with their tails for canvas; though I can believe that a squirrel has as much science as a nautilus.

At a pretty French town, where the people seemed very happy, I found a poor Swiss, who was going down the river, and to him I committed the management of the skiff, till we sold it, at Maysville, for half its cost. At this quarter, the first glimpse of Kentucky is not very attractive; but towards the centre it becomes charming, and requires nothing but the olive, the orange, and vine, (great wants, however,) to make it the best portion of the earth. The soil is so rich, that it is of the depth of three feet, and the freshness and vigor of vegetation is unequalled. The forests have little underbrush, but tall grass well supplies its place; and the very weeds by the road side, grow to the height of ten feet.

Lexington is in a plain that is almost a valley; and it would be deemed a neat town, in any country. There is a courtesy among the people, that makes a favorable impression upon a visitor; and they are more social than the inhabitants of any town in New England, of similar size. It is a pleasure to a stranger to see the free and easy terms upon which some hundred people, from all parts of the State, live at Kean's hotel. The hotel is

indeed a Phœnix, and I went away, with the reluctance of Major Dalgetty, when the rations were acceptable to himself and Gustavus.

Then I walked to Frankfort, on the Kentucky River. This is a muddy stream, running between beautiful banks, that sometimes rise to cliffs of three hundred feet. It winds through forests, in which I tasted the hospitality of the back-woods.

From Frankfort, my road was but a horse path among the trees, though I sometimes diverged to visit a village. There are no people so glad to find opportunities to please themselves, by serving others, as the Kentuckians; though, shame on me! I went among them with a predisposition to censure. I never stopped at a log house, where I was not offered refreshments, and the sons of Kentucky had too much politeness to be inquisitive; though had I travelled in a similar manner and dress, in as secluded a part of New England, I should have been thought rude not to relate my history.

From Port William, on the Ohio, I went to the Big-Bone-Lick, a watering place of some repute: and on the way thither I crossed over to Vevay, in Indiana.

Cincinnati is, in appearance, one of our own towns, having Yankees, as raw as ever strapped box to shoulder, and put foot to the ground for the 'new countries.' When I was there, I thought it the most desirable residence in the Republic, and I think so still.

I was wronged, however, by a boatman, to the amount of five dollars, in a bill of the Owl Creek Bank; I should have rejected it, from its very name, had not the rogue affirmed it to be genuine, and upon his *honor*. Let me tell you something of the currency of the West, especially of Kentucky, and I will stop; for I am as much tired of writing as you can possibly be of reading. Spe-

cie is scarce, and what there is, can hardly be denominated coin. A common way of making change for a dollar, is to cut it into parts. There are however, private bankers; who emit bills, from one cent to half a dollar, and I have had in my hand a roll that would excite envy, if not suspicion, on 'change, that would buy little more than a dinner.

J. F.

LETTERS FROM A BOSTON MERCHANT.

NO. I.

SIR—I do not resist the reasons you offer for the continuance of our correspondence, interrupted November 1826; and it is my intention, moreover, to oblige you by a sketch of my early life, for we were unknown to each other when both were young; you were setting types in Boston, while I was planting the potato in Vermont. It is inseparable from the narrative form; to write more of myself than is agreeable either to the reader or the writer; then do not call it egotism when it is only necessity.

I had an early tendency to commercial pursuits, and its first development, like that of all character, was at school. The circulating medium was limited to pins, and I recall with pleasure the first lottery in which I was manager and proprietor. I saved in this fortunate speculation, enough to be converted into a dime, in better currency, and it was the foundation of more extensive operations in gingerbread. Here too, my foresight found its reward, and success has grown on what it fed on, till I have hopes to be a Director of a Bank.

This is an office of profit as well as of honor, and relieves the incumbent of many vexatious scruples, for the Directors of such institutions are privileged to do without reproach, in their corporate capacity, what would shame them to commit as individuals; though I would not have you believe that I shall claim for myself any such immunity, when a Director of the Potatoville Bank.

This, my early propensity to double a penny in the shortest given time, was connected with a strong disposition to ramble. I became tired of looking at the same blue hills, and of seeing the same hard faces among them. But how to gratify (like a Jew eating ham) two tastes at once, was a puzzling question; I solved it by purchasing a stock in trade of essences, to sell to the people of distant States; and as I had read that Virginia was the most distinguished for juleps and cocktails, there I hoped to find a good market for tansy and mint, and my hopes were much fortified when I heard a pilot at the Capes, speak of a thirteen-julep-fog in a morning not particularly damp.

On a bright cold morning in October, in the commencement of this century, I hurried like a hero who distrusts his own resolution, on board the schooner Charming Molly, which is, in the softer language of Petrarch, *La Bella Maria*. The bold commander was one of those polished navigators that hold up a quadrant at noon, and a bottle an hour before. So justly impressed was he with the necessity of preserving dignity, that he never spoke to his mate and three men without an oath, and an epithet to mark the distance between them. His oaths were of the plain swearing that a sailor practices, for he was not so picturesque or figurative, that

‘He could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope,’

yet, when Captain Bacon's lips parted, you seldom failed to hear a d—n, for curses fell from them as the pearls and rubies dropped from those of the good child in the fairy tale.

The cook was not educated in a French kitchen, nor had he ever heard of Monsieur Ude, though his life, like Véry's, had been devoted to the useful arts. He made chowder to a charm, though he was not so neat as Doctor Mott in his person. Would I were a painter that I might draw him, in a red cap and black whiskers—with a gold ring in one ear, and an eagle and motto imprinted with blue ink upon his arm. His brow he would wipe on the sleeve of his jacket, which had become glazed and varnished, and he would brush away the *slush* from his fingers on that part of his trowsers that enclosed the thigh, so that his dress was saturated like a fisherman's boots, and turned water like the breast of a duck.

The wind came (in the captain's phrase) from the *norrard*, when we spread a canvass whose patches indicated long service. You have never sailed beyond Nantasket, and know nothing of the sea; therefore I will describe the voyage as carelessly as I can.

Time, that gallops with a rogue to the gallows, crawls with an honest man at sea. It hung like a millstone about our necks, and he that could devise a way to hasten it along was a public benefactor. We had a dreadful calm of three days near Plymouth, when we went ashore for lobsters and clams. I strolled like a hyena among the graves, for I am goule enough to enjoy an old epitaph; and strange are the names one finds recorded on slate in the churchyard at Plymouth. There is Truth, Hope, Charity, Love, Temperance, Mercy, (written Marcy) Wait-still, Experience, Rejoice, Lamentation, Welcome, et cetera. It put me back to

the time of the Roundheads to see such names; you will find a jury of them in Hume, and another in the Pilgrim's Progress, and this is the panel, though I like their names so little, that if they were arrayed against me, like the Irishman I would *challenge* every man of them—Mr Blindman, Mr No Good, Mr Malice, Mr Lovelust, Mr Liveloose, Mr Heady, Mr Highmind, Mr Enmity, Mr Liar, Mr Cruelty, Mr Hatelight, and Mr Implacable.

The commander went with me on shore, and I attached to his collar a rope's end of the exact shape and appearance of a queue; and it hung down his shoulders a distinguished ornament of the whole man. Even now I smile as I recall the figure he made as he paced the street with a gravity that was deepened to offended dignity, by the unaccountable merriment of the passengers.

When we had rounded Cape Cod, and fairly entered the 'Mare Magnum,' we were dying of nothing to do—sometimes, however, we would murder a poor porpoise as he glanced around the bows, and 'incarnadine' the sea with his innocent blood. At other times we would catch with a baited hook, a storm pétrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, though I should not be justified in praising the taste of Mrs Carey's poultry.

A shark gave us his company till our good understanding was interrupted. The cook had so fed him with bone and gristle, that he would snap like a spaniel at what fell overboard, and he bolted instantly a red hot potato that I dropped upon his shovel nose. It was in his belly but a moment, before he discovered that it would burn, when he cut an indescribable caper that delighted us exceedingly, and went to sea in a manner that denoted inquietude.

Sailors and Highlanders, from sheer idleness, are great prognosticators of the weather, and from imitation I soon acquired the habit of watching the clouds. Sometimes at sunset might be seen a low line of indentations near the horizon, which I could hardly believe was not the land, and at other hours I would watch the gorgeous pinnacles that looked like Andes covered with snow—where I could seem to discover ravines formed by the torrents and the deep shades made by projecting rocks—but all this you may see from your own smoky city.

We spoke several vessels—that is, we held a talk with the commanders of five. The manner of marine salutation is this. The sails were so disposed as to keep the ships at rest; then Captain Bacon, elevated on a water cask, emitted through a tin trumpet a sound like the growl of a tiger, which was returned like a hoarse echo from the other ship—‘Pray, Sir, report the Charming Molly, Captain Bacon, &c. &c.’

It is enough to cure a dyspeptic of his ‘thick coming fancies,’ to see a sailor eating raw pork with an onion. But at sea the appetite is not dependent on dainty fare.

Having entered the Capes of the Chesapeake, we soon after anchored at Point Comfort. It is a snug harbor and has a good name—for sailors, when they give names, are as descriptive as Homer himself—and it is but a short sail to Cape Fear, Cape Lookout, and Cape Frying Pan. But lest like other philosophers in pursuing names, I may lose sight of things, let me tell you something of Norfolk, the commercial capital of Virginia. It is in a corner of the State, and composed of people of all countries, and of three colors, therefore you will here find little of the true Virginia character. To describe it from memory, it is a city rather neatly

built of brick. But this State is so ‘interlaced’ (as the Federalist has it) with noble rivers, that it will never have any city of magnitude while the planter can ship his tobacco from his own door. The Virginians, while they escape the moral contamination of a large city, have from their vicinity to Washington, all the impulse to intellect that such a Capital can give.

At Norfolk I had the honor to see Mr Tazewell. He was talking to twelve men sitting together upon a bench, endeavouring to make them believe what was impossible, and their credulity was catholic. He had a strange manner of casting his eyes. He did not look *at* the dozen wise men to whom he spoke, but his eyes seemed to rest upon some object far beyond them, and more than once I sought to discover it. ‘The poet’s eye has high prescription for ‘rolling,’ but here is great authority that the orator’s should remain at rest. I myself think that they should not be cast down, as if shaded with poppies, when they seem to haye been made, *cælum tueri*, or, to look up.

The Chesapeake Bay is a noble inland sea, and a little north of it you will find, or did find, the city of Baltimore. I suppose that it satisfied you, if you anticipated much. It has grown with the rapidity of a willow, but it has the strength and durability of an oak. The merchants are said to act upon the adage, ‘nothing venture, nothing have.’ Their commercial speculations are thought, in cities of slower growth, to be desperate; and I myself make bold to believe, if not to say, that they act as Rashleigh Osbaldistone played, and he staked more upon fortunate risks than the well balanced chances of the game. This is, in other words, an adventurous spirit; and it has made Baltimore what it is.

I counsel no man to trust to his first impressions, if they are unfavorable, and he has the tooth-ache. Like

Iago, I was ‘troubled with a raging tooth,’ and had I described Baltimore under its influence, I should have imposed upon you the belief that I was in a gloomy city, peopled by a very plain-looking race—but when the genius of misanthropy had ceased boring into my hollow tooth, I looked at the city and people through a fairer medium.

I went to Washington in a coach, with five travellers, as unsocial as Englishmen, and more silent than bears, for bears will growl at each other. You know more of Washington than I can tell you. It has the seminal principle of a grand city—the *punctum saliens* is there; but the chicken is not completely formed; mud and magnificence share it equally; and as in Constantinople and Moscow, splendour is strangely mixed with meanness.

The arts have no very splendid monuments at the Capital, and a coat of white-wash would improve some public ceilings at Washington—in other words, the broom would mend what was done by the brush; and this would but follow the old rule—*ars est, celare artem*, for this would *hide* it altogether. But if you admire the paintings you have my permission, only let me have yours to differ.

I sat myself down in an orator’s seat, holding out my tongue to catch the inspiration of eloquence, as an alligator catches flies, but with less success, for I was in Sheridan’s figure, like a rusty conductor waiting for a flash of lightning.

I went in a steam boat down the Potomac, and had a glimpse of Alexandria, whence you get your flour, and of Mount Vernon, venerated for higher reasons. I saw under the trees, in my mind’s eye, and by the memory of Stuart’s picture, a grave and placid old gentleman, that like Cæsar, was esteemed by his enemies, ‘the foremost man of all this world.’

Fredericksburgh is somewhat below, and contains, as the epitaphs say, the mortal body of John Lowe, the author of 'Mary's Dream.' He was tutor in some family, and like most poets took to hard drinking, of which he died. To Richmond the country is dreary and barren, having no neat villages like Potatoville, and no hotels with red hot poker in the fire, or with even a coulter, as at the clachan of Aberfoil.

It must be known to you, that I write in a clerkly hand, for I give you the 'ocular proof.' My pen brought me to preferment, and procured me the head clerkship in a store, (for like Sampson Rawbold I had a boy under me). There, in imitation of Patrick Henry, (whom I resemble in my manner of wearing spectacles) I studied men and women, as they came to purchase whiskey and tea.

As I write this from memory, (for that *journal* was a fabrication of your *own*) I have little method in sketching, and as I grow old 'my visions flit less palpably before me.'

The county where I dwelt was named after King William, (*of glorious memory*) and in twentyfour hours I felt myself at home, for I possess, in a great degree, that principle of accommodation that assimilates with things about me. A Frenchman, however, has this principle of accommodation in its greatest extent; put the most polished of his nation among a tribe of Indians, and he will be more savage than they, and among Hottentots he would be the filthiest of the *kraal* but herein I trust that my own compliance would be more limited.

At the time of my arrival, the Virginians were shivering with cold, for it was the season of gathering and shocking (husking) the corn, which is penned up in vast quantities. The corn is covered with a roof, but the

sides of the pens are of rails laid in an open manner. Our nearest neighbour (at a short walk of three miles) had on hand, of the last year's crop, fifteen hundred barrels, with five bushels to the barrel, for corn is too abundant to be meted by your puny measures. 'This was the product of his smaller plantation, and was worth two dollars the barrel, though in Kentucky, I have known it to be sold for forty cents; in Virginia, from three to five barrels to the acre is a good crop. Excuse the details of trade.

There is not much tobacco raised, and it is (except as an article of export) a vile and worthless weed. Notwithstanding that 'old Virginia never tires,' the cultivation of tobacco has impoverished her soil, which it reduces as much as it does a man; 'think of this when you smoke tobacco.'

In your republican State there are but two classes, the rich and the poor. There, (I speak as a merchant,) it is infamous to be poor, though it is the defect of the laws to take no cognizance of poverty as a crime. But along the Blue Ridge, there are more *castes*. The lowest of them, like some of the Hindoos, eat no meat. Yet if they who compose it refrain on principle from animal food, they sometimes profane their own creed, especially when an ox dies suddenly, or a sheep is found rambling in the woods. This class of people uphold the tariff, inasmuch as they raise their own wool. The allowance of food for a negro man, is a peck and a half of corn weekly, and two thirds of that quantity for a woman.

To be a slave, is to lie, to steal, to be everything base and unworthy. If the body could be enslaved without degrading and demoralizing the mind, I would not much care for wearing a fetter myself. I have tried to get a direct answer from a negro, (or, as here called, a nigger,) but I might as well have sought a diamond on

a Quaker's finger. He will make you repeat the question, that he may have more time to frame or invent a politic answer. From the slaves there are many intermediate classes, before you come to the lords of the soil.

Remember that I speak of a narrow district, and make no wider application. The higher classes have not many intellectual resources, unless such as lead them to fox hunting, horse racing, gaming, and moderate drinking; though there are among them men of great refinement and literary taste, and all are generous and hospitable.

Dinner is late, and it is the principal meal; the foundation of it is bacon. Desserts are rare, except on holidays; after dinner, come cigars and politics. Every man is a politician, and talks well, though vehemently. Horses make the subject next in interest, for a Virginian, like an Arab, loves his horse.

There is something wrong in their system of education, or rather there is no system. There is an utter neglect of the advice of Solomon. When a boy is too old to be dandled, slaves call him *Massa*, and he considers himself a man. In many families, however, the children are taught to address the older servant as *uncle* or *auntee*, and this is sometimes more than a form of speech.

A *fish-fry* is a sylvan mode of festivity; a company, having caught their fish, eat them by the side of a fountain, and laugh and sing, and joke if they can. But perhaps nothing is so characteristic as an election. The candidate makes a *flourish* on his own trumpet, by giving a modest recital of his own merits. He must visit his constituents at their houses, and make himself agreeable to them at public places. This of course diminishes the distance between the high and low, and generates a familiarity of phrase not known where you live. You would start to hear of Ned Ever-

ett, or Jim Lloyd, but in Virginia, it is Jim Madison, and Jack Randolph. Rival candidates often meet, when in their canvass, and, to do them justice, are very courteous and jocular with each other. On election days they furnish whiskey, and are expected to drink with the *people*. They are then all seated together, look imploringly down upon the voters, and each acknowledges by a low bow a favorable vote. In elections hardly contested, the polls are open several days, and riders scour the country to bring in and feast the freemen. In such times modest merit is not always successful, and I have known a gambler of the sable-leg kind, a drinking, bellowing, obstreperous fellow, elected by a large majority.

NO. II

SIR—A pedagogue passes here at a great discount ; and his is not, as in New England, a situation from which he may step into the commission of the peace ; it is the lowest round in fortune's ladder. In rich families there are private tutors, but there are ‘old field schools,’ where the master does well if he can collect fifteen scholars. I grieve to speak ill of a class—but a Virginia school-master is ill paid and worse taught ; though where there is so much room for amendment, it were want of charity not to hope all things.

At church the people convene about noon, and after service, have much to say to each other, and the Sabbath brings many invitations to dine. In preaching, the Virginians are as easily satisfied, as the Philadelphians are in acting—and who ever heard a hiss in the Chesnut

street Theatre. The Reverend Clergy do not ‘think scorn’ to taste wine when it is good—and many of them take pleasure in tickling a trout, or knocking over a fat buck.

The ladies may be ranked with the dames of Spain. Elevated, high-minded, domestic, and passionately attached to their husbands, they unite in their character the best traits of the females of the other States. In the veins of New England there may be too much ice, in veins much south of Virginia there may be too much fire. The right medium is about King William. It is not strange that such wives and mothers should have given four Presidents to the Republic, and to the world the greatest name in its history. Do you think a Virginian matron indolent? mend your manners and your opinion—you will not see her spin, but Penelope had not more constant employment. To every door, crypt and closet, trunk and drawer there is a key, and it is never turned but under the eye of the mistress—for to a black-face every chamber is a *Blue Chamber*. All things are secured by lock, and the mistress carries on her arm a basket, with keys enough to set up a smith. The largest would answer for a Bastile, and the smallest for the collar of a dog. This is a glorious system to make a servant dishonest—

‘ He who still expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.’

The food for the servants is measured out by the lady, and the medicines, clothes, and all supplies pass through the same little hands; and where there are three hundred servants, this employment is above idleness. The kitchen is not a place where an intelligent traveller would look for neatness; but the parlour is the perfection of it; the very floors are waxed and rubbed, till they reflect the face of the rubber.

So much for the ladies ! what for the lords ? I know not what to say, they act from impulse rather than principle, but then the impulse is generally good.

‘The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.’

They are generous to an extreme, and have more pleasure in doing a generous act, than they always feel in performing common duties. Perhaps they would commit a bad act with less reluctance than be told of it ; so that their famed high principle of honor, if analyzed, would leave three-fourths pride.

They will peril limb and life in a private quarrel ; but they would not fight for principle longer than people farther north. What a pity it is that you cannot treat a man as a gardener manages his plants. If you could *trim* a Yankee, that is, cut off his ill qualities, and engraft upon him the good traits of a Virginian, you would have a man, great and good.

I was acquainted with one such, a cheerful old gentleman, who lived upon a high and wooded hill, that you might call a mountain. He dwelt in a circular house, that at a distance, resembled a *bee-hive*. To the south-east he had an illimitable prospect, but higher hills than Monticello intercepted his view to the westward. To Charlottesville it was so open that he could see through a telescope his workmen at their tasks in the University.

He had, more than I have seen in other men, the art of drawing out all that was known by those with whom he talked. It did not, indeed, take him long to get through this business with me—but I went away with a better estimation of myself, and, (of course) a higher reverence for the philosopher of the crimson small-clothes.

Jefferson is buried on Monticello, and his only monument is the hill itself—‘*Si monumentum quæris circum-*

spice.' His grave is of that plain kind that a republic awards to its benefactors. It is in nothing better than that of the humblest slave, who has escaped the lash of an overseer. It is enclosed with a miserable fence, and a shingle only is placed to mark the head.

Having said a true word of the clergy, something in the same veracious way is due to the other learned bodies. There are few physicians of the *lobelia* class, if there are not many like Doctor Rush.

The Virginia courts have made many good and eminent lawyers; but there is a large and formidable body that may be otherwise described. The facilities of admission are such that any man may in two months qualify himself for the bar, and in half that time for the bench. Of the Common Pleas I speak, where the judges are of the intellectual grade of our justices of the peace—I speak not of the bench or bar about the Blue Ridge, for I never saw them assembled but at Parkersburgh, on the Ohio river; and this is in the northwestern extremity of the commonwealth—There were five Judges, and, as the season was hot, they peeled to the cotton, for every one of them took off his coat; though in the June session I have seen this done by your brother legislators when they sat down to dinner.

Now, sir, indulge your surprise at my abruptness and follow me to France. Fancy me leaving Paris in September, by the Fauxbourg St Antoine. Like the lady Christabelle, I was accompanied by a little cut-tailed cur, which I mention, that, like editors and kings, I may speak in the plural, for I have become tired to death of the first person singular. The notes that I made in my tours were of an unsatisfactory leaness; I only put down, as a traveller should, common matters, such as expenses, fares, and distances, and at this interval of time, memory will not

come to my assistance to pluck up drowned impressions by the locks. But what I have is yours, and were I twice as tedious, I could, like honest Dogberry, find it in my head to bestow it all upon you.

We travelled (no matter how) on the great road to Lyons. On the left was Alfort, which has a lunatic asylum in good repute, and a veterinary college. Take good advice—if you have six boys, send one of them to be educated as a veterinary surgeon, and he will return to America with ‘the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.’ No physician of the ‘humans’ (as they say in Kentuck) will take half as much in fees. Besides, a horse is a noble animal, and deserves a better surgeon than a cow doctor.

The next place that attracted much of our notice, was the castle of Vincennes, a dark and dismal place, where fell the last descendant of the Great Condé.

The Duke D'Enghein died as became one so descended—and stood by the side of his grave, refusing to kneel, while Savary gave the word to fire. The result seems to have been anticipated by those who were sent after him, for they permitted him to take but two changes of linen, as if he would have occasion for no more, though ‘you and I have heard our fathers say’ this supply was more than always pertained to a brigadier in the war of our revolution.

Mirabeau also died in the castle of Vincennes. He had escaped from Paris, and wandered about the fields till he was half starved with hunger, and (as the English say) with cold, when he sought the dangerous hospitality of a cabaret, or hedge ale-house. He was seized by half a dozen blackguards, who found in his pocket a small edition of Horace, and they thought, like Jack Cade, that no good man could tamper with Latin, and that Mirabeau must know too much for a plain republi-

can. He was cast into prison, and the officers thereof who had probably been promoted from the shambles, neglected for several days to supply the prisoner with food, so that when he was to be brought forth for further examination, he had gone to a more tremendous trial.

Vincennes is strongly garrisoned. It has a school for artillery in which firing is practised once in a week. We broke fast with an officer who shewed us the guns, which, though heavy, are carried by eight horses a mile in ten minutes.

Our route now diverged from the river Seine over a rich and highly cultivated country. We passed several villages of little interest before we arrived at Mélun, which Cæsar describes as having been situated on an island in the Seine ; and here his lieutenant prepared a fleet to act against the enemy. This you must take upon credit, for I will not endorse the assertion.

We went over the same charming country to Sens, a city surrounded by its ancient walls, which are still nearly entire. The town is pleasantly enough placed, or, as Yankee editors say, located, and has an old cathedral that you would call magnificent—nevertheless we made no delay but travelled along the bank of the Yonne to Auxerre, of which, as we arrived at night, we saw nothing but lighted windows. In the morning we were at Autun, where among other vestiges of the Romans are ruins of a temple of Janus, who was a Roman politician with a couple of faces; but had he lived in these times, I think he would have been no prodigy.

From Autun our route became more mountainous, till we came to the chain of mountains that commences in Burgundy, and which it took us more than two hours to ascend. They are of whin stone and granite, the first I saw in France, where till then I had only been in districts of limestone (don't print that brimstone) and coal.

Here we found a change also in vegetation, for we saw the plants common to cold and elevated spots, especially a hardy kind of heath. On descending the mountains we came to the celebrated vineyards that produce the Burgundy wines. It will cost you too much money to make their acquaintance in America, but in Paris it is at good houses a common wine. It is carefully carried on a canal that unites the Saone and the Loire. The valley extends from the mountains to the river, and it is cultivated well. But in general beauty of appearance we cannot compare France with England. In the United Kingdom the hedges make a charming feature in the landscape, and the cottages, villas, villages, and castles, are in a better taste than in France. A Frenchman cannot live alone, and I doubt if you will find a hermit in all France. Hence you see so many mean villages and so few pretty and comfortable cottages. The châteaux are nearly all alike. They are the most cold, comfortless, stiff and dismal rubbish, that ever cumbered the ground, and have the most right angled rows of cut box and trimmed yew that ever deformed the sweet face of creation.

Then the roads in France are in straight lines like the Providence turnpike, and seem to double the distance to man and dog ; for the point of perspective recedes as they advance. Though they are overshadowed with trees, I prefer the open winding roads of England.

When you are in the chair of a committee of roads, ever keep an eye open to the picturesque, and your constituents will have easier ways. The engineers (if such they were) of some of our roads, seem never to have gone over the route, but to have drawn on the map straight lines uniting two points; a wavering horizontal line has no greater distance than an undulatory course

that rises hills, yet it gives a coach horse some chance for his life; and it becomes us to have some fellow feeling for a poor beast.

The great number of villages in France make the intermediate country thinly peopled. The people all collect in villages, and a labourer would sooner walk five miles to his daily task than live in no better society than a man furnishes to himself. Volney said that the French who were settled 600 leagues from New Orleans, could not exist without an annual visit to the city, '*pour causer.*'

In England, the population is more spread by reason of the small freeholds, as in our own pleasant land. But in France, before the revolution, the landholders were princes and nobles, with extensive domains, and some of them cared less for the comfort of the peasantry than I care for the accommodation of my dog.

The revolution, if it did not bring better manners, (which Madame de Staël doubted,) created in the division of property a better state of things. The division, however, is of so late a date, that it has not changed the face of the country, though according to the Edinburgh Review, there are in France three landholders to one in England.

The implements of agriculture are truly Arcadian, and carry one back to the infancy of the arts. The plough and carts are but rudely made, and much power is certainly lost in yoking oxen three abreast. It would be better to arrange them '*tandem*' as I have seen in the Vale of Gloucester, or to attach them in pairs, by the tail, as I have *not* seen in Tipperary.

Chalons is a pleasant town as large as Salem, situated in a rich and wide valley of the Saone, and it is a considerable market for wines and grain. It has also large manufactories of false pearls, equal in splendour and

value to the Attleborough jewelry. The pearls are made of the scales of a species of carp—the *l'ablette* of the French. At the *table d'hôte*, for the first time in my life, I had the honor to dine with a negro—a gentleman of colour, who was not without dignity of deportment.

From Chalons we took passage in a *coche d'eau* for Lyons. The boat was a long ark drawn by four horses, that are relieved once in ten miles.

NO. III.

DEAR SIR—As fellow travellers should be free, I take the liberty to address you with the customary adjective of favor, before telling you that in going down the Saone from Chalons to Magon, we found it but a muddy river.

Magon is on the right bank, and has the most superb quay, I have seen in France ; and town and country, from the bank are very beautiful. As we descended, the attractions of the scenery increased, and the river reflected better châteaux than were the subjects of our censure in a late letter. The land seemed abundantly fertile, and the hills cultivated even to their tops; though too distant for us to discover the nature of the crops. The boat was now stopped, that two pretty demoiselles might step on board. They were attractive envoys from two hotels, despatched to invite and persuade the passengers to their respective houses. The prettiest ambassador carried us away. This reminds me that I was once beset on Chesnut street wharf in Philadelphia, by the agents of two steam boats. I stood like Garrick, between tragedy and comedy; or, like a man in tempta-

tion equally balanced between duty and will; or, (in fine) I was like the metaphysician's ass between two bundles of hay, for I knew not which to choose. I went, however, in the Union line, though a button out of pocket to its antagonist, whose agent had a pluck at the upper benjamin.

These ambassadors extraordinary, that were sent out to draw in the passengers, were not more attractive than most of the young women of this district. Generally speaking, all are pretty, and the exceptions are rare. They wear a little straw hat, but the effect of it is not graceful. It was at Belville that we dined.

At Lyons our baggage was tumbled according to usage ; the baggage and the passport are great annoyances to travellers; the passport you must have, but generally, too much baggage is carried. I had grown wise from suffering, and took on this route, only the contents of a bag, that I could carry under the arm ; saving thereby the delays at the custom house, the struggle and uproar of porters, a great many pennies from carriers, and consequently much equanimity to myself.

You must travel far to find a city so pleasantly placed as Lyons; it is, like Philadelphia, just above the junction of two rivers; but surrounded by blue waters, green fields, dark hills, and hanging crags; though all these give a double gloom to narrow and dim alleys, with old and prison-like houses. The Rhone is as large as the Ohio, at Marietta, but it has loftier hills. There are more than one hundred thousand people, of which half seem to be smokers.

The quay is the best that I have seen, not excepting that at Dublin. It has a noble row of houses and lines of trees. The best bridge over the Saone, like all the best modern monuments in France, was made by Napoleon.

There are more than fifty churches, and on the summit of a hill, overlooking river, town, and valley, is a cemetery like that of Pére La Chaise. The French do not use their departed friends so ill, as to hide their remains in an obscure corner, or 'neglected spot' so seldom seen, that when visited it creates antipathy. But they keep alive the memory of the departed, by a thousand affecting observances—the graves are planted with flowers and shaded with trees. The epitaphs are in better taste than those collected by Alden, and the monuments are not surmounted by the hideous death's heads and crossed bones that you will find at home without going far; nor is good marble defaced by images purporting to represent cherubs in the likeness of owls, all head and wings. It is almost impiety to make such images, and if they are intended, to be descriptive of any thing hereafter, they may in young minds, create a distaste for invisible things. The situation of the blessed has been described (and in France) in such bad taste as to disgust the dying listener.

Our burying grounds, especially in cities, are good subjects for reformation, and it is my preference to be laid alone under a tree in the country. The ground upon the Neck is the commencement of better taste, and I hope that you may live to see public promenades, planted with trees, in all the church yards in Boston.

The silk in Lyons is made in small quantities, in families, like the linen in Ireland, and straw hats in Leghorn, so that the merchant who buys and exports it, makes more profit than the manufacturer, whom he contrives to keep poor.

Now, Sir, let your imagination supply a gap in my notes, and fancy us at Geneva, a town nearly twice as large as Providence, built on a gentle eminence at the narrowest part of the lake, whence the Rhone rushes in

two streams, soon to be united in one grand river. This is the largest town in Switzerland, but the architecture deserves only moderate praise. Many houses have arcades, which are more convenient than becoming.

The manufactures are of watches, and all kinds of ornaments of gold, and I have a watch of that material, which would almost discover the longitude, that (as king Harry said of his queen) I have worn like a jewel hung about my neck for thirteen years, though I gave for it in Geneva, but thirty dollars. A little very fine gold is found in the sands of the Rhone.

The population of Geneva is mixed—and in summer there are many English. The language is French, though generally German is understood, and many people know something of English.

The ladies are very attractive, and they are fond of parties; that is, of assemblies; in which, it is said, as many ladies are invited as there may be chairs at hand, and as many gentlemen as can be found.

We went to Ferney, a neat village of eighty houses, though before Voltaire came, it had but two or three huts. The chamber of the philosopher of the human race remains as when he left it on his last visit to Paris, except that his admirers have cut away the curtains for relics; and the same you know happened in America to Lafayette's wig. The chamber has engravings of Washington, Franklin, Frederick, Newton, and others. There is a little urn that contains, or was meant to contain, the ashes of that restless heart, inscribed *mon cœur est ici, mais mon esprit est partout*. The attendant produced his old night cap, and put it on my head; and while I wore it, I felt that I could think in paradoxes, speak in sarcasms, and write in epigrams.

On the return we ascended a little hill, and for the first memorable time beheld Mont Blanc, with its summit so clear in the setting sun, that it seemed we might

see, at this distance, a man upon it. It was a splendid scene, surpassing all description but the painter's. But some of this scenery is represented, by Fisher, with the fidelity of a mirror; and you can admire the beauty of the picture, but it is only for those who have been in Switzerland to estimate its truth and fidelity.

Before us was the whole canton of Vaud, sloping from the Jura Mountains, enlivened by villages and towns, Geneva at the foot of a mountain; and, beyond all, the monarch of mountains himself, surrounded by his majestic court.

It is speaking safely, to call the Lake of Geneva the most beautiful in southern Europe. It is fed by the Rhone and four hundred smaller streams. The waters of the Rhone are muddy, but become clear as air before they have run far into the lake. The waters are fifteen hundred feet above those of the Mediterranean—what a cataract they would make! There are a great variety of fish, including the delicate species of trout peculiar to such elevated waters; but I found no evidence of the trout with one eye, said by Giraldus to live in Wales.

The Lake of Geneva is smaller than many of the American lakes, but for that reason it is more beautiful. It unites all the features of good scenery, lake, river, mountain, tower, and town.

But you will know nothing of mountains, till you go beyond the limits of the States. You have, I think, seen the White Hills. Mount Washington would hang upon the side of Mont Blanc like that small wart on the left of my own huge nose. Then among these *high* mountains, you have a strange union of the seasons, 'Winter in the lap of May,' and

'On old Hyems chin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery set.'

We next went to Chamouni, of which you can know nothing from my description. This wonderful valley, like my own wit, was for a long time undiscovered; and in either case, when the discovery was made, every one praised it. It is said that Chamouni was not known to the Swiss themselves, till it was explored and described seventyfour years ago, by Mr Windham and the traveller Pocoke.

So small is the Genevese territory, that in two miles we entered Savoy. We passed along a fertile valley, through which runs the river Arve, and the vale becomes narrow at Bonville and Cluse, villages of little note. Next, we entered a rude cleft in the mountain just wide enough for a road on the bank of the river. Then we remarked a very charming water-fall, called as I think, Nant d'Arpenas, only eight hundred feet high. At Saint Martins we rested for the night, and discharged in the morning the *voiture* to take a *char-à-bané*, a queer machine upon low wheels; the driver sits with his side toward the horse, as in the jaunting car of Dublin, where ten Irishmen are drawn by one horse, to visit the Dargle on Sundays.

Herefrom, the Arve is a torrent, at some seasons sweeping over the valley. Looking up among the mountains, you may see human habitations, in spots that seem inaccessible but to the eagle, for these mountaineers build on every level spot that would offer 'coign of vantage' to a swallow. At this season they were gathering, as fodder, the leaves of the ash and the elm. Yet these Swiss are so contented in poverty, that it is seldom they leave their own beautiful country; but all highlanders are strongly attached to their barren hills.

'And as a babe whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud whirlwind and the tempest's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains more.'

We crossed the Arve on a bed of pebbles a mile over, in a place that seems to have been once a lake. Near to this is a monument erected to perpetuate the fame of a Russian, who ventured too near an avalanche, and was crushed.

Next, came the narrow dell that was to lead us to Chamouni. It was but a small fissure in a mighty mountain wrought by that geological demon, a great convulsion of nature. Half way up the sides are a few slender pines, a covert for the chamois and vulture. On mounting to a great height (for the pass is too narrow for a road on the bank) we beheld the famed and indescribable Chamouni. In length it is fifteen miles, and its breadth, is about three. There is no green so rich as that of the valley, and it is well contrasted with the almost black colour of the fir and pine on the mountains.

The valley is the abode of plenty, as well as of peace. Some of the many villages are at the very foot of the glaciers, that like enormous icicles hang down to the valley. Chamouni is four thousand feet above the sea. In such altitudes the summers are not long, and the nights are always cold, yet here wheat is seldom hurt.

You must come here to find good milk; it is better than strawberries and cream. A very white and delicate honey, also, much esteemed in Paris, is produced in this valley. But of late, the bees do not much toil for ungrateful masters, for the gains of the inhabitants are derived from travellers.

There are three large hotels, one as large as the *Malbrook*, called the London Hotel, so that, of course, Mr Bull is quite at home, in the rich pasturage at Chamouni.

There are five glaciers descending into the valley. A glacier is a huge body of ice, a frozen cataract; and one is twelve miles in length. Fears have been felt that they

will in time so increase as to fill the valley, inasmuch as more sleet and snow fall annually, (for this is no place for rain) than is melted in a year; but some philosophers differ from Saussure, and believe that the snow alone, falling in avalanches from the congealed to the melting regions, is enough to save the valley. Your chamois hunter will say too, that, taking one year with another, the ice remains in about the same quantity, and, that while two glaciers are growing, the others are shrinking.

At the Priory, (which is the principal village,) we procured guides to ascend Montanvert, and visit the icy sea. The ascent on a mule took me a couple of hours, and my companion preferred to walk. The winding road was through noble forests of fir trees, such as you have seen in Franconia; and shattered trunks, and displaced masses of granite, shewed the vestige of many an avalanche.

Emerging from the forest, I was obliged to walk. Having ascended another mile, we met two English ladies, carried between two poles, as father and I have carried hay in New England. Sometimes we would stop to rest ourselves, and look down upon that happy valley. Having reached the summit, we came to a hut, that is called a temple, and dedicated after the manner of the French of the Republic, *à la Nature*. Here a book is kept, in which travellers write their names, and as much of themselves as they are willing should be known. On this occasion I spoke respectfully of my companion, and gave a good character of myself. This is but seven thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and is as high as I have ever ascended. But here the scene is circumscribed by mountains still higher; not even Chamouni is visible, and our sole reward for all this 'toil and trouble' was a view of the *Mer de Glace*, or sea of ice. It is as if a torrent, fifteen miles long, and one third as broad, were

frozen in a state of impetuous motion; or you may fancy the waves of the sea frozen, when running high, and you will have something like the *Mer de Glace*. It comes from Mont Blanc, and is but an icicle on the hoary chin of that venerable monarch.

The waves are of a light pea green. There are cracks in the ice three thousand feet in depth, and few men that fall in, return to describe the bottom; for these

‘Are matters deep and dangerous.’

Around the *Mer. de Glace* are several perpendicular rocks, called needles, which have a resemblance to the forms of Gothic architecture, as the pinnacles of the Duomo, at Milan.

We went down the mountain near the outlet of the icy sea, which forms the Glacier des Bois, down which the avalanches were falling with tremendous uproar. Having descended half way, we were surrounded by children bearing fruits and other refreshments. At the bottom of this glacier there is an arch one hundred feet high, that reminded me of Fingal’s cave in Staffa; and from this rushes the river Arvèiron, like a prisoner escaped.

The scenery in these parts is admirably well described in the novel called Continental Adventures. I know not the author, but to one who has been in Switzerland, it is a most attractive book. Manfred, also, will be read by such with a double interest. It is a magnificent drama, the splendid scenery is before you, and the imagination of the poet has created the rest.

The summit of Mont Blanc is fifteen thousand feet above the sea. The first persons who reached it were, as I think, several guides, in 1786, one of whom strayed from the rest, and passed the night at an elevation of twelve thousand feet. Thus he acquired a fever, of which he was cured by a physician, Dr Pac-

card, whom, from gratitude, he conducted to the summit. Saussure forthwith came from Geneva, to ascend the mountain, but was prevented by a fall of snow and hail. On the next year, with an army of eighteen guides, he reached the summit, described his journey in a very interesting manner, and connected his name like Hannibal's, Napoleon's, Byron's, yours, and mine, with the everlasting Alps.

We returned to our inn with so many newly acquired impressions and images, that the day seemed to have been as long as a week; yet it was one of those fine days in autumn, so rare here, and so common in a certain country, where they have huskings and Indian summers. At the hotel we dined, with a mountain traveller's appetite, on a shoulder of chamois. This is a timid animal, of the size of a large lamb, inhabiting the most rugged and least accessible parts of the Alps. Linné has unjustly ranked it with goats; though like them it leaps from rock to rock with wonderful confidence and agility. It will stand upon a very pinnacle, as I have seen a goat taught to do in Calcutta, where the bearded gentleman is placed upon a single small round of wood, and others are gradually inserted under him, till he is as high, and as unsafe, as a rogue in office on a change of administration.

NO. IV.

THERE is another animal, called the ibex, ranked also among goats, and considered the original of the whole tribe. He frequents the most rugged part of the mountains, and his mutton is not to be had without toil

and danger; for to the most wary there is danger in the upper regions of the Alps. The expert hunters are from the upper Valais. Read their character as described by Manfred. I should like to have some such lapidary lines upon my own grave—

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free,
Thy self respect grafted on innocent thoughts,
Thy days of health and nights of sleep, thy toils
By danger dignified, yet guiltless—hopes
Of cheerful old age, and a quiet grave
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grand-childrens' love for epitaph.

In this route we remarked a good many goitrous necks—some hanging hideously down, like the bag of a pelican, and others just beginning to swell, like an alderman's double chin—I never beheld one without raising a hand to my own neck, to see if all was right—and a pretty woman in these regions, runs to a glass in the morning, (though our ladies do this) to see if that foe to beauty has not assailed her during the night. In some parts, (though we found none such) it is said that goitres are so common that it is an unfortunate singularity to be without one, and a young woman who is so unlucky, of course, can have but few admirers. I myself remember a town in New England, where every man has a humped-back, and I lived so long among these dromedaries, that I was ashamed of my own shapes.

We returned from this excursion to Geneva, laden with specimens of minerals and plants, and we had fragments of rock enough to macadamize Flag Alley. In a day or two, we left Geneva and passed round the northern side of the lake, which is studded with a great many picturesque villages on the bays and inlets.

Nion is one of the principal towns of this canton, situated at the foot of a hill, with a fine view of the

lake, Geneva at one end, Vevay at the other, and the magnificent Alps in front. When you come to this country, you can only look on and wonder—there is nothing like it on earth—and in America you have never seen anything that even remotely resembles the cultivated hills and valleys of the canton de Vaud. But you can find it painted in the *Nouvelle Heloise*.

From this we passed through several villages to Lausanne, a very old town, and like Boston, built upon three hills. The climate is mild and healthy, but the town has not many attractions, except the urbanity and hospitality of the citizens. A stranger needs no other letter of recommendation than a good countenance, and a tolerable coat. Let me say I was well received. I boarded in a private family, for a small sum, and was forthwith made known to all whom I wished to know. Many English reside here to learn French and economy.

The prospect from the terrace of the cathedral is one of the most charming in Switzerland. The country is rich in vines, and the grapes were better than I had ever seen before. The vineyards are at the foot of the mountains near the lake. The mountains rise like the walls of an amphitheatre, and spread above the vineyards a dark circle of pines—on the other side, are the rocks of Mellierie, and in the distance, the shining glaciers of the Haut Valais. There is a peculiar adaptation to the country around Clarens, of the persons and events, that Rousseau has connected with it. Clarens is a league beyond Vevay, but I saw no house good enough for the husband of Julia, nor any pleasure ground worthy of much praise. Here the lake is narrow, and the character of its scenery, and of the mountains, was that of the Highlands of Scotland, but it is not easy to rove about here without having the mind filled with the creations of Rousseau, wretch as he was, by his own confessions.

From Moudon in the Pays de Vaud we pursued our route over fine pastures filled with herds of cattle, and through forests, richer in autumnal hues than I had seen except in America. We passed some villages that had Roman remains, as walls, and a column that seemed to have formed part of the portico of a temple. This I think was Avanche, called by the Romans Aventicum. From this we went to Murten, pleasantly situated on a lake of the same name, and ascended a hill from which we saw the lake Neufchatel, and from this we went to Berne, where we arrived late at night. Berne is situated on an eminence, remarkably well built, paved, and surrounded by water. There are about ten thousand people, and the climate is so healthy that one in four attains to the age of seventy. The things at Berne most worthy of notice, are the cathedral, the museum, and the walk on the ramparts which are sixty feet high. A student once was carried over the ramparts by a fractious horse; the horse was killed but the rider escaped with a broken leg. There is a monument to mark the spot of this adventure. Berne is the best cultivated of all the cantons; from this walk there is one of the best views in Switzerland. The lofty mountain Grindelwald is distinctly seen, and in this canton are some of the highest of the mountains.

At Berne there is an annual meeting of the sharp shooters, and of the wrestlers. You and I can remember when a tight lad in New England was not afraid of a fall upon the turf, on town meeting days—but there is scarce a relic of these good old times, unless in a few towns towards the Cape, where two parishes sometimes send their champions to wrestle. Here they sputter in an execrable lingo, though they write good German.

Two leagues from Berne is the celebrated institution visited by all travellers, where young men are instructed in the principles of agriculture.

From Berne, we journied delightfully, roving about somewhat at random, admiring the picturesque scenery and costume, for some of the dresses of the peasants are so arranged as to resemble the wings of a butterfly.

Lucerne is at the head of its lake, where the river issues from it. It is on the great route from Germany to Milan, by St Gothard. The walls are pretty, and they are carving a large lion in the rock to commemorate the Swiss guard, who were so faithful to Louis XVI, and who were massacred for their fidelity. We went up a terrace planted with trees, to get a view of the lake, and its shores. It is a beautiful lake surrounded by magnificent mountains.

There is an eminence near, from which, it is said, there is a most striking scene; but my muscles were too rigid from the ascent of the Montanvert, to climb other mountains. I went to the lake of Zoug, and also to the chapel of Tell, the hero whom you have seen fretting 'his little hour upon the stage;' the people here speak of him revererently, and it is not safe to express doubts of the story of the apple. I crossed the lake sitting bolt upright in the middle of a hollowed log, rowed by my guide, and his sister, who broke the stillness of a beautiful evening and the charm of the splendid shores, by their intolerable jargon; and as they knew no French, I could not well inquire the way to an inn but by signs. Zoug is the capital of the smallest and most republican of the cantons. There is no nobility; all vote at nineteen, and when married, have a portion of land near the town. This, as well as Lucerne, is a Catholic canton. In the Catholic cantons you will find the most churches,

in the Protestant the better crops; from which I suppose that the Catholics have too many holidays.

We reached the lake of Zurich late at night. The borders have a great many neat villages and churches but the lake, taking it as Hamlet considered his father, ‘for all in all,’ is less picturesque than that of Lucerne. It is thirty miles long and three broad; elevated twelve hundred feet above the sea. It has excellent fish. In summer, from the melting of the snows, the waters sometimes overflow the banks. We followed the shore to Zurich, and could see at a glance that this was one of the richest and most populous of the cantons. The language is German, the religion Protestant. The town is at the lower end of the lake on both sides of the river. It is ancient, and in the museum are remains that are referred to the time of Vespasian. It was much exposed in the wars of the French revolution, and was occupied by French, Austrians, and Russians, but I think little damage was done, except in the death of Lavater, who was killed by a French soldier while offering money for the ransom of a friend.

There is a good library, and the herbarium of Gesner and his monument.

My journals are nothing in this part of the route. They only enable me to state that from Zurich we went to Constance, through the centre of the canton, and through Winterthur, where we passed a night and day. The lake of Constance is one of the most celebrated in Switzerland. It is certainly the largest, and may truly be called a grand expanse of water. But the borders, though cultivated, are too flat for the picturesque.

At Constance there are not many sights. There is the town house where the Councils were held. The old house where John Huss was taken, is designated by a grotesque human head carved over the door. Con-

stance like all towns, men, and things, has had its good and ill fortune. It is now somewhat decayed, having neither manufactures nor commerce. It pertains to the Duke of Baden.

From it we pursued the lesser lake of Constance, or Zeller See, to the banks of the Rhine, which we followed to Schaffhausen. These banks are beautiful in the extreme, fertile, bordered by mountains with here and there the ruin of a Gothic or feudal castle. But with the exception of the castles you may see as good river scenery in the United States.

Schaffhausen is the capital of the canton of that name. It is a mean looking town with a population of about seven thousand, who are supported by the manufacture of silk, and by travellers who come to see the falls of the Rhine. The river even just below the town is a little drawn into eddies by the cataract, which is perhaps the finest in Europe. It is variously described. In general the fall seems to be about fifty feet, though after the melting of the snows it is thought to be eighty. On the left bank is an old castle, from whence there is a platform built in the very spray of the falls, and from it is a descent by a flight of steps. The colour of the water is a sea green, and this seems to be communicated to the foam. The fall is divided by a rock into two sheets.

We crossed over and returned to Schaffhausen on the other bank, through vineyards where we had grapes for nothing; when we left the Rhine on the left to go to Basle. We went, however, in the valley of the river, and at length rejoined it, before we came to Sauffenberg, where we rested, and the next morning entered Basle the largest town in Switzerland, capable of holding one hundred thousand people, though its population is but twelve thousand. It is built on both sides of the river, partly in Baden, but principally it belongs to the

Swiss. The Cathedral is the principal building, and contains the remains of Erasmus, whose *festina lente* has made so many idle school boys.

From Basle you may imagine me at Coir or Chur, the capital of the Grisons.

It is in a rich plain about two miles wide. The mountains that surround Coir, are not so high as some of the other Alps, and they have not perpetual snow, but they are lofty and grand. The town is on a rock, and the fortifications were made before the invention of gunpowder. The inhabitants are republican in habits and feeling, and only one or two officers have salaries. I saw some of the military that had served in America, France, and England. There is little commerce; some wine and silks come from Italy, grain from Tyrol and Suabia, and cloth from England, France, and Germany.

The language is generally German, though in some villages they speak the language founded on the Latin, that was spread in the twelfth century over the south of Europe, and sung by minstrels and troubadours.

The Grisons are not included in the Swiss cantons, but there is a league of interest and amity between them, and, as may be said of you and me, one would not, without at least a remonstrance, see the other pounded. We were sorry to leave Coir. The people are a simple and kind race; their country is richly diversified, with corn fields, vineyards, forests and pastures. Their wine is excellent and abundant; and if a traveller comes to see grand and romantic scenery, he may be satisfied in the Grisons.

But as all friends must part, we went along the beautiful Rhine towards the lake of Constance, turning a little out of the route to visit Feldkirch, an Austrian town of eight thousand people. They also are kind and simple. The women wear a queer fur cap, and red

stockings, which are exhibited above the clocks. From this, our route was in a wide plain on the bank of the Rhine, where the scenery was but tame; it was like claret after sparkling champaign.

We arrived without strange adventure, for the second time, at the lake of Constance; and embarked the next day for Lindau, in Bavaria. It is a city of some magnitude, on an island in the lake, and joined to the shore by a bridge. It is strongly fortified. From Lindau, we took coach over a charming country, in appearance somewhat English, to Ulm, on the Danube.

I begin to grow impatient of these cramped Swiss journals, as well as you—and am about to taper off, as old G. said when he drank but a pint of whiskey at a time. Give your fancy the rein and spur and imagine me at Como, situated at the foot of a considerable mountain, (on which is the ruins of a castle) and surrounded by lesser hills. It is on the Lake of Como, for in most parts wherein we journied lake and town are associated like man and wife; though lake and lady are sometimes ruffled. The dialect is barbarous, even to cruelty. The environs very interesting,—and were much praised by Pliny the younger, who was a native of Como. Many Milanese have country houses on the borders of the Lake, where I saw also the house of the persecuted Queen of England.

We embarked in a courier's boat for an excursion up the lake and mountains, and the shores became more cultivated, and had more villas and mansions. After some hours we came where the waters of the lake were agitated without any very obvious cause, though it is thought to be by the current of the river Adda. We went in this course a day and night, stopping occasionally to get provision from the shore. Near the head the shores are low and sedgy, and the inhabitants as sallow as the

people about the Pontine marshes. The villages at night are deserted—and no person who cares much about waking again, would sleep in the low lands. Yet there are inns, where the people come to feed travellers by day, and retire at night to higher and safer places in the mountains.

From the top of the lake we chartered a cart with two horses for the village of Chiavenna in the Grisons, where there is little remarkable but a rock of asbestos with fibres long enough for a small web.

From this we crossed the Alps, which is more difficult to do here than at Mont Cenis. The mighty and liberal Emperor of Austria was here making a new road to rival that of the Simplon. The road of the Simplon will in a few years be utterly impassable—a small annual sum would keep it in repair, but the policy seems to be, to let it go to ruin, that there may be few roads to Italy except those held by its master.

We stopped to breakfast after travelling fifteen miles. It was in a small valley 4000 feet above the sea, where there was better grazing than we had lately seen. It was now very cold, about the base of Mount Spleugen, whose top was covered with snow. It snowed somewhat during the day, which was early in September. Seven or eight hours of patient labor brought us to Spleugen, a garrison upon the mountain. Herefrom we began to descend and went down at a swift trot, rendered safe by a railing at the side of an excellent road which however, was not quite finished ; some thousand workmen were then employed upon it. We dined at a small village in the Alps where the Saint Gothard road intersects the Spleugen. Several hundred mules and horses pass the village daily ; or to come round numbers, 300 in a day.

The road from hence is impassable for carriages, being only a foot path dug in the side of the mountains, or made by the hoofs of the pack horses ; with many passes so wild that we dismounted to walk through them. The route was along a torrent ; one of the principal branches of the Rhine. The Rhone and Danube also rise in this Canton.

Towards evening we came to a village where they speak the Roman language, and from this we entered a wild pass, which we could not go through, without a man at each horse's head to prevent the animal from stumbling or taking fright. But I have nearly done with mountains. Had I ever dreamed that my notes would have given you pleasure, they should have been more worthy—they were but loosely made, to serve only as remembrances to myself. My succeeding letters will be more from plains and cities.

NO. V.

SIR—At the close of my last letter I had gone from Como, over the Alps ; and I returned, I have forgotten how. You may have been surprised in former letters that I wrote so little of men and so much of things. But consider, inquisitive sir, that while the men of all countries are much alike, the Alps are *sui generis*.

In justification of my strange silence concerning men, be pleased to remember, that my observations on men and manners were seldom put down in writing ; and now, when I would recall them from the mass of strange things in my memory, they serve me after the manner of Glendower's spirits, and will not come, for the jour-

nal you well know has little but landscape painting and a melancholy daub it is. As my notes were penned in different tours, it is not easy for me always to connect them in what Tony Lumpkin calls a ‘concatenation accordingly.’ Be pleased to supply a few links in the chain, and to imagine me again leaving Lyons, at five o’clock in the afternoon, and after crossing the Rhone entering that plain I have mentioned before. The first town that I remember to have entered was Bourgoin, almost enclosed by a circle of snow-clad Alps.

We travelled in darkness to Pontebeau-voisin, where we remained three hours under the inspection of the officers of the customs. We then gradually left the plains of Dauphine for the mountains of Savoy, which, having ascended for some distance, we came to a grand work of Napoleon and of Emmanuel I. of Sardinia. It is a passage through a rock 1000 feet long. The mountain under which it passes seems designed by nature to separate kingdoms, but by means of this passage the road runs near to the base.

Emerging from this we came to a wild glen with the road winding along by a dashing torrent. Here is the waterfall that had high praise from Rousseau. The gradual extension of the glen, and the shady trees set on the banks of the torrent mark the approach to Chamberry. This city is in the midst of the Alps, in a small and fertile valley. It has about twelve thousand inhabitants, and is a pleasant city to behold. Here Rousseau passed, as he says, *les plus belles années de sa vie*, and a low life it was.

On leaving the city, we passed the fine caserne for three thousand men, built by Napoleon, and then the house of Deboigne, who commanded the troops of Tipoo Saib. We then came to a valley hardly a mile in width, but covered with vines, for in this neighborhood,

viz. at Montmelian, are made the best wines of Savoy. In the same valley, after having crossed the Isere, we continued to travel until it seemed that we had reached the end, at the foot of a conical, well wooded hill, where we found the village of Aiguebelle.

From this we plunged still deeper in the Alps, with a mountain on each side seven thousand feet high, sometimes naked and rough, and at others partially cultivated. The valley became narrower, and we crossed many times the little stream.

The villages that we saw, were mean, and their inhabitants filthy, small, and poor; one third of them had goitres. From St Michel, where we slept, we went on in the same glen, but tired of following it for two days. We were gradually rising, though it scarcely appeared so from the increased height of the upper mountains. Fruit trees disappeared altogether, and the cold and the nature of the soil seem to permit nothing to grow, but what the French call *Foin*. At Lans-le-bourg, we prepared to ascend Mont Cenis, at whose base it stands. The mountains here, are far less picturesque than in the vicinity of Mont Blanc, and it seems strange that people can be so much attached to barren hills—but the inhabitants under the softest climate in France are not more cheerful than these mountaineers, which shews that happiness depends more upon the mind, than upon mountains. The village has about two thousand people, and the effective men are occupied seven months in twelve in clearing the road from rocks, ice, and snow.

Before the splendid route of Napoleon, all coaches were taken in pieces, and carried on mules over the mountains, while the passengers went in chairs—but now you may ride in a coach, or on a ‘bay trotting horse,’ above the common elevation of the clouds. The fame of this road is better than that of battles.

Did you ever see that antiquated, but honourable engine the ‘great plough’ in successful operation? Large bodies move slowly, and with many cattle; and our ascent was like the progress of the plough, for to our six horses were added nine mules—not a mule of them was needed, but the post horses are in the hands of the government, which is willing to make an honest penny by the hire of a mule. There are frequent hospices, where mountaineers rest to give succour to travellers overtaken by storm.

After five hours of continual ascent we reached the top of Mont Cenis, a clear lake of water, and a convent built by Charlemagne, and re-established by Napoleon. The convent is now occupied as a barrack, where our passports were examined. The top of Mont Cenis is flat. The fishermen find burnt wood at the bottom of the lake, and hence its name *Mons cinereus*. The borders of the lake are but beginning to be green, though the summer is past in the plains below; here it is not long enough to produce a harvest. This plain on the mountain is about one league over.

From this summit the valleys open, and the streams run eastward; the descent of two hours is like the entrance to another and a more beautiful world. The charming valley six miles below; the olives, the vines and the clear skies, marked our entrance to Italy, and gave me an indescribable sensation, an elevation of mind such as one feels in listening to a glorious strain of music.

The road wound around a snow-clad mountain, whose dreary summit and sides added a double charm to the boundless and sunny plain below. From this part Hannibal may have pointed to his army the rich reward of all their labours, and here it is easy to conceive the ardor of the northern tribes, from snows and forests, to

break over the barriers, into the garden of the world. On the descent we were shewn on the pinnacle of a rock a Chapel—*Notre Dame de la Neige*, with an image in some repute in the way of miracles.

After two hours of rapid travelling, we arrived at Susa, the first city in Piedmont, which seemed so near from the top of Cenis. It is at the base of the Alps, and at the commencement of a plain that extends to the Adriatic. We were here on the Dora, that unites at Turin with the Po. We were struck with the softness of the air, like the breeze of a cool summer evening. We beheld many of the inhabitants sitting in front of their houses, at work, or singing and conversing. One of the first things that marked a change of country, was the bread, about as large as the little finger, and two feet in length. We left Susa at day-break, and passed on the left bank of the river through villages of little note, and vineyards with the vine in festoons from tree to tree. The only house or place worthy of note except a few picturesque monasteries in the mountains, is Rivoli, the Royal House of Pleasure for Victor Amadeus II. who, having reigned many years, abdicated his little kingdom in favour of his son, and afterwards had leisure to repent his folly, in close confinement.

The traveller is reminded that he is in Italy by the number of little chapels and the reverent manner in which the postillion in passing them raises his hat. There is also a marked difference of language, which, though but half Italian, is much more mellifluous, (do you *like* honey?) than the French. The people also, are, as I think, distinguished for good looks, high foreheads, black eyes, and eyebrows arched. Some travellers pretend to discover mischief in their countenance, but I was less sagacious.

We approached Turin by a broad and level road, shaded by trees, and entered by the splendid street Dora Grossa. It is on the Po, and one of the prettiest cities in the world. The city is full of palaces. It is in a rich plain, and surrounded by Boulevards, which make a fine promenade. On the north are those snowy Alps, that were once some barrier, but cannot now keep the Goth from Italy. The city has about sixty thousand people. At their head is Carlo Felice, who is handsome enough for a king, but as plain a man as was ever carved in marble. He is surrounded by a good many men with muskets and fur caps; his mental resources are not so great in themselves, that he ever misses an opera, and sometimes he has been known to applaud in the right place, but in general those parts of the performance that give most delight to the children, give also the greatest pleasure to the king. He has some other tastes in unison, and is seldom to be seen without a bit of candy—but how much better is that than to chew tobacco! To tell you all that I know personally of kings, which according to the proverb quoted by Montrose to Jenny Deans, are ‘kittle cattle to deal’—I once beheld the Majesty of England, and I shall carry till I die, the remembrance of a portly, graceful, and placid old gentleman. I have seen Ferdinand VII, who looks even worse in reality than he is represented on a dollar. The King of the Sicilies is a weak man, and looks like many others of that large class. But the most sagacity that I ever beheld in a royal eye, twinkled under the deep brows of the King of Sweden. These are all the kings that I remember to have seen, except Rufus, and Rio Rio, at the Sandwich Island.

The Piedmontese are in dress and manner almost French; they are larger than the Savoyards, and have, as I think, higher foreheads, and better faces.

There are about Turin few sights, except general prospects, which are full of variety. The Superga is what all travellers are bound to see and describe. It is a church and mausoleum, erected by Victor Amadee, more than an hundred years ago, in consequence of a vow to the Madonna to be performed on the stipulated condition that she would raise the seige of Turin, for a good Catholic always exacts from his saint a *quid pro quo*. The Madonna in consequence inspired the besieging general with the spirit of committing blunders, and sent Prince Eugene to relieve the city. This monument of piety is on a mountain of the ordinary elevation of the clouds, and is therefore, if not a castle in the air, a temple in the skies.

The climate at Turin, is like a pretty lady—‘*varium et mutabile semper*’—that is, it is subject to agreeable changes of temperature ; and blows, like the traveller in the fable, hot and cold in a breath. The Alpine wind pierces to the very marrow, but the ‘ sweet south’ makes the traveller throw off his coat, as you will find recorded in fable, for I hope you read Æsop.

I was six days at Turin, but so ill from exposure and fatigue, that I wore a blister upon my breast as large and twice as warm as flannel vest. When we left the city, we crossed the Po on a new bridge erected by Buonaparte, (for in Italy he never omitted in his name the u.) Our route was through a country of vineyards, with the Superga always in view till we came to Asti, famed for wines and for the birth of Victor Alfieri. He is, in Italy the great name of the age, but his tragedies are but seldom represented at Vienna and other liberal, courts, for they have a lofty spirit of freedom that inspires fear to the master and hope to the slave.

From Asti we went over the same beautiful plain, bounded only by the Alps, and Appenines, to Alexan-

dria. And the same plain continues, but with no trees and fewer vines, to Marengo, a place that has had some influence on the affairs of Europe.

Next we came to the Appenines, which are without the forests, snows, and deep ravines of the Alps. Yet they are picturesque and wild. The village of Gavi is in the very heart of these mountains, and has a citadel that commands the pass. From this we began to climb the Bochetta, the highest mountain between Turin and Genoa, and which, to go up and down, makes a distance of twentyfour miles. We entered a defile noted as a lurking place for robbers, and I never in my life saw a better ground to say *stand* to a true man. We passed safely through, though we sometimes looked back in the expectation of seeing a brigand, and I think that I was a little disappointed in meeting no adventure. A robber, thought I, would not want my life, and as to my purse, 'what can he do to that?' for I had in hand my last Napoleon, and was going to Webb's to raise supplies. Your robber is in Italy a man of consideration, the theme of minstrels, the favorite of the fair; and if half what I have heard sung of him be true, I could turn Robin Hood myself.

This road is paved the whole distance, and the pavements are like some that I remember in Boston before the time of our Pericles, who is about to assume the post of Plato. A man of moderate waist may get over the mountain pavement alive, if he will tie his handkerchief about his middle and grasp with both hands the pillar of the coach;—but for a man half as fat as an alderman, there is no hope—he may at once lie down and die.

But on the summit of the Bochetta is a sight worth all danger from robbers and dislocations. As far as the visible horizon extends, the sea is studded with sails.

The shores of the sea, and the base of the mountains are coloured with the pale green of the olive, which makes a fine appearance in contrast to the dark pine and chestnut above. Between the mountain and the sea, is the valley of Polcevera spotted with white villages and little churches that peep out from the forests of olives.

Descending rapidly we came to Campo Marone, and entered the olive trees that continue to Genoa. A point of land, that seemed to run some distance into the sea, was rounded and we saw Genoa, all at once, as a scene when the curtain is raised at the theatre. It is on a small bay, at the very base and on the sides of mountains that confine it in a narrow space. It seems to be a city of palaces, built upon alleys, too narrow for carriages. The mountains are barren, but more than half way up are churches, castles, and monasteries. There are many fountains which in these narrow and shaded streets, give a refreshing coolness to a summer noon. The port is made by two moles and is safe from the sea, though I have seen ships driven from their anchorage by winds. We lodged at the Jamaica Hotel, kept by a man who had lived in New York, and I think we had a room and dinner at five francs a day.

NO. VI.

SIR—Many of the palaces had historical or allegorical figures painted on the outside, and more had orange trees in marble vases, growing on the terraces and roofs.

Our first walk was to the postoffice, situated on the square of the Amorous Fountains, where I found a slip of paper intimating that I had five letters at Naples, which would be sent on reception of the postage; for the king of the Sicilies never goes upon tick with the king of Sardinia.

We thence descended towards the port in a little lane having several pretty fountains, to the custom house, which was thronged with Jews, Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Turks, and Genoese.

Near this is the Bank of St George, and the Porto Franco, where there is more noise than commerce—yet in and about it is the great mart, exchange, or rialto, of Genoa the proud, whose merchants were princes. Here are no drays, but what in other cities is drawn by horses, is here carried by men. The largest hogsheads are suspended from several poles which rest on the shoulders of the porters, whose office is no sinecure.

Commerce is manacled with a thousand petty restrictions. The smallest package cannot be landed without strict scrutiny—and much plucking awaits the wight who is caught with a bunch of cigars in his hat. I had occasion to carry from an American brig a small bag of dollars, which the rough Piedmontese guard looked into with all his optics, like a parrot into a hazle nut or a philosopher into a mystery, till he saw the nature of the contents, when he uttered *buono*.

At this same Porto Franco I ascended the parapet which runs round the harbor in a circuit of several miles. In some parts it is sixty feet above the water, which, in a high sea, breaks over it. It is a beautiful walk, walled in, about two feet on each side, and it is four feet wide. From this is a good view of the shipping in the harbor, which is generally as black as tar can make it, for few vessels are neatly painted. There

were two ordinary American brigs, which, on holidays, excited much attention. It is very easy to see the superiority of our marine in a foreign port. I remember that one of our larger ships of war was riding here in a gale, and dragged the anchors if she did not part a cable. A thousand people collected to the leeward to see her go ashore, but in half a minute the topsails were filled, and the ship was passing out of the harbor like a bird.

The shipping in the harbor was composed of Dutch galliots, English barks, Baltic vessels, laden with stock-fish, Genoese vessels of all kinds, half a dozen Turks from the Black Sea, and felucca boats from Marseilles, Leghorn, and even more distant ports. The Italians are religious as well as gallant. Their ships are named from St Michael, St Anthony, St Charles, St Peter, and others, more than are to be found in the calendar; and also from La Bella Maria, Catarina, Isabella, Maddalena, et ceteras.

From the custom house (how easy it is to forget! what seems to my memory the custom house, may be the guard or police house) we turned abruptly to the left in a narrow street with small shops of silks, jewelry, cutlery, &c. *Fixed prices*, in English, drew me in to buy a silk cravat, where I paid a tax upon my ignorance, twice the value of the goods, and lost thirty per centum in making change.

This street brought us to a square, where the foundations of a large opera house are laid, and which was the haunt of fifty obstreperous coachmen. They opened upon us like a pack of hounds—‘A coach! a coach! gentlemen, goes tomorrow for Florence, Rome, Milan, Vienna, anywhere.’ Having stopped a moment at Gravier’s, the only Bookstore we could find—not half

as large as Hilliard and Gray's, we walked down the noble Strada Balbi, the widest in Genoa, and one of the richest in the world; near the end of it we came to a ravine of the mountain, at which, is the wall of the city, but beyond it are large suburbs. The first house beyond, is the magnificent D'oria Palace. It is a good emblem of Genoa—dilapidated, though splendid. It is deserted—knock at the gate and an old servant will tell you that the prince is at Rome, and that there is nothing in the house to see. It is built on the shore, and from the mole is one of the most imposing of edifices. Passing round the harbor (in the segment of a circle, as the schoolmaster says) we went under a beautiful gate, near to which rises the light house, a stately square pillar built upon a rock. Here, (on this road) the Majesty of Sardinia takes a daily ride, to get an appetite for dinner. A great many times did I meet him riding by the light house, drawn in an English coach by six horses, guided by a postillion in red. Twice did I doff my beaver, not to the man, but the magistrate, and without return of civility, though once the monarch slept. At the third meeting I cut him to the bone, whistled, and looked neither to the right nor left.

On some holiday an hundred or two bells were ringing—the air was filled with a din of which I had never heard the like. On this day the people were out in their gayest dresses, and we beheld some that would have been pretty in rags. The women wear a white veil over the head and shoulders, and it is worn with a very good effect, for there are not many beautiful women. But at mass, and the opera, are to be seen a few beings of another order—with faces that a painter might study till he grew mad, before he could imitate, and much less could he flatter them.

At the opera the singing was good, and the dancing admirable. People talk very well upon the dignity of the drama, but I am not ashamed to confess that I like a good ballet. You can hardly conceive without seeing a large company, how interesting it is—and how well they can dance the story of Blue Beard, and other classic legends.

There is a little book of travels in Italy, the Diary of an Ennuyee, that is excellent. A sort of mystery is kept over the writer, whom we are left to suppose is trying to get away, in travelling, from an uneasy mind, but is exhausted in the race, and dies at Autun on her return.

Now, surely, I could wish the lady no ill; but I felt an emotion of disappointment in seeing in a late paper, that she is still alive and making another book to gull simples like me out of their compassion for a female dying of a broken heart, who is as well and cheerful as good health and spirits can make her. I have no wish that she had died to support the credit of her diary, though such a consummation would have much upheld the interest of the book. In these days all are travellers; and whoever travels must make a book, or at least prose, like me, in a newspaper. The interest of the book is much increased, if to the descriptions can be added a little incident and character. The Continental Adventures, is in effect, nothing but a book of travels, in which the descriptions are surpassingly excellent, and Anastatius the Greek, is a book of travels, that all who go to the east should read as a guide; and those who stay at home should read for knowledge and pleasure.

Why did not I keep a journal for a fat folio?—I might have got fame and money, or if I could get money I could have fame by bribing the critics. But the mass of observation that might have fallen on the head of

the public in one cataract of a folio, is now dripping away in weekly letters. I could have had, with proper encouragement, that is, with any encouragement, a collection of my own voyages; and if I were a printer, like you, I would collect them even now, print them in foolscap, and bind them in sheep.

Genoa was founded by Janus, at least so it is said—and it is true as history in general. It has some manufactures of silk, paper, coral, filagree work in gold, &c. There is a university with a library, and the usual apparatus, and academies of Design, Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, and Architecture. There is also a school for the Deaf and Dumb, where about fifty are instructed in some useful art, and a few of them even in the sciences.

I somewhere saw a complete collection of the insects of Liguria—‘flies and butterflies—a pin-stuck race,’ and beetles and bugs without name or number.

There is a most splendid ‘House of the Poor,’ where twentytwo hundred persons can be comfortably lodged. In the interior of this vast pile, is a church that has a little gem of Michael Angelo’s sculpture—a bas relief representing the Blessed Virgin and the dead body of our Saviour. It is delicate enough for a seal. Not far from this palace of the poor, is (on a continuation of the Strada Balbi) a delicious promenade—called, I think, Aquaverda—on a hill with fountains, surrounded with hedges of roses.

The aqueducts are called in the guide book, *chefs d’œuvre de patience*, and deserve the appellation. They were above fifty years in building, and carry water six leagues over mountain and valley.

In writing of the Port Franc, I forgot to mention that neither soldiers, priests, nor women, are allowed to enter it. Why? the laws of Genoa have a great ab-

horrence for smuggling, and a brave Piedmontese soldier would die rather than be searched; the church has as little humility, and a lady's veil should be as much respected as the red cloth or the black.

Genoa has about ninety thousand people, without including a numerous military or marine.

Before we could go, it was needful to have the American Consul's name upon our passports. Two dollars is the established fee of office. But as I had a passport in English, from the secretary of the commonwealth, and had been called upon to translate till I was tired of describing my person and points, I got a new one in French. Then we went to the Tuscan Consul, who gave permission for us to sail for Leghorn,—note well, when you travel, that before you visit another state you must have the signature of its representative. How would it puzzle a Yankee pedlar to have his cart stopped at the frontiers of Connecticut for the want of a passport; in Europe he could not go ten miles without one.

On an evening soon after the first of the year, we went on board a felucca boat (much less than a chebacoco) for Leghorn. Midships (as sailors say) was a fireplace where the sailors boiled their macaroni—and ‘chock aft’ a cabin in which two men might lie at length. We laid in for the voyage two flasks of wine, two chickens, and a piece of what sailors call salt junk; and having of this more than we could eat, acquired the favor of the crew by giving away what we could not use.

The wind was in the shoulder of our sail wafting us swiftly out of the port and bay, though we put in at a little inlet until morning. We beheld in the sky what you philosophers call a phenomenon, and such as was

seen by Constantine. The firmament was of a deep blue, except in one bright place in the west, where there was, for half an hour, a luminous and distinct cross, like a catholic crucifix. It was a cloud gilded by the sun after he had set to us on the surface.

We had heard such praise bestowed on the scenery between Genoa and Pisa, that we had some wish to see it—but having been tossed so much, rest was desirable; and rest we could have in the felucca, which crept along the shore, and would have sought some little harbor on the slightest commotion of the sea. In point of interest I cannot think we lost much, for we coasted along the base of mountains abruptly rising from the sea, covered with olives, and enlivened with villages and churches. Spezia is, if I rightly remember, about half way, and here the vessels for Genoa that come from unsafe ports, are subjected to a dismal quarantine. The town is at the head of a gulf, sheltered towards the south by a pretty island. We ran down to Leghorn in about thirty hours, entering the port at night. The port is made by a mole, but the anchorage is an open road. There is an inner port for boats, where there are a great many from cities as distant even as Naples. Several turns among ship yards brought us to a space where there were four or five good statues in bronze, in an obscure place, and soon after we entered the main avenue of the city. We were not vexed with delay at the custom house, but barely opened our trunks and shut them. We lived for two days at the Royal Oak Hotel, at a moderate price. Leghorn is a great commercial mart, and trade is not shackled with many vexatious restrictions. The streets are well filled with a busy population, and the stores are some of them splendid. There are many Jews and Turks.

There are few soldiers in sight—not more than enough for a moderate town guard, and there are not half so many cripples, vagabonds, and priests, as at Genoa. The race of men and the herds of cattle are also better. We did not in Genoa see a woman of the middling classes that was very pretty, but in Leghorn we saw few that were otherwise. There are many country seats in the vicinity. The hats that we call Leghorns are made all over the country, from this to Florence. They are manufactured in families, and pressed and exported by the merchant. It seemed like New England, to see children sitting at the door with a roll of straw before them.

The English burying ground is very neat—having a great many monuments in excellent taste. The monuments are generally of white marble, pyramids, cones, urns, columns, and plain slabs. Smollet is buried here. Having passed two days, we put our money except five dollars for expenses, into a bill of exchange for Florence, and early in the morning entered the coach; we gave for the passage (about sixty miles) two dollars and a half, but were struck with grief and consternation to learn that we had paid a dollar too much. There are three stages to Florence, and at every one the new coachman is to have a paulo, about a dime.

NO. VII.

SIR—On the eve of our departure from Leghorn, we took of the coachman a dollar, as a pledge, to be forfeited if he should not call for us in the morning, for few

✗ Italians think of keeping their word, when it is at variance with their interest; and the charioteer would have left us without compunction, if he had got a better bite from flatter fishes. *Verbum sat* is an unsafe proverb here, where men are changed from the like of Regulus, who kept his word at the price of his ears; though in some countries I have known the reverse, and seen a rogue cropped for telling a lie.

Before Apollo had harnessed his team, (how classic we become,) ours was at the door. Our companions were a Spanish officer, wife, and little Hidalgo, all lately wrecked in a felucca, and bound on a pilgrimage to Rome. In the left corner, in front, was a young man wrapped in reverie, and a camlet cloak. Being very polite in the society of ladies, I began to whistle some tune common in New York, when he of the camlet asked me how long since I had left America, for he had himself lived in Pearl Street. Thus there was a bond of amity between us, as he could whistle the same tune, though he would not eat with me of the same viands, for he had religious scruples touching bacon. This good Rabbi gave me the pleasing intelligence, that I had paid for the passage a dollar too much, but shewed me how to recover my money and equanimity at Florence, for which I thank him, for I am getting stingy, and hope in time to become avaricious.

For a dozen miles beyond the gate of Leghorn, Tuscany did not appear very fertile, but as we advanced, it became a garden. I think that our first stage was Pontedero, though I have forgotten the other large towns on the route. It was Sunday, and the whole population was out on the shady side of the street, in holiday suits. Some of the females wore a man's hat, of fur, and a pretty face looks very well under it; but it is hazardous for plain features. I thought it a pleasant state of soci-

ety, where the promiscuous assemblage of towns as large as Salem, had not a dismal visage to show off, but where all seemed to be under some joyous excitement.

We passed Pisa on the right, for which I was sorry, as otherwise I should have seen the Hanging Tower. No man knows what he may come to, and the tower has a bad name; I suppose it to be the place where poor rogues are hung, for the pleasure of rich ones; at least, I have known such places in other countries. Some travellers call it the Leaning Tower, and think that it will stand an earthquake, although its line of direction is without the base. But these things I cannot answer for, as I have not seen them; I know them only from description, and all travellers are not to be trusted.

On our route were vineyards, olive groves, churches, towns, towers, and monasteries. The agriculture is in ridges, and the fields are divided by ditches. Sometimes a poor old man would run along by the side of the coach, holding his hat at the window for coin. I am generous to a fault, and when he had kept up this hobbling gait, like the people on the broken arches in Mirza's vision of the bridge, I would bestow upon him a piece, of which eight hundred make a dollar. These old gaffers, though they limped exceedingly while beseeching, would walk back very well, when they had touched the copper.

Night closed upon us ten miles from Florence, and deprived me of the satisfaction I always feel in watching the approach to a new city; for though I am an old trayeller, my thirst for novelty is not assuaged, and when I approach a city that I have desired to see, it is with a strong inclination to dance and clap my hands. The first opportunity that we had to dance, was at the Hotel of the Four Nations, where we slept, dreaming of what we were to see on the morrow, though I dreaint also

that a Tuscan surgeon was amputating my arm, and awoke with pain, to find it extended across an iron bedstead.

We sallied out early, to see in what sort of a loch we had been landed. We came to the beautiful promenade along the river 'Lung Arno,' and paused to admire a bridge of beautiful curves and proportions. There are several other bridges, and one or more covered with shops. The river is a shallow and muddy stream, but I believe that there have been found people to praise it.

Near the centre of the city rises an immense edifice, surmounted by a dome, to which that of the State House is but an egg-shell. This is a land-mark all over the Val d'Arno. It is the Cathedral, and the dome is, I think, second only to St Peter's, and is the father of that. The edifice is so vast, that it seems like a mountain, carved in the shape of a church.

The architecture generally, in Florence, has more strength than elegance, and the streets are neither wide nor straight. In returning from this early ramble, we beheld, at an open market house, the best statue of a hog that was ever chiselled. It is the image, in bronze, of a lean porker, somewhat advanced in years, rearing itself on the fore legs, with an expression of wonder and resentment. It is marvellous, that such a brute should have found so admirable a sculptor. There was Mengs, the Raphael of the cats, but this sculptor was the Michael Angelo of the swine. The original figure, of which this is a copy, we afterwards saw in the Gallery, but among so many other wonders, that we hardly gave it a glance.

After breakfast, we went to our banker's, took fifty dollars for expenses at Florence, and on the road to Rome, and put the rest in a draft on Schultais, or Tornonia.

We passed but ten days with the Grand Duke, but these were very pleasant, and I could write a volume of reminiscences.

Travellers need much a book of directions, routes, distances, prices, public houses, and places: There are many such books, but none upon the right plan. Madam Starke's is the most generally used; but it is rather intended for families than single gentlemen. A good book of the kind, in English, would sell like biscuit in a besieged city, for a dollar a piece, and I know a man who is ready to compile it for a thousand dollars, for authors now-a-days must be moderate in their demands.

There are a great many books of travels in Italy. The best, perhaps, is Corinna; but the Diary of an Ennuyee, and the books of Forsyth, Lyman, Carter, and Lady Morgan, are good. Miladi's Sketches are lively, and often correct, though sometimes caricatured, from her solicitude to say smart things, in an antithetical way. Her reluctance to write what others have written, and perhaps, an ignorance of the classics, led her to deride the enthusiasm of scholars in Italy.

We passed the first day in walking about at random, looking on the outside of things in general. We went to the garden Boboli, on the declivity of a hill, rather a trim place, but not in the best taste of gardening. We went to the gate San Gallo, a good monument, and we walked through the Cascino, a sort of park, several miles along the Arno. It abounds in old trees, gravelled walks, and secluded spots, which, however, are seldom solitary, for in a pleasant evening, all Florence, 'talking age and whispering lovers,' are in the Cascino.

We saw on the heads of some of the military, the old brass helmet, glancing in the sun, with great effect. It was shaped like that on the head of Achilles, at the Vatican. We had also the pleasure of hearing a large band

of musicians, with only instruments like horns and trumpets, though these were much varied.

No man who values his reputation for liberal curiosity, would visit London and not see the lions, or leave Florence without giving some attention to the Gallery. I hope you suspect us of no such crime, for on the second day we went up the wide marble steps, to the grand repository of ancient and modern art.

Now, as many parts of my journal were committed to loose leaves, and as I have lost the leaf relating to the Gallery, what I describe will be from memory, but I do not expect that you will have half the pleasure in reading that I feel in recollecting.

At the top of the marble steps is a vestibule, where we paused to look at a most spirited antique horse, the original of the bronze hog described before, and some busts of the Medici family.

At the door of the Gallery is a soldier, in half uniform, who gives to visitors the salute military, as he ushers them in. He is not permitted to receive any gratuity, for it is intended that the Gallery shall be free to all. The first view is imposing; you look down an avenue as long as Winter Street, upon a line of Roman Emperors, arrayed like the kings in Banquo's posterity. Parallel to this avenue is another, connected with it by a corridor.

The series of the Emperors is nearly complete, though I do not recollect them in detail. Some had been deprived of the most prominent feature, the nose, which, however, was always restored from the outline left in profile on medals and coins. On the outer side of the halls are separate apartments, containing the more precious monuments of the arts—and we had proceeded but a few steps, before, turning in at an half open door, we saw at a glance that we stood before 'the statue that enchanteth the world.' The Venus is surrounded by other statues

of surpassing excellence, and the walls of the Tribune are hung with paintings, the perfection of art and beauty; but from the best of them, the visiter turns to take another and another look at the immortal statue of a modest and lovely woman.

' You cannot love marble, but joy and delight
Will run through your veins and your heart at the sight,
And no lady that lives—not the loveliest one,
In your fancy, will rival that lady in stone.'

It will cause you to muse upon beauty in smiles—
It will give you a glimpse of the fabulous isles,
Where only delicious emotions are felt,
Where Love will presume, and where Beauty will melt.'

Do not put the saddle upon the *wrong* ass, and attribute these lines to me.

Is it strange that the Florentines should be a beautiful race? The first objects that meet their infant eyes are forms of matchless beauty and grace. I little doubt, that if the Grand Duke should substitute for his present marbles, an hundred faithful statues of the Venus, Apollo, and Graces, of the Hottentots, that his successors would have a very plain race of subjects.

In turning away from the Venus de Medicis, I fell over a couple of Wrestlers, striving after the occidental method of a Kentuckian rough and tumble. It is an admirable group, and should have attracted my attention otherwise than by my falling over it. Near it is a statue of a man stooping to whet a knife, which, if it were modern, might be called Shylock. There is also a little statue of Apollo, excellent.

I should convey no idea of the paintings of Raphael, Titian, and Carlo Dolce, by writing of them, nor would it be possible to describe the statues and other objects in the Gallery, where, while we lay at Florence, we passed at least three hours daily

The Pitti palace has a great many wonders. The first, in our estimation, was the Venus by Canova, who has brought from marble the most beautiful forms, since the best age of sculpture. It is strange that, with such models before him, he did not throw by his chisel in despair. A sight of the Venus de Medicis, the Apollo Belvidere, or the Dying Gladiator, is enough to discourage imitation. I am convinced that I am wrong, for I differ from artists and connoisseurs, but I rank the Venus of Canova second only to one statue of antiquity. He succeeded better in forms of beauty, than of any other kind. His boxers, which I saw at Rome, seem to have more muscular exertion than is consistent with their attitude, for they are not striving in actual contact with each other, like the wrestlers.

Near the Pitti Palace is the Museum of Natural History, abounding with excellent specimens. There are plants finely executed in wax, and a vast and wonderful collection of anatomical figures of the same material. First comes the figure of a man and woman, and these are next so diversified in separate specimens, as to show in detail the most minute vessels in the system. Some Neapolitan of a most gloomy genius, who had a taste for horrors and a talent for wax, has left a representation of the plague in all its stages, even those of putrefaction, that is enough to make one shudder and forswear reading the tales of Boccacio.

There are many theatres, probably twenty of them. Connected with some of them are suites of rooms for billiards, dancing and refreshments. Billiards are played in the greatest perfection, and we did not wait long to see some astonishing hits.

At the gate towards Leghorn there is kept a strict watch for smugglers. Panniers of the market people are narrowly searched, and in a spirit not at all accom-

modating. The country people are not very richly clothed, for the farmers are not much encumbered with wealth, but their life seems to be comfortable ; and though they do not own the soil, a farm is held for many generations by the same family.

We found the Tuscans a kind and cheerful race, not of a very strong texture of character, but willing to do a friendly act when it did not cause much trouble nor lead into danger. They are not the people from whom a man would choose a second for a perilous enterprise, and I doubt if they love with half as much ardor as they hate, if this can be said of any men ; but the arts that embellish life, and the disposition to enjoy it, are successfully cultivated at Florence.

Even in these days, there is much of that spirit that once broke out in bloodshed, and its ramifications are very minute. Hence hereditary antipathy not only in states, but in towns, streets, and families. The very houses in Tuscany are built as if to sustain riots and sieges. There is in Italy a common language; almost a common character, but a thousand local divisions. With any moderately strong bond of union or community of feeling, between the north and middle and south of Italy, the whole peninsula might have a higher destiny than to be a crushed province of Austria.

Rome is distant from Florence about 200 miles; and the mail goes in thirty hours. A traveller may take passage with the courier at an expense of about thirty dollars. We preferred for comfort, economy, and the gratification of curiosity, to go with a vetturino, who travels thirtyfive miles a day, and furnishes his passengers with a supper and single bedroom at night, for nine dollars. He takes four within and two on the outside, in front. This is the best method for one not rich, or in haste, and we were neither.

At ten o'clock on a fine morning in January, we put ourselves in charge of the coachman for Rome, in company with a Russian family, that went in another carriage. For twenty miles, we went off at a good rate; when the route became so mountainous that we could walk in advance of the coach. At noon, the horses rested for three hours, when we strolled on before, and arrived at the inn for the night before the baggage. Sometimes we loitered behind, with the Russians, who were wrapped in furs. There were four or five servants that followed on foot, who, when I walked with them, would pat me on the back from pure good will, for there was no language which we could mutually understand. They were a very friendly and good humoured people. The master was a most respectful man when he understood that we were Americans,—why I know not, but he took off his cap to us in the Appenines, where it was cold enough to freeze his ears. At night we rested at some large town, of which I have forgotten the name, and at the hotel we held a carouse with the Russian who drank Tuscan wine, as if there were no grapes on the Dvina. In carving a tough old rooster, he expressed doubts if it had, like the Emperor Paul, come unfairly to its end.

In the first day or two, and till we had passed Sienna, the country was not particularly interesting. Sienna is like other large towns in Tuscany, on a hill, to secure the citizens from the greater degree of malaria prevalent in low places.

While Signore Marcantonio, the coachman, made his noontide rest of three hours, we strolled about the city. The Cathedral is Gothic, and, within, richly ornamented. Some of the pavement is inlaid with lines of black marble on white ground, representing with good effect, Scripture histories. It has a mutilated group of the

Three Graces, and a few illuminated books. In the midst of the city is a square, sloping downwards, like the side of an amphitheatre. There is in the square a fountain of tolerably clear water. In the streets were suspended the advertisements for two theatres, so that Sienna may not, after all, be a place so dull as at first it seems.

NO. VIII.

SIR—Travellers have in appearance, more egotism than others, but in reality, less. The appearance arises from the convenient manner of describing in the first person; which makes every man the hero of his own tale, and, therefore only, am I the Hercules of mine; but this has been a great check in writing my personal adventures, some of which were passing strange.

Having left Sienna, the next place of much interest that I remember is Radifocani on the peak of a mountain wild enough for mysteries of Udolpho or any other mysteries. The ascent is five miles, which we made on foot. There is a fortress nearly dismantled, for this is the Tuscan frontier, and there is a small village with a good hotel, in which we passed the night.

On the next day we came to the northern borders of the Roman state, which has shrunk to the size of an American county, though it once held all that was worth holding in the earth. We were stopped for an hour at the guard house, where I escaped without opening my trunk, by asking the young officer if he were not at Waterloo, though I as little believe that he was at Arbela. The Russian, however, had a double portion of vinegar

squeezed out upon him and he cursed his stars in proportion.

The next town of much interest, was Aquapendente, so named from a very pretty cascade. The town is on a mountain, and the ascent is among cliffs that offer some of the finest views. Here we dined much to the Russian's taste, upon a black cat which the cook called a rabbit; though it made a tolerable ragout. The town is old, dark and filthy; a blemish on such scenery, like a patch upon a lady's face.

'God made the country, but man made the town.'

The harpies of the police fleeced us (to use a pastoral figure and a broken metaphor,) in the sum of half a crown, because we had no smaller coin to give; for it is the custom in these walled towns to leave the passport at the gates, and it is restored at the inn by a corporal, who expects a penny, and who, when he felt the half crown French, insulted me by thanks to Milor Inglesi.

Lorenzo Nuovo is the next town, and it is more creditable to the architects than Aquapendente. Here we refreshed at the Caffè d' Italia; for coffee rooms are to be found at the meanest villages in Italy; and in the cities they abound more than soda shops in your own temperate city. The coffee is taken in small cups, and though it is strong enough to be called a tincture, with no cream; (or even lime and water as in Boston,) to qualify it. Opposite, or near to the Caffè, in a village, is a house with a bush over the door, indicating that wine is sold within.

It was the remark of a man who knows more than ever I shall know, that temperance societies would do well to establish coffee rooms in cities, for, said he, a man with notes to pay in the dog days requires something

better than water to restore the radical moisture and compose the troubled nerves. Perhaps he will bolt a dram of liquid fire, for brandy is at hand, or he may be poisoned in what is given him for wine, a vile mixture of cider, brandy, honey and logwood; or he may hug himself on his abstemiousness in taking off a glass of beer; till a tremendous colic gives the poor sufferer to know that it has been too long in a leaden pipe.

Now, (said the wise man whose words I quote) if a cup of right Mocha may be had at the same price and distance with the alcohol and malt, what a saving would be made to the purse, the mind, the character and the nervous system.

From the town with the coffee room, we descended a long hill, with caverns by the way side, towards a lake with a town upon the bank. This is Bolsenna. The views about the lake are beautiful in the extreme, but the poet that in summer should stroll upon the shores would hardly live to tell his emotions in verse. I advise no man to look much upon water prospects in Italy, though they are extremely attractive, for what is most beautiful is sometimes the least safe, and the fiend Malaria may make it a fatal curiosity, for though he sometimes has the breath of flowers he has always the tooth of a viper.

The next town that lives in our memory is Orvieto, which has such excellent wines that none but honest men should taste them, and I dream of them yet. In the vicinity are many scattered columns of basalt.

At Montefiascone, which is a town upon a commanding hill, is even better wine than that of Orvieto; for vineyards adjoining may produce wines of very different flavors. We took in our carriage six flasks of each wine, and having drank one a-piece, decided in favor of the Montefiascone; and we read in the road-book of a Ger-

man churchman who died a martyr to the same preference.

Having crossed a barren plain, abounding in small birds, we came to a walled town at the foot of a mountain. This is Viterbo, and for Italy it is rather a neat and cheerful town, or such was its holiday aspect. There were neat stores, fountains and squares. But the people are all beggars, and the whole ragged regiment was drawn out, to receive us with the customary honors. First came a fat friar, 'all shaven and shorn,' with a tin machine, like a missionary box. I put in a button and received a benediction of the same value. At the inn a servant dressed in silks, with golden rings in her ears, begged behind our chair; and in the public square a young man of good aspect was kneeling and holding out his hat and said in English as we passed, 'charity gentlemen, for heaven's sake.' We gave, and afterwards saw at Naples many similar supplicants, and some in masks that shame might hide its blushes while necessity solicited charity from strangers.

At these inns upon our route the third course at dinner is generally of roasted birds, of the size of a fat wren, three of which would make a bite for major Stevens. They are spitted by dozens upon a wire like a knitting needle. I have known a keen sportsman at Naples kill six brace in a morning, and seen him steal upon them with as much caution as I have used with ducks. But I blush to say that I have killed robins myself.

Having passed Viterbo, we entered on a dreary route where frequent crosses, somewhat like our guide boards give the traveller the pleasure of knowing that many of his number have been murdered, and the interest was heightened in our case, when Marcantonio, the coachman, pointed out the dangerous defiles, and sung his favourite ballad in praise of brigands, for in Italy a robber is not without honor.

Once I slipped away my purse into a rent in the cushion, as a wild looking fellow, dressed in a black sheep-skin with the wool, put his black paw into the carriage, for I knew not but that he was the vanguard of a greater force, yet he was but a harmless shepherd, asking for tobacco, and we gave him snuff.

Descending the last hill we came to a broad and well paved road. In the distance over a wide waste of plain, we beheld many spires and a dome rising above them like a mountain; this was Rome. As we approached, we passed broken pillars, mounds of brick, and masses of marble, scattered over the plain. Then we came to a stream of muddy waters, a bow shot over; this was the Tiber. We crossed it on a bridge (the Ponte Molle) and under the arch of a gate entered the noble square del' Popolo; for in these countries the magistracy are willing to gratify the people in names.

In the middle is an obelisk, and at the two corners a couple of twin like churches. The central street is the Corso; we took the left, which led to what our coachman called in his English, Spain's Place or the Piazza di Spagna. Here at the house of Clement Ciuli, near to a fountain and opposite a noble flight of marble steps, we lodged for the night, and slept like a felon before execution, somewhat disturbed by the thought of what we should behold in the morning.

To what shall I liken Rome? It is like a man that has survived his honesty, living upon his reputation. It is like a lady past the prime of life, and making up in finery what she has lost in youth and bloom. It is like an old dog that has served a great many masters, and been beaten and starved by all; or it is like a lemon that has been squeezed by various hands, and as the juice is exhausted, they who hold it last, apply the greatest pressure.

Rome is a wilderness of houses, rising in the midst of a desert plain. To the north, east, and a little in the south, are at a distance of a dozen miles or more, the Appenines, but towards the west, the plain stretches to the sea. It was founded, I take the liberty to tell you, by Romulus, who had that gentle foster-mother, and gave the city his name. It was the centre, the focus, of the world. Roads branched out from this central point, like the warp of a spider's web, towards the circumference. I presume that you are so well informed of the changes, for the last two thousand years, that you would not look in Rome for the *gentem togatam* (not lawyers,) that is, a race of men wearing hooked noses and gowns. You may see them in busts and statues, but they walk no more on earth. No men are left in Italy, resembling even the ancient Romans. Cassius was the last of them, but as there came out 'more last words of Mr Baxter,' so the title that pertained to Cassius, has been divided with Rienzi, who owed some of his fame to chance, and more of it to Gibbon. The men who most resemble Regulus and Cato, and Cincinnatus, are in a country that was unknown to the civilized world, when Rome was mistress of it.

The very hills, whereon the mighty Rome reposed, have been changed by time; years have done, in this respect, what Gothic taste has done in Boston, where, when boys, we used to slide down Beacon hill. The Tiber I suppose to be the least changed of all natural things at Rome. In size and situation it remains as it was, and it still rolls its current of yellow sand. The sky is the same too, 'trailing clouds of glory,' like a good man's prospects of the future.

On the morning after our arrival, we called upon Torlonia, our banker, who is also a Duke, for titles of this kind are to be bought at Rome, and at a fair rate.

I think that an ass may be made a duke for twenty thousand dollars, and less ridiculous in proportion. On this walk to the banker's, we turned from our lodgings into the Via Frattina, a street occupied by foreigners; and this brought us to the grand Corso, the great street of the city. There are here some splendid palaces, and a few rich shops. In the middle of the day the street is filled with carriages, for it is vulgar for a lady and gentleman to walk in Rome, and the populace are too insignificant to deserve side walks, but must dodge about among the little horses at full speed. I myself was prostrated by an equestrian, but before I was up, the cavalier was off. I was mightily shocked, and if I had heeded omens should have kept in that day. But Cæsar would go to the Senate house. I had a dream the night before, that I was groping in the Tiber for a statue, and grasped a gymnotus that gave me such a shock, that I leaped from the bed, and a dragoon fulfilled the augury.

We walked down the Corso till we came to a sort of spiral column, surmounted by Saint Peter with his keys in the form of a cross; whence, I suppose, our tavern signs of the cross keys, so common in the middle States. This was the column of Antonine; and, as it was the first we had seen, we paused awhile to admire it. Then we went down, without a guide, to the end of the same wide street where, in a space at the left, we found another column of a more graceful form and far better sculpture. In front, (if to a circle there be any front) there were rows of broken pillars, part of the Forum of Trajan; a prince, whose name the column bears, whose ashes it once held, and whose virtues made it flattery to say of the best of his successors, '*melior Trajano.*'

Then we kept on in the same direction, till we came to a circular wall, large enough to enclose a city. It was the Coliseum, now consecrated as a Catholic

church, by a shrewd rite that has preserved it from pillage. Time had lightly touched it, the earthquake could not shake it, fire harmed it not, and war passed it by and spared it, for the sake of ‘the great of old;’ but three hundred years ago, the Roman nobles assailed it, making a quarry of its walls, to build their palaces. But for these bold bad men, the traveller would not feel, in the area of the Coliseum, that he stands amid ruins. But it is a magnificent ruin; and, as it was predicted that some crumbling abbey would fall upon the posterity of Knox, it may as safely be believed, that the Coliseum will crush the descendants of the Barberini. Byron has well described this mighty mass in Childe Harold, and in the admirable lines near the close of Manfred.

The space in front of the Coliseum constitutes the Forum Romanum, where every broken pillar has a voice, and every crumbling arch utters a parable. The whole space is now called the Cow Pasture, ‘a heavy declension!’ and we saw cowherds, little fit to alternate in eclogues, in a spot which some hold to be the most honored on the earth.

From this we passed out at a gate, for a stroll in the country. An inscription on the left, ‘Sepolcro di Scipione,’ led us into the tomb of the grandfather of Africanus. Then we came to the little church of St Sebastian, where there is an entrance to the catacombs. We pursued these cavernous passages but a little distance. At the entrance is a good figure, by Bernini, of the saint, transfixed with an arrow; the monks shew it with satisfaction.

Next, we looked into the immense ruins of the palace of Caracalla, where the earth has been much turned over for statues, and where some of the best have been found. We brought away a small portion of Mosaic, with the figure of an animal. Beyond this, we visited

an eternal monument to Cecilia Metella; it rises with a graceful effect on a little hill, and the interest, perhaps, is increased by the solitude. On the return, we went into a cool grotto, in the side of a hill, where a little stream trickles into a marble basin; this was the grot of the pretty nymph Egeria.

This was the excursion of our first day. We were in search of antiquities, and scorned to look at anything as young as fifteen centuries; considering a temple of a thousand years but an infant. We learnt, in this route, a little how the old Romans lived; and afterwards, in their statues, how they looked.

At our rooms we found the American Consul, who is intelligent and pleasing, and who speaks better English than I do.. In the afternoon we hired a *valet de place*, to act as a guide to the sights, and lead us to them the shortest way; for, in the morning, we walked twelve miles to what might have been seen in six. In the evening, he took us to the theatre, which happened to be well attended, and we saw many very beautiful Roman ladies.

NO. IX.

SIR—In a late paper, you ask for a ‘place in the country, where a boy is wanted to turn up the sod;’ and as I hope your actions will not contradict your principles, I look to receive one of the youngsters by return of wagon. I have a small freehold, where, if ‘neither money is turned up with every furrow, nor health sparkles on every blade of grass,’ yet a boy can find em ployment in picking up stones and whacking bushes.

It is very easy to praise a farmer's life, but it is all from affectation, as the poets used to praise Arcadia. Cincinnatus has a name in history for little else than because he could endure to cultivate turnips; and the very praise that has been lavished on him, shews that it required self-denial to retire to his farm.

I myself have pounded the earth at Potatoville, and if I had fifty sons, I would send them all to cities. They should live among men, and not browse with cattle; they should, thrive by their wits, and not depend upon their hands. Whatever leads a man to adapt intellectual means to ends, raises him in the scale of intellect; while the more he labors, the less he will reflect;

'Those who think must govern those who toil.'

Nay, never shake your gory pitchforks at me, ye huge Titans, because I esteem matter less than mind. But send that pretty boy, sir, that we may make a lout of him at once, to which end he shall have all the advantage of my own example.

What made the Romans great? their breed of cattle, or their race of men? planting corn, or rearing temples and advancing in the arts?

Excuse me for giving the auger a few more twists upon Rome, while I open my book of engravings at the Coliseum. We returned to it by moonlight, which much increases the interest.

'For the gay beams of gladsome day
Gild; but to flout, the ruins gray.'

As there used to be now and then a murder here, (for it is a charming place for an assassin to stab and vanish in,) the ruins are guarded by a couple of brave soldiers. I had fresh in memory the incantations made by mad Benvenuto, that filled this vast amphitheatre with devils,

four of which were of the height of giants, ‘ proudly pre-eminent.’

To tell the truth, at the risk of ridicule, (which is harder than it seems to be,) I saw a shadow that I could not account for, cast beside my own.

‘ The place
Became religious, and the heart ran o’er
With silent worship of the great of old,
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.’

In recalling the mass of what we saw at Rome, the very profusion is a barrier to description; for where should we begin, or rather, where should we end, with so many temples, arches, churches, columns, obelisks, aqueducts, fountains, bridges, statues, and paintings.

It would be better not to have seen Rome, (like Napoleon,) than pretend to describe what was seen of it in eighteen days. I think that the mighty Emperor was never at the ancient capital it was his wish to emulate in Paris; and this is passing strange; for no man delighted more in the charlatanry of power, and he would have played a very classic pageant among the ruins: Madame de Staël thinks she foresaw his impérial designs in the consulate, when he affected to stand upon one foot, behind a lady’s chair, after the manner of the Bourbon princes. At Rome he would have displayed, with good effect, his likeness to Augustus, whose bust he much resembled.

We could not decide, to our own satisfaction, what was the most interesting object at Rome—sometimes we thought it St Peter’s, and at others the Pantheon, the Coliseum, and the Pillar of Trajan. But there are a hundred things worth a voyage over the Atlantic to see, to say nothing of the overpowering interest of the whole; for at or near sunset, if a man will put himself on the

summit of St Peter's Church, he will see a prospect of city, plain, and mountains, that he will remember as long as he shall live. There is a noble engraved view of the city, of the price of four dollars, but I did not bring one for you as a present. Then there are books of engravings of the objects in detail, of all sizes, and every price; and these, to be frank, made all the journal that I kept at Rome.

It would be a shame to say nothing of St Peter's, and a failure to try to describe it. Of all 'solemn temples,' it is the most impressive; but not at first. The Coliseum and the Pantheon strike at once, for within or without, the eye can compass the whole. But St Peter's is so vast, that at once the mind itself cannot comprehend it; but awe and admiration would grow upon you at every successive stage of the examination, and I believe would never subside.

The Pantheon is a wonder, but in the dome of St Peter's is the Pantheon, raised three hundred feet in the air. Though the front of St Peter's is of a broken design, you have an admirable perspective of the whole: first you enter a round court of several acres, surrounded by a stupendous colonnade of three hundred pillars, surmounted by statues of martyrs. In the middle of the area is an obelisk, with hieroglyphics; it is of one shaft, eighty feet, and with the base, one hundred and twentyfour, and on each side are fountains, that play continually.

You pass the vestibule of the church, and enter the most splendid hall that was ever constructed by man; and when your admiration of its extent begins to subside, you will find enough to admire in the exquisite finish of the whole. The pillars are encrusted with precious stones, and beautiful pictures in mosaic. But enough of it, except that we made up to the bronze statue

of St Peter, the toe of which is kissed by all; it is half kissed away.

The world is full of changes, and this was once a statue of Jupiter; but this is nothing, a thousand rites of the Catholic church are but classic observances, for one superstition rose out of the ruins of the other, and St Peter is strangely represented by the image of one whose dominion he assisted to destroy.

The Vatican, that adjoins, is like a large town: mainly it is twelve hundred feet long, and one thousand broad, but there are many branches. It has twentytwo courts, and many thousand apartments. The library is in shape like a T, nearly half a mile long, but in walking through you see no books, for they are all shut up in elegant cabinets.

Our remembrance of many of the best paintings and statues is fresh, and I would say something of them, but that they cannot be described. A description of a picture, or statue, may recall the images to one who has seen them, but can convey little to one who has not.

It is a hard struggle, when a traveller arrives at Rome, to reconcile the pictures that his imagination has formed, with what is actually before him; though this I have found in lesser degree in all cities.

Long processions, churches with lights blazing all night before the altars, priests in black robes, and cardinals in red, engravings of the Pope, and images of St Peter, filth, poverty, beauty, and magnificence, are some of the marks that distinguish modern Rome.

But once out of the Córso, you cannot look up without seeing mutilated remnants of its ancient splendor, broken statues, prostrated pillars, crumbling arches, walls, and inscriptions. What we have written has no pretence to be even an outline; there is little encouragement to write recollections of Rome; there are too

many books descriptive of it, to leave anything new to be said, and some of them too well written to make it easy to say an old thing half as well.

The country around the city is as barren as neglect and drought can make it; but time and labor might restore its fertility, though everything in the Roman state is ruinous, and a broken arch is an emblem of the state itself.

We felt nothing of the malaria, for it was in winter; but we saw enough of its vestiges, as the asp was traced by its slime; in Cleopatra's basket of figs. The marks of this pest of the low lands were sallow faces, which would have been death-like, but for two wild and lustrous eyes, emitting a lambent light, like a will-o'-wisp about a charnel house. Streets and towns are depopulated. Ostia, a large town, is as desolate as Pompeii, and has less than a dozen people. It was a schoolboy doubt of mine, that birds were killed by the vapour of Avernus; but I can believe it here. Bishop Heber describes some wild region in India, blooming in summer in all the vegetable magnificence of the East, that is then deserted by everything that has animal life. It is like a boundless forest of upas trees—no bird alights upon its branches, no serpent ejects his venom; for there is here one more poisonous than himself. Other animals are guided by instinct, man by reason; which is the safest conductor? The good Bishop (never was there a better man) believed that animals had some sagacity of impulse, that led them to avoid certain destruction in the air of these forests. This is the place, sir, where we should colonize the blacks; it would give them, at once, the relief that is a year or two in coming at Liberia, and here also would be a better residence than St Helena, for de-throned emperors.

You may wish to know something of the personal appearance of the Romans. They are slender, stooping a little forward, and not standing bolt upright like an Englishman. Their countenances are very animated, and one expression chases another over them, as in a child; but they *are* children, and I have seen a coachman weep, when his wheel was fast in the mud, and laugh with extravagant joy when his passengers had lifted it out. In their language, they have preserved more traces of their ancestors, than in their features or minds.

The sons of the church are dressed in black, though in processions there are many white robes. The clergy, including monks, are without number; you meet them at every turn, as in Boston you fall upon a black coat in election week, where there are so many societies, with each a sermon and a contribution.

The Jews are about twenty thousand, and have all the indulgence that can be expected, from the clemency of the mildest Pope, to such a stubborn generation. They are shut up at night, like cattle, in their own pen, which is a very filthy part of the city; and the dispersed race are nowhere in Europe distinguished for neatness; though, as far as I can estimate the degrees of filthiness, in Poland they are the highest.

The countenance of a Jew betrays his lineage; it is not easy to describe wherein he differs so much from other men, yet the difference is such as is never to be mistaken. Their countenances are somewhat between those of the goat and the fox.

They look forward to the rebuilding of the temple, and are shy of the monument of the prince who destroyed it; therefore they will take a circuit, rather than pass the arch of Titus.

The horses at Rome are small, but very spirited, and swift in the race, which is run without riders; the car-

riages are those old lumbering machines, that you may remember thirty years ago, if you can look back so far. No Roman gentleman, who values his character, will be seen walking; riding is the great barrier that separates him from the vulgar, and though the vulgar are, as elsewhere, the largest class, they are of too little account to have side-walks. A Roman lady walks as little as a Chinese, but dances infinitely better.

The countrymen that come to market are vagabonds, dressed in tatters, which are the more shabby, because the remnant of finery. The artists are better paid than other classes, except priests. They are supported principally by travellers, and some of them make very pretty imitations of antique gems, and models of temples, &c., from fragments of the same, and I have a little image of the Coliseum, from a piece that I broke, like a barbarian, from a cornice.

At some seasons, there are a thousand or more English, who are also dispersed all over Italy, where they come, from restlessness, or for health, study, curiosity, pleasure, or economy. An American from the United States has so much resemblance to the stock from whence he sprung, that he is taken for an Englishman, though you and I know Mr Bull at a glance. From us he cannot hide his horns, though he may not gore with them. His lordly stride, and the curl of his lip, when he sees abroad a better country and institutions than he left at home, are not to be repressed.

There are French, also, the friends and adherents of Napoleon; and Spaniards, who came on devout pilgrimages. Germans you will find all over Italy; for what is the whole of it, but a province of Austria; and Russians make it a constant residence, having once seen a country so different from the frozen North. It is easy to understand the haste of the Northern hive to quit their forests for sunny vineyards and plains.

Turks there are none, though, in the maritime cities, no sight is more common than the turban, yet here it would probably be stoned; Mahomet would not be permitted so near the shrine of St Peter.

Having borrowed half a day from Election, to tell you these things, I will say no more of Rome. We left the temples, statues, and paintings, with regret; but they are all so stamped upon our memory, that, were we artists, we could draw them.

We took passage for Naples with a new coachman, a choleric fellow, in company with seven dignitaries of the church. We were delayed at the gate an hour, to exhibit passports, and answer idle questions about our ages and business. When permitted to go, we entered at once upon the barren plains, that for twenty miles surround the city. We passed a few flocks of sheep and goats, under the inspection of Corydon and Alexis, whose appearance did not say much for a shepherd's life. We passed nameless ruins of columns, arches, and shapless mounds, overgrown with weeds. On both sides, in the fields, were long lines of broken arches, which once were aqueducts, rolling rivers from the mountains to the city; they were carried twenty miles, and a single arch is a monument, like the column on Bunker's Hill. After riding a dozen or more miles, we began to ascend the long hill, on the top of which is Albano. On the left, were Frescati, Tivoli, and (I think) Cittá Castellana, all making a beautiful show among the mountains. On ascending the hill, we passed several columns, overgrown and covered with ivy; and as I walked up, I paused to admire one of the best voices ever heard. It came from a wild looking fellow, who was singing in the top of an olive tree, which he was trimming.

NO. X.

SIR—In travelling southward from Rome, every mile leads to a better country, for there can be none worse than that of the Campagna. At Albano, we found olives, grapes, a variety of fruits, and grain; the town is on a hill, and is in summer the residence of a great many strangers and others, who fly from malaria; and there is a daily coach to Rome. In the middle of the town is an antique edifice with three towers, placed by antiquaries to the credit of an early event in the Roman annals. The lake of Albano is attractive, but we had no time to see it; we however strolled in advance of the caravan around some beautiful slopes and fountains, till we came to Aricia, also wisely built upon a hill

Pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianæ.

The scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful as can be made by the combination of towns, towers, lakes, cliffs, woods, plains, and a distant ocean, called in Virgil, the Tuscan sea.

We had scarcely left the gates of Aricia before our coachman gave a specimen of his temper; one of his fraternity who had left him but half the road to pass in, he chased round the coaches and threatened extermination with an iron-bound stick. Clergy and laity interfered to preserve life, and when I wrested the club from the fellow's hand, I thought I never beheld a face filled with so much of the evil principle; there was murder in every line of it.

Our coaches advanced so slowly that we walked over a great part of this route to Naples, which was very wild in the mountains, and fertile in the plains. We saw nothing in Italy like the gently swelling hills that are so pretty in an English landscape. It was all moun-

tain or plain. The plain is covered with olives, vines, and grain, which are also found on terraces in the side of the mountain, while the upper regions are covered with trees, and the bare summits browsed by goats and sheep. There are many chestnut trees, and a coarse kind of bread is made of the nut, which is at least six times as large as the largest of ours. In the cities you will find them roasting on furnaces in the streets, and may fill your pockets for the smallest coin.

On the second day, I think, we passed the Pontine Marshes, over a road that it was a pleasure to walk upon. These are the confines of that gloomy monarch to whose dominions we ‘must come at last.’ The meadows are dressed in the richest green, and scented with a thousand flowers; the trees almost conceal the road, expanding their huge arms that have waved for ages; but man withers in a day by the very causes that give such strength and beauty to vegetable life. At that season the air was good, and even in summer the traveller, if he have good horses, may have a race with Death, and escape him (as Tam O’Shanter avoided his pursuers) for a time.

The wide meadows are filled with numberless flocks of wild geese and other aquatic birds; the woodcocks are as large as partridges, and are much sought for at Rome and Naples.

At the end of the Marshes we came upon Terracina, on a lovely sweep of bay under a tall cliff that projects almost into the sea. Here we found a good inn and passed the night to our liking. Near this we remarked some hedges of aloe growing to the height of eight feet. In the morning we arose so early as to be at the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples before the light of day, and there we found a police so strict that our passports were copied verbatim, and as mine was so worn as to be al-

most illegible, I had to go into a history of my life, opinions, and designs, in travelling.

On this day we came to a mountain pass so completely commanded by a fortress that it seemed wonderful that ten thousand Neapolitans should retreat from it without a fight, on the approach of an Austrian army.

Beyond this, are Fondi and Itri, gloomy towns among the mountains, inhabited by people whose trade it was to plunder, and whose pleasure it was to kill. They were the homes of the banditti, that used to adventure so largely in the way of rapine and ransom, and the robbers relinquished their depredations only with the loss of half their number, and on some violent measures with their towns.

I have seen wreckers and pirates in the West Indies, and Malays in the East, heads by Salvator Rosa, and rogues without number in our own country, but never beheld such sinister, blood-thirsty looking wretches as at these towns. They are men that you would shrink from anywhere, and I did not walk among them without keeping an eye over my shoulder, and a hand upon the jugular.

But it is better for his kind that a man should be *all ruffian*; for it is a caution for the dullest to beware, when such hearts are stamped upon the face, and gleam from the eyes. It is the gorgeous snake that may do the greatest mischief; it is the wretch who lives in good society among his superiors, as if they were his peers, and hides his mental obliquity under the polished shield of good manners, that he may add treachery to his other vices, and stab a man to the heart, whose arms are expanding to embrace him as a friend. Such men are found in cities, and as fast as you find them out, I recommend that you cut their acquaintance.

In the vicinity of the last of these towns are the richest groves of lemon and orange that we had ever seen; the trees were nothing less in magnitude than those of our orchards, and were bending with golden fruit.

We next came to Mola di Gaeta, and I dare say all travellers have a pleasing remembrance of the hotel. It is in sight of the castellated city of Gaeta, the siege of which cost the French so much powder, and stands upon the ruins of Cicero's villa, with a noble garden of oranges between it and the sea. There is an old monument near, supposed to mark the spot where Cicero was killed; and if you lack the disposition to reverence his name, read his life by Middleton, or put it in the hands of the youngster whom you refuse to send 'to turn up the sod.' At the hotel was a large register for travellers, though such is kept at every inn for the inspection of the police; we found in it the highest names in the literature and aristocracy of England.

The next town that I remember, was Capua, magnificent of old, though anything but splendid now. We went into a church that had a few pillars of the ancient city, and while the clergy smoked their accustomed pipe, walked slowly along the road to Naples.

Capua is of about the size of Salem, and between it and Naples, are two other towns as large. This level country around Naples is well named the 'Campagna Felice;' it is the most fertile part of the earth, and its vicinity to large cities insures the most perfect cultivation. I should not describe it, to call it a garden, for you never saw a garden cultivated so well; there is not only a constant succession of crops, but there are many crops at the same time; fruits on the trees, vines running in festoons from tree to tree, and under them esculents and grain.

The rains do not supply moisture enough, and there are frequent wells where water is raised with a wheel, and carried into a reservoir, whence it is distributed over the fields.

The hills back of Naples hid all view of the city, which we did not see till we had fairly entered a wide street of it, and then we saw only the street itself—it was as wide as our avenue on the neck, and paved with flat slabs of stone. On the right our eyes were attracted to a magnificent edifice, where the poor are lodged like nobles; it was an almshouse, as large as Central wharf. Then came a Botanic Garden, commenced by Murat; then the quadrangular palace containing the Bourbon Museum, in sculptures scarcely inferior to that of the Vatican.

Next we passed through an open square, the Largo del Mercatello, with a building much like our Quincy market, except that it is surmounted with a hundred statues in marble. The statues are personifications of the virtues of some former king, who left them for the irony of posterity. There stands his Justice in marble, with a sword, his Mercy with a gridiron to broil heretics into a better creed, his Faith with a cross, and his Charity with a purse of stone. He has *all* the virtues though some are at variance with the others.

At sunset we alighted at a French hotel in the Largo del Castello, an open space near the quay and the opera San Carlo, and in sight of Vesuvius. Twenty ragged fellows made a plunge at our baggage; I rescued mine and carried it myself to a chamber, and on similar occasions I advise all travellers to become their own porters.

In the moonlight evening we strolled out and walked till a late hour about the city. The main avenue is the Toledo, and it is worthy of so fine a city; it was

thronged with people till ten o'clock, as our streets are thronged only on holidays; but at Naples, where every one is idle, every day is a holiday, and all trades are followed in the open streets. Here the cobler has his bench, the tailor his seat, the barber his chair, and the money changer his table. Where all are indolent, many must beg and steal, and in this our first walk in Naples, our charity was tried a hundred times. Near a theatre, a man in a mask said that he must beg or starve, and we supposed it the lot of many in this great city; we gave him a silver coin and he ran off with it like a deer, making protestations of eternal remembrance.

The nocturnal police seemed to be well managed; there was a military guard and frequent lights in the wider streets, but into the alleys we had been cautioned not to enter.

At Naples, our first pleasure was to taste the Lagryma wine. A pistareen, produced from Signore Georges a couple of the best, and he charged us but double price, which was reasonable, as he is a Neapolitan, and speaks English. This is an excellent wine, without lead, brandy, or logwood; it produces a gentle elevation of the mind, such as we feel in beholding a fine picture, listening to music, or the recital of a noble action.

How animated I become when I write of wine, and how eloquent you were, lately, on the subject of roast beef. But here it is hardly possible to drink good wine to excess; it is, like wit, so light and inoffensive.

Your German is not altogether temperate, for his Rhenish wines are potent; but France, Spain, and Italy, are temperate countries, and it is as rare to see a native drunk, as to behold, at a country muster, a militia man sober.

We are a nation of drunkards, (I like to speak plainly) and shall be, till we cultivate the grape; let every Temperance Society plant a vineyard, and they will destroy the monster they make war upon. You have read the encouraging letter of the Chief Justice; I should like to be tried by him, for he looks at the favorable side; yet I fear that much of his information came from publicans, who do not willingly throw discredit upon their own taps. When they have among their honored guests a man of respect, '*gravem pietate ac meritis*', and he inquires, 'Landlord, how many tiplers have you?'—if I know Boniface, he will reply, 'none your Honor.' Still, the evil is shrinking into narrower limits. Let the soul demon be confined to his own jug, and miserable be the man who would draw the cork, as the fisherman in the Arabian tale released the horrid genius that swelled to a monstrous size and threatened to destroy his liberator. But wit and humor, poëtry, music, sculpture, and painting, have conspired to throw flowers over the road that leads to intemperance and ruin.

There are at Naples, wine vaults of a great many chambers in the side of the mountain. Wine of a year old is the best, and may be had as cheap as cider in New England; and it is much better than that 'table cider' over which, at my board, you made wry faces. At many of these vaults the lower people make little parties and drink by the hour, for which the vintner sets his price according to the supposed capacity of his customers, and practice has rendered him so shrewd that he can guage to a pint, by the eye.

He has a variety of artifices to interrupt their attention to the cask; the most common is to make them laugh, and a moderate jest suffices when it is fortified by good wine. Considerable Cyprus wine is used at Naples, and Malaga is a favorite, but there is little spirit,

and though I was ten weeks at Naples, in all public places, and living like the Neapolitans, in the streets, I saw but one man intoxicated, and he could walk.

Permit me to lament that things should not be called by their right names; we say that a man is corned, is illustrious, elevated, boozy, when we should say plainly that he is *drunk*. Vice loses half its deformity when you give it a new name, and the rogues and pickpockets in London shroud their practices under such queer words, called slang, that to steal, to lie, and to murder, seems half a jest.

NO. XI.

SIR—Our first walk was to the postoffice, where, around the entrance, (as Cares beset the infernal gates) the scribes have placed their chairs and tables; for it often happens that men receive letters who cannot read or write.

The secretaries sit like a priest in the confessional, the hired confidants of hopes, fears and reproaches, and cast into their own cold formula the warm dictates Neapolitan love and affection. Yet the postoffice at Naples was the best administered among all that I saw in Europe.

Having visited the postoffice, the traveller is advised to turn through the square of the castle, by the Opera of San Carlo, which has a front from the Parthenon, to the Toledo, the main avenue of the city, which is full of people to an overflow. The beggar jostles the prince, and the whiskered soldier the shorn friar; all walk fast and with animated faces, as if in pursuit of pleasure or gain; yet not one in twenty has anything to do.

Turning to the left you will see a troop of horse in front of a grand house, as we say at home, or of a palace, in the languages of Europe, and it is dignified by the residence of the King of the Two Sicilies. It is well placed, being directly on the Bay—in sight of the whole line of shore, and Vesuvius, and under the Castle of Saint Elmo.

Having passed the Palace you turn to the right for a stroll along a wide street, parallel with the shore, where you see those who sell *Frutta di Mare*, sea fruit, that is, oysters and other shell fish. The oysters are excellent, but dear.

This walk leads to the Villa Reale, one of the finest promenades in Italy. It has next the sea a parapet, never washed by the sea, for there are no tides in the Mediterranean ; yet it is near to the waters which have always a swell, and break upon the sandy beach. There are fountains, statues, trees, flowers, pavilions, and people in the costumes of all nations, (and some of them are glorious) walking, sitting and reclining among them.

Beyond this pretty place we came near to a high hill, and the road led us to a long and straight cavern directly under it. This was the grotto of Pausilippo, cut in remote antiquity through the rock, wide enough for two carriages abreast, and fifty feet in height.

At the entrance was a fat monk, who called himself a hermit, sitting in a basket attached to ropes to draw himself up to his hermitage one hundred feet above ; he solicited charity, and we buttoned our pockets. The grotto seems to my recollection to be a quarter of a mile in length, and is dimly lighted by two orifices from the top and a few glow worm lamps. It is cool and would be agreeable, but for the dust which has been ground for three thousand years, and is so fine, that it is easily

set in motion. The dust is a great evil in all the roads ; there is little rain, and you return from a walk powdered like a miller. This, with the bright sun, we supposed to be the reason why so many are blind. We also saw a good number of deformed, but the people who were not deformed might furnish models for an Apollo, and you may see plenty of them with but a blue cloth about the middle, or in a pair of trowsers ending midway between the hip and the knee. Of course they are well bronzed, and when lying still under the arches look like statues.

We emerged from the grotto into a little village, and the effect was beautiful, to come at once from such a cavern to a plain, of trees and vines, shut in by hills, with every leaf and blade of grass glittering in heavy dews under such a morning sun as you can never see in the latitude of forty-two.

On our return, a stripling accosted us to request the honour of shewing the tomb of Virgil, who he said was a great poet, but a greater magician, for such is his local fame. As it was the very place we had come to see, we walked up the side of the mountain, and knocked for five minutes with a brick upon a garden gate, which was at last opened, and we passed by the graves of several Frenchmen and Englishmen, to the sepulchre of Virgil. It is on the side of the mountain, almost directly over the grotto, in shape a dome, and in size sufficient to hold five or six persons ; there are one or two apertures for light, and niches in the wall for urns. We went upon the top and broke a branch from a small myrtle that is there growing, which I have since presented to a Reverend President. If Maro had sought over Italy for a more charming spot he could not have found it ; and there is the authority of tradition, (which in locality is strong) and of tolerably accurate descrip-

tion, by old authors, that this is indeed the tomb of Virgil.

At the foot of the hill we entered a church, where there is a monument to Sannazaro, whose epitaph expresses the vicinity of his tomb to that of Virgil, and the resemblance of their strains.

The extent of the Bay of Naples, from one cape to the other, is, I suppose, twentyfive miles, and there is a smooth beach of dark sand round the whole circuit. There is almost always, even in calms, a heavy surf, and it is very pleasant in a still day, to walk along the beach and see it break over. Parallel with the beach is a street of many miles in extent.

In the middle of the bay is Capri, an island of a few hills, and on the summits are ancient towers. At sunset, when the waters are smooth and reflect as in a mirror the gorgeous skies, Capri seems like a cloud of purple floating in the air, for the element below seems as pure as that above.

This is the spot where the third Cæsar passed his cheerful old age in philosophic retirement, and from whence he issued those beneficent edicts that constitute an enviable part of his fame. The science of government was then in its infancy, and if *ex post facto* penalties were sometimes inflicted, it cannot be denied that the Romans had so degenerated as to need wholesome severity; and who was a fitter person to administer it than Tiberius?

Solitude never made a good man; it may suspend the operation of evil passions, but cannot eradicate them. Where there is no temptation there is no resistance, and can be no virtue—for it is virtue to choose wisely between good and evil, when the will inclines to the latter.

Yet, when a poor and just man sees iniquity riding in a coach and bespattering him, perchance, with the mud, or when he himself becomes an object of undeserved reproach, he may feel a wish to retire from his fellows beyond the contagion of vice, and train himself in a better principle.

But solitary animals are the most savage. The tiger prowls alone; the adder has no venomous mate,¹ and the vulture no comrade in rapine. Hermits are mad or misanthropic, or both; and for cool systematic cruelty that studies tortures with the ardor of a ruling passion, there is none like a monk, or a monarch who takes one to be his prime minister. Men are not too good, (so far I am willing to admit that I speak for myself) and in solitude they study their own amiable hearts, which are the mirrors that reflect or distort (but never flatter) the dispositions of others. To gain knowledge of what is obscure, men compare the known with the unknown, and as all men have knowledge of their own evil passions, they infer the existence of something worse in their neighbours.

Tiberius looked into his own tender heart, and sometimes saw in it suspicion, cruelty, and treachery; this generated a rancor to all mankind, for how could he love those who seemed worse than himself. Therefore he spoke of his kind in sarcasms, and his benefits to men were in the ratio of his praise. He inflicted upon them such little quietudes, as his limited means allowed, and, (as we hate in the proportion that we injure) it became a matter of course, that the Emperor's hatred of his species should amount to fury. Do not marvel that I am sour, for I have been sucking a lemon.

You will sometimes hear the situation of Boston compared with that of Naples, but there is only that sort of parallel between them that Fluellen found between

Monmouth and Macedon. There is no city upon earth like Naples; though Lisbon is beautiful from the river, and Genoa also from the Gulf; but they are not under the Sicilian skies, nor are they surrounded by much of the beautiful or the sublime.

At Naples there is a mountain forever rolling its volume of smoke and flame, standing as a magnificent natural pharos; and how mean in comparison was even the great Colossus at Rhodes, holding a burning tar-barrel in his hand, to light the fleets in sailing between his legs.

Naples is built chiefly upon a slight eminence, though in the midst of it there is a mountain, surrounded by a castle large enough to swallow Bunker's Hill, and pick its teeth with the monument.

In front of the city is that noble Bay, and on other sides a plain of such fertility and beauty, flowing with milk and honey, corn, wine, and oil, that it is well named the 'Fortunate Country.' The city cannot soon become tedious, even to a restless traveller, there are so many objects of natural grandeur, historical and fabulous interest, and such monuments of a race of men, that are now known only by a few magnificent relics. There is Herculaneum and Pompeii, with their gems, manuscripts, statues, pictures, tombs, temples, amphitheatres, and streets; there is Misenus, Avernus, Cumæ, Baia, and Capua, with recollections that a scholar cherishes as a miser counts his gold.

Then it is the cheapest country to live in, not excepting even Kentucky, where a dollar buys ten bushels of corn. A good house may be rented in the suburbs for six dollars a year, and corn, wine, etc. are so cheap, that it is marvellous to see so many wretches starving. At Castel-a-mare, a large town under a mountain on the opposite side of the bay, I am convinced a man

may live well on fifty dollars a year. But then he must carry the money with him, for in cheap countries, though many dollars may be saved, a penny is very hard to be had. But it is not in human nature to be contented with what we have, and at this town we raised the envy of an old lady, by telling her that the fowls in America laid two eggs in a day, whereas her own afforded but one.

In Naples there are no Jews, and we saw but few Turks. The foreign ships are chiefly English and Austrian. The monks are numerous, especially a huge race of barefooted friars, that leave a track in the sand like an elephant's. Their hair is close shaven as low as the ears, they wear a brown cloak to the knees, and have a complexion that partakes more of the violet than the pale rose.

The churches are less splendid than at Rome, but all places of amusement are more elegant here. A stranger is surprised to see all mechanical trades followed in the street. Basket weavers, shoemakers, barbers, and even workers in metals, pay little rent for shops, and the climate is so dry that a rain seldom comes to interrupt their industry. But if in the streets there are so many at work there are countless throngs of the idle; and all the avenues are filled with people, as our streets are on some great holiday.

All kinds of juggling feats are practised at the corners, and Punch and the puppets have the same open theatre; yet before the hocus pocus man begins, he sends round his cap after the manner of a contribution box, and I have known it returned as dry.

You would think yourself at a beggar's opera; there are so many to solicit, that it is almost a hopeless task to give. In self-defence we hardened our hearts by rubbing a brickbat over them, and were soon known

for denials. The beggars seem to have a system of telegraph, and the information ‘here is a gentleman that gives,’ travels faster than the wight who would fain run away from his character because it is too good; though in your city I have known people try to escape their reputation for a contrary reason.

NO. XII.

SIR—We went on a beautiful day, when the sky was as blue as Miss ——’s stockings, to Pompeii, and what we there saw will be what I shall last forget, except a flogging at school.

‘*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*’ Indulge me with the relation. My schoolmaster had our Yankee habit of poking the fire: when it was burning well, he could make it burn better. This is a good principle to act upon in philosophy, though in medicine it brought the poor hypochondriac to his grave.

Well, Sir, just before Magister Pokeweed came in (for he it was) and on a bitter cold day, I heated the tongs to a changeable blue heat and laid a smoking brand upon the hearth. The pedagogue’s eyes glistened with pleasure. He seized the heated forceps with both his hands, but threw them down as if they had been vipers, and uttered, in his rage and pain, such imprecations as should have blistered his tongue.

It is hard to keep a good secret; it is hoarding treasure that belongs to the public. It soon transpired that I was the urchin that had taken retaliatory measures on Pokeweed’s fingers; for many times had he warmed my own. I had the heroic satisfaction that is the soun-

dation of all wars, of annoying my enemy as much as he could injure me, and dealing to him a larger measure of mortification and ungratified fury.

But he is now a judge, and it is but a week since our hands met in amity, for who but a savage would carry into the world the little enmities of the school.

We rode to Pompeii in a calash, drawn by one small, spirited horse. It is a sort of *buggy*, holding two gentlemen within and half dozen vagabonds clinging without. The charioteer stands on a board behind, and drives like *Jehu*, who drove furiously. He hires his horse by the day, and is willing to drive faster than is needful, to get the worth of his money; as I have known countrymen continue to eat when hunger was sated, (and that was not done in a minute) lest the host should gain too much from their moderation. This you will call a calumny, and I suppose it is.

We gave our coachman a dollar a day, and the promise of a carline, if he would be on his best behaviour, which he promised and perhaps performed, though he conducted very ill. We took a fair start from the quay, and descended the hill as if life depended upon speed. We crossed the bridge Madalina, and passed by the granary belonging to the king, who monopolizes grain, wool, lottery tickets, and tobacco; but it would cost him his throne to lay a paw upon macaroni. The granary is as wide as Faneuil Hall (more or less) and I suppose half a mile in length. At the other end we paused to look at a few miserable galley slaves digging in the road. Slavery in its best disguise is ‘bitter;’ but here it is in its naked, horrid deformity. I know not how many slaves there are, but there must be many, for the sound of chains as we passed the grated windows was as if hundreds were shaken at once. I have never seen them in large bodies, but they are sometimes

sweeping the streets in companies of half a dozen, chained to each other, and under the muzzle of a blunderbuss. They are fed so ill that they are fain to eat the offal of the streets. I have not known them beg, but mute solicitation is the strongest, and we seldom passed one without giving him a trifle, which was received with a start of surprise that any one should care for his necessities. Body and mind have such connexion that if the limbs are shackled the intellect is repressed and the whole man degraded. The Italian word to express everything base and vile is *callivo*, though at first designating only a captive.

Portici, about four miles from Naples, is a city as large as Portsmouth, and there the monarch has a palace and gardens. The palace is a quadrangle with an area within, through which the street passes under opposite arches in the wall. This town is directly over Herculaneum, which is covered eighty feet with a hard shell of lava, so that here is one town upon another, and the living are walking about over the dead, as cool as undertakers, or as if they themselves were never to die, and be trampled on. Herculaneum was discovered less than a century ago, by men who were digging for water. It has been largely excavated, and we went into its theatre, though as our torch burnt dimly it seemed to us a cavern, as in truth it was. The statues have been removed to the museum at Naples. Beyond Portici are many towns.

At two miles further we encountered the van of a most ferocious army, every soldier booted to the knee, and whiskered to the chin. '*Cedant arma togæ*,' is not the fashion of Naples. The military leaves the civil at an awful distance in the rear. In consequence of this happy state of things, a bloody-minded corporal took our horse a prisoner of war, and led him aside from the

road, while the army *deployed* before us. There were ten thousand of these heroes, dressed in blue, and it was two hours before our steed could obtain his discharge.

This ride of ours was parallel with the shore, and but a short distance from it ; but near to Pompeii, we turned abruptly to the left; by a wide turnip field, and came at once upon the little town that looks as fresh as ever after the lapse of eighteen hundred years. It is in a spot the most beautiful under the sun ; it is worth the danger of an earthquake and lava to live in such a paradise. The earth that still covers two thirds of the city is but light dust and ashes that fell so deep at a tremendous blast from Mount Vesuvius.

This is six miles from the crater. The ashes reached but little above the highest houses, though none of them were high. These ashes in coming this distance had been somewhat cooled, and so well, in this dry climate, have preserved what was under them, that the paintings and stucco of the walls are to this hour as fresh as the pictures in your own house. The roofs only (having been of wood) have decayed, so that at first sight you might be reminded of Asmodeus, who unroofed the houses at Madrid, for the instruction of Don Cleofas, as I shall describe for yours, those of Pompeii.

We gave the cicerone, who derives his title from Tully himself, half a dollar for explanations, and he returned the worth of our money. Yet as we had a plan of the streets, we could have conducted ourselves but for that culpable compliance with evil customs that has often led us into greater expenses.

Let us begin at the gate that led to Naples. It is in a charming spot; and near it are tombs with inscriptions, where humble people (such is the lottery of fame) have had the fortune to leave their names to posterity,

while in these times, even a great man sometime survives his reputation.

In this quarter are the ruins of Cicero's villa, the third we had seen, though the other two were named on better authority. Some of his villas were presents from his rich clients, as like our Wirt, the Roman orator drew causes from the most distant parts of the country; for eloquence is like the fairy gift, that turns words, as they fall from the lips, into rubies, diamonds, and pearls.

In passing down the streets we looked into many of the houses. One of them was a baker's, and had the very stone mills in which he made his flour; for in those days the baker ground the wheat, whereas he grinds now only his customers.

Another shop appeared to have been for wine. There was a marble counter as bright as when new, with a stain from the liquors, and a place worn by a frequent setting down of the cup. The signs were over the doors, painted on the bricks of the walls. The letters are like those we call italics, though in the most of the monuments elsewhere, they are like the best of our capitals.

Next we visited a few baths lately excavated. They are in excellent taste, with figures painted on the plaster of the walls. The baths seem to have been in Italy almost a necessary of life, and those of the emperors, are so magnificent that after a lapse of so many centuries their very ruins are grand.

We came soon to a forum that would hold as many people as Faneuil Hall, and at one end was the little rostrum, which for want of a stump, the orator ascended to harangue the multitude in good Latin.

There was a temple to Isis, with the altar and all things entire. The Romans seemed to give easy ad-

mittance from other countries of the knowledge of every God but the True. Here it was, as I think, that the statue of Jupiter in *terra cotta* was found. It is in the Museum at Naples. The material is a coarse earthen ware, thought to be more lasting than marble itself, so that the better way to preserve the features of a great man, may be to fashion them in the clay whereof he is compounded, as the brown jug was moulded in the decomposition of Fat Toby. As the grave digger builds stronger than the carpenter, so may the potter's ware outlast the labors of the sculptor.

We visited the two theatres, with stone seats rising in the form of a semicircle. There was no division into boxes, but each seat had a number, and the tickets had numbers to match. The stages were not deep, and had little room for the actors, or the perspective of the scenes. Our Forty Thieves, and armies of three platoons, would have had no space to manœuvre in.

The Amphitheatre would be admired at Rome itself. Whenever the humane Romans had wild beasts to be worried, or gladiators to be butchered, they accorded to them a splendid arena, for few men grudge expense upon their pleasures.

The private houses are generally small and built after the manner of the modern ones in Italy. In the middle there is a court, and from this is the entrance to the rooms which were none of them large; few of them fifteen feet square and many were less. The most commodious was the house of Diomed, unless I have forgotten names, though I have, in Parson Evans's phrase, a 'good sprag memory.' The house occupies a long front on the street, and back is a quadrangle, (which might have been lawn or garden,) enclosed by a half-subterranean suite of apartments. Here Diomed kept his good wines, and the large ten gallon earthen

jars are there to this day. It was in this cellar that about twenty skeletons were found.

In such a retreat the people could not have been immediately killed. One of them was found resting against the wall in an upright posture, and another seems to have made a hole in the partition with an axe that was found near.

The most of the inhabitants must have escaped with their valuable effects, for not many bodies were found, or much gold and silver. The bodies were discovered mostly in the better houses, whence I infer that the higher class was the last to run, having had more to lose, and having been less subject to panic than the lower.

Though when the burst came it was like that of ten thousand mortars, yet there was reasonable warning that it was about to come, for before an eruption the wells are troubled, the earth trembles, and noise and flame come out of the mountain.

We returned to Naples in the belief that the ancients had many household comforts, and more elegance than is found at present in the world. All the utensils and furniture found at Pompeii, and they are various and many, are in the Museum. The paintings were removed to Portici, where they occupy an apartment in the palace, and are worth the examination of a modern artist.

On another day we hired a horse and man for an excursion, to the places that lie adjacent to Miseno, a point that acquired its name from the trumpeter of Æneas. We galloped through the grotto of Pausillippo, with very little care for the bones of foot passengers, who when two carriages meet, stand upright against the walls and must contract themselves to their smallest dimensions. There are a few days in the year when the sun near his setting shines through the whole cavern

upon the village beyond. A rapid movement brought us, after several turns, to the quiet little Lake Agnano, surrounded by steep hills, and on the top of one is the high and airy convent of the Camalduli, for your monk, like a raven, knows how to choose a lofty place for his nest. This little lake used to have a wonder of its own; that is, the Grotta del Cane, or the Dog-hole. But knowledge has stripped it of all attractions, since any chemist can make the gas that issues from the bottom of this cave. It is like Lampedo's medicines, humanely tried upon a dog; and that emblem of fidelity has often been the victim of experimental philosophy. The hole has rather an ill look, and the dog seemed aware of the nature of our business, for he howled piteously, and struggled like a salmon to break his line. His blood-thirsty master, for the lucre of a pistareen, held his nose to the ground, when poor Tray gave us an involuntary specimen of suspended animation. When thrown upon the grass, he recovered in five minutes, and came and fawned upon his truculent master. We tried one breath at the gas, which took us by the noses after the manner of good mustard.

This lake, like every other near Naples, fills the crater of an old volcano, and we went to another dell of the same origin, so steep that a slight wall on the edge is enough to confine the deer and other game that is kept there for the recreation of the King: This is called Astroni, and there is a hunting lodge in the woods, which is filled with bucks that have no fear of man, and wild boars as gentle as kittens.

This whole dell reminded us of the Avernus of Virgil, though Avernus at present is more bare of trees than the Boston Common, for there is not even a huge elm for dreams to flutter upon. Next we went back a mile, to get into the road along the shore that leads to

Puzzuoli, opposite to Baia and Miseno, with a fine sweep of bay between. These points were formerly united by a bridge, and many of the arches now rise above the waters, having stood time, water, tempest, and earthquake, since the days of Caligula.

This is something of a town, with a hotel, and a few coffee-houses, a temple to Augustus converted into a church, and the foot of a gigantic statue to that best of princes, the placable Tiberius. Just without the town is the temple of Jupiter Serapis, that has now a few grand but prostrated columns of variegated marble. What a monument one of them would be on the Exchange, surmounted by a figure of Sir Thomas Gresham, or some equally distinguished merchant of our times! We need not go far, to find some who have given palaces to knowledge, who have made the East their tributary, and whom it would be unjust to compare as men, with the best prince or merchant of the house of Medici.

Next we turned to the right, up hill, by the ruins of Cicero's villa to a convent where they reverently shew the block on which Saint January was beheaded, and I seem to remember that there is a picture by that painter of tortures and martyrdoms, commonly called Spagnuolotto. The friars were bowling on the green sward: we joined in the sport and beat them easily.

We then walked about the pleasant fields, and came to excavations in the rock on the hill side, so extensive and regular with arches and pillars, that it is easy to be lost among them. I can form no conjecture for what they were intended. We visited an amphitheatre with the inside overgrown with bushes, though the circuit of the walls is complete, and underneath are the dens where the beasts were kept for the amusement of that more rational animal, man.

NO. XIII.

SIR—We came to a close in the last letter, at an old amphitheatre. Next we went to a smoking and sounding valley, that was a type of Tartarus. The hills that overhang it are encrusted with copperas, or something similar in appearance, and there is a smell of brimstone that is rather suspicious. Moreover, in the valley, we evidently walked on a crust, or shell, which sounded under our feet; I should not like to fall through.

Mr Carter thinks, that in Yankee land, such a place would have been bored into; so I think too, if the people should bore half as much as I do. All extremes are near to each other; underneath is fire and brimstone, but on the surface, in some parts, is the most beautiful heath we ever beheld. Smoke ascends from a great many spots, and from one place there is a constant blast, over which it is not safe to hold the hand at two yards. This is a miniature of a volcano, and the whole valley, which is called the Solfaterra, was once a crater. When Milton was in Italy, (where he was known and admired by the great, before a tardy fame was accorded him at home,) he visited the Solfaterra, and probably there acquired his conception of Satan walking over the ‘burning marble,’ and leaning upon his cane as he happened to scorch his foot.

The order of memory leads us to Monte-Nuovo, or a mountain that was new, a century and a half ago, when it was thrown up by an eruption of a volcano, in a place that was always quiet, as a placid man like me may once in his life work himself up to an explosion of rage.

We went down into the old crater, which is now covered with bushes, it is about a quarter of a mile deep, and in shape as regular as a tea-cup. Hav-

ing descended the hill, we came to a secluded valley, with a small reedy lake, having a temple on its bank, and frogs in its stagnant waters. The sides of the valley were barren and bare of trees, and on the north was an arch, through which a road seemed to have led. This valley was Avernus, which I was sorry to have seen, for I prefer the description of Virgil to my own ocular impressions. We left it by the subterranean passage under a hill, and came out on the other side, near to the shore, which we followed to Baia, passing some hot baths, in which we immersed our legs. At Baia, there is but a narrow strip of level land, which is shut in by hills, through which the road passed to Cuma. There are two or three temples on the shore, one to Diana, whom, at school, I used to like better than Venus, though *she* has a temple also. The soil is filled with fragments of marble; everywhere we trod upon ancient grandeur, but of the tens of thousands of polished and luxurious Romans, who lived in this vicinity, there is not one stone of the houses left upon another—all is desolation and decay; neglect and drought are destroying the finest portion of Italy.

We toiled up the hill, on which stands the castle, and found a Dutch frigate at anchor beneath it. Then we walked down a lane, between vines and trees, to the Elysian Fields, (for the classic topography is affected,) where is a pool or two of water, with a few plover on the sand, but no majestic shades of heroes, poets, orators, or those who had invented useful arts.

We left Elysium with little regret, and returned to Cuma, where there are many indistinct ruins. Lake Fusaro is near it, called by the 'knowing ones,' Acheron; this lake is an arm of the sea, and is a piscary of the king, having good oysters, and a fish like smelt.

We returned to Naples laden with *antiques*—a small head of Augustus, in bas relief, an old coin, too much bruised to discover the inscription, and therefore more valuable, as we can call it anything, three seals from a petrifying fountain, a slab from the temple of Diana, a cane from a myrtle at Avernus, and a counterfeit crown, received in change from our honest coachman.

It would be strange, in writing of Naples, to say nothing of Vesuvius. I might as well, in describing the features of a man, omit the nose on his face, though at Naples, such omissions might sometimes very naturally happen. We took a calash for Resina, a suburb of Portici, distant about four miles, whence we were to ascend, after the manner of the actors, ‘when Roscius was an actor at Rome.’

The man who keeps the gates of ‘our Mountain,’ is Salvatore Madonna, whose name is almost blasphemous. But he is a good soul, and the first honest man, or rogue with honest intervals, that we found about Naples; for we made no bargain, and he charged, on our return, but a dollar a-piece for jackasses, (not including the guide,) two bottles of Lagrima wine, two loaves, and six eggs to roast in the embers of the mountain.

We set off at a round trot equal to three miles an hour, but my dapple stumbled over one piece of lava, and threw my cheek on the rough surface of another. I tied him to a vine, and made the rest of the way on surer feet. Some way above the village, we passed the General’s house, which, I believe, was for a time the quarters of Championnet. Speaking of generals—as we came through Portici, we saw a regiment drawn out to receive some one with military honors; and who was the visiter but our old friend the Russian, who was dressed like a field marshal, and his ribs were covered with

crosses and stars. There is much in a good dress; it is a good character, till a rogue is known, and it transformed our Russian from the mildest and most humble cap-in-hand man, to a soldier of dignified presence, and noble bearing.

Above the General's house, and on the brink of black fields of lava, is the Hermitage, where a monk sells good mountain wine, to which the general impurity has given the name of *Lachryma Christi*. This is a pleasant spot for a hermitage, removed above even the hum of men, but in front of the city, the bay, and countless towns and villages. Of the hermit I know nothing; but he has a good stand for such anchorites as Ambrose de Lamela. His prospects before are sufficiently attractive, but he has little temptation to cast his eyes behind. In front is a glittering scene, perhaps unequalled on the earth, but in the rear is the blackness of desolation. There is no green thing, nor anything but a wide expanse of lava and cinders. Having crossed this, we came to the ascent of the crater, which is, I should judge, nearly a mile. It is in shape, smoke, color, and steepness, like one of our coal pits, and covered with dark ashes, in which the foot sinks deeply. My guide chose the easiest route to the lower gap of the crater, and walked before, giving me a hold on his sash to help me upwards, to the summit. Here we rested awhile, with smoke around and fire beneath us; but, unlike the Jews in the wilderness, we had a view of the happy country before us, a land flowing with milk and honey. We stood like conquerors, with glory before us, and desolation in the rear.

The crater within is more steep than on the outside; yet it could be descended by ropes; but it has swallowed one philosopher already, and why should I feed it with the body of another? The smoke ascends steadily, but

when your eyes become accustomed to the obscurity of the den, you can discover its bottom. It is apparently an arch of hardened lava, fallen in at places where there are gaps and cracks, for the passage of smoke and flame. The crater is, I should conjecture, more than half a mile across. On putting our ear to the crevices in the ascent, we could hear the roaring of flame as in an oven, but could see nothing but smoke. At these crevices, the ashes are hot enough to burn a boot or roast an egg, and we tested both by actual experiments.

At a higher point of the crater, (I use the Irish orthography,) was a lady and two gentlemen, who had come up without a guide, over a difficult route. We scrambled up to them, and gave the lady, who was French, the best of our refreshments.

The air at this altitude had somewhat of a chill, after the perspiration of the ascent. We descended on a plane so much inclined, that the principle of gravitation almost made us slide, and as our footing in the ashes was secure, we ventured upon steps that might well be called strides. If measured, there would have been a result of five yards at a jump. Before we left the summit, we had given an impulse to several large stones, which rolled down the mountain, raising tracks of dust, and ploughing into it like cannon balls. Now was the time when the lady shewed her aptitude to learn a mischievous lesson, and her gratitude for our good wine, for she set two or three rocks rolling at once, and as they came in our track, it seemed to give her pleasure to see us skipping about to avoid them. It was of small use to call to her, and when we made signals of distress, she pretended to be very intent upon the crater. Having stood several discharges, the war became too hot, and we tied a white cravat to the guide's staff, and began to reascend for a parley. The enemy, upon this, retreated higher up the

mountain, to her allies, and by the soul of Suwarrow, had she fallen into my hands, I would have omitted none of the usages of war.

Having repelled this Amazonian attack on the rear guard, we retreated in more safety than honor. Two days afterwards, I met the same lady in the Chaija, when she began a grave apology, and laughed in the midst of it.

The monk came out to congratulate us on our safe return, informing us that 'our mountain' had of late shewn evil symptoms, but he relied for insurance upon St January, more than his own merits, though neither would reduce the premium with underwriters. We asked him to give us a sketch of his life and opinions, but he said his life was a blank, and it was his opinion that the amount of piety was in proportion to the number of pater noster. We looked into a few of his books of sacred literature, consisting of the lives of the saints, and the deaths of martyrs. He asked our country, which we told, when he requested that we would send him a couple of birds that could talk, and the same request had been made to us before.

At Salvatore's house we had a cold cut, and made a small collection of his lavas and minerals. We told him that we had found him more honest than his countrymen, but he assured us he was no better than the rest.

The people of Naples seem to be more cheerful than those of Rome. The reason must be, that good wine and macaroni are cheaper here, that there is less restriction in public amusement, and more of the *dolce far niente*.

The Neapolitans are a handsome race of men, and I found a great resemblance between the ladies and those of South Wales. In both places they have large and

brilliant eyes, and an air of languor that may be instantly succeeded by the greatest animation. Here they may be said to act less from reflection than feeling; when the impulse is good, all is well; but when bad—alas! alas!

Perhaps they do not prize too high the honor of their lords, or instill the lessons of Lucretia into their children. But custom defends a great many evils, and it requires a mind of no common mould to do right, where it is the universal custom to do wrong; and therefore we deem it a sufficient excuse for the coarseness even of Shakspeare, to lay the fault upon the age in which the poet lived. Whence it follows, in my catenation of deduction, that a lady who is sometimes frail in Italy, may not be half so lost and degraded as one who once forgets her duty here. Here, though ‘all be lost *but* honor,’ it may be retrieved; but there is no hope of amendment in those who fall; in spite of the barriers that our state of society raises for their support. They cannot fall, but when the mind is tainted with a moral leprosy, beyond all hope of cure.

The Lazzaroni, as I told you before, are a philosophic race of vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, somewhat like the Gipseys in England. Their employment is begging and fishing; and their pleasure, like that of Diogenes, is to ‘lie in the sun.’ Like the rest of their countrymen, they have no *indifferent* subject for conversation; everything is a subject for excitement. They cannot speak in an under tone, and if they try to whisper, it is as an actor speaks aside on the stage, that all the house may hear him. Their voices on a high key are harsh and dissonant, but when they speak very low, it is like the murmur of music. The shades of emotion pass over their faces, as in a child. In our cold region of sarcasm and

selfishness, a man must conceal his emotions betimes; therefore a wise one, with us, assumes some hard and uniform expression of face, to hide his thoughts, as three foot ice conceals the wimples of the stream.

But where the sun burns a darker crimson in the cheek, and sheds tenfold lustre on the eye, neither eye nor cheek are taught, or can practice, this lesson of deception. The passion of the moment is pictured on the face, and in the street you pass men smiling, frowning and weeping, agitated with hope, fear, hatred, disappointment, and revenge.

The men, many of them, wear mustaches, and have rings in the ears. They look very much like blackguards, and have a vile custom of kissing each other on both sides of the mouth, for I once had to run the gauntlet between fifteen pair of mustaches.

NO. XIV.

SIR—The Neapolitans are a cheerful race, extracting from a carline more hilarity than I could ever squeeze from a ducat; for some fear of the future, or experience of the past, would arise to annoy me. But the present only enters into their thoughts, or rather feelings, and under a sky so soft, in a land so teeming with abundance, and so stamped with beauty, even the wise might place too much of their enjoyment on the present and passing day.

But how shall I describe the ladies of Naples? They are graceful brunettes, with faces of great expression,

and ‘hair long and dark, like a tempestuous winter night.’ Without doubt, they are as exemplary in their lives as the matrons of Rome and Florence, patterns for conjugal fidelity, and all the domestic virtues, though not very industrious or literary; they toil not, neither do they read.

There is at Naples a small race of horses, but they are hardy and strong. The cows are as large as our oxen, and their horns are a yard long. The milk is not sold as here, from tin canisters and yellow wagons, for the cow is led round, and milked before the purchaser, who must even then have his eyes about him, lest he buy lime and water.

‘The milk of the country is white,
But the milk of the city is blue.’

The butter is not good; it is sold in little rolls, wrapped in green leaves. Bread is excellent and cheap; a loaf large enough for breakfast may be had for a cent, and the whole meal may be completed for three cents more. The coffee houses are many, but you may walk far without seeing a dram shop; I saw not one. It was my custom to dine at a cook-shop, where a bill of fare, with prices, is given, and one may dine for a dime or a dollar; but I got ten dinners out of a dollar. At the *trattoria*, a monk sought my acquaintance, asking my name, and saying that his own was Father Felippo. He was a barefooted friar, of such bulk as is seldom acquired by abstinence; and it was a cheap pleasure for me to feast him upon parmesan and macaroni. He ate it after the manner of all true Neapolitans, and of the king himself. He threw back his head, as if to examine a fresco over it, and holding the long vermiform strings of his favorite food above his open mouth, would gain much in time and quantity over him who fed with a spoon. I never

saw, in human face, more satisfaction than illuminated the monk's broad features, at the sight of macaroni.

The mountain of fat piled upon Father Felippo's ribs, could not suppress the liberal curiosity of an inquisitive mind. He asked me, concerning America, a great many judicious questions—if it were an island, if all our birds could talk, if we had a large fish that gave us oil, and if there were among us any Christians, monks, or nuns. I answered for the credit of the country as well as I could; but I fear that the Republic suffered in the estimation of the Church, for I could but say that we had the fish and the birds, though we were too little enlightened to have monks or nuns. I expressed a belief that we had many vestals, at which he displayed a row of ivory fit for Othello, and said, 'that 's quite a different affair.'

I visited the monk at his quarters, on a hill; I have seen many convents, and not one that was not in a well chosen place. The monks have equal judgment in the interior of their hives, and make (as has been said) a straight passage from the refectory to the kitchen, while the route to the chapel is often circuitous. From Felippo's nest I saw the whole *campagna felice*, its vines, and its gardens, enclosed by the Appenines. The country is an Eden; but it is a paradise of felons. It is Lord Say's Kent, *bona terra mala gens*.

I went to hear a preacher, who was, I believe, a Franciscan, for he had a rope as a girdle, that would have made a better collar. He was much followed. His harangues that I heard were upon the sufferings of the martyrs. He described, and not without force, the sufferings that so many painters were well pleased to represent—torture for the sake of faith; and he hoped, he said, to live to see his hearers suffer with constancy. I seemed to have gotten into a Methodist conventicle, for the people would groan at a solemn denunciation, and

applaud the encouragement and promises. His action was too violent for our stage, but gentle enough for a mountebank. He praised also the sanctity of hermits, and referred to Ambrose de Lamela, upon the mountain, living like a saint, in a black and desolate waste, without animal or vegetable life, where the sun illuminates the broken points of lava, only to throw the cavities into a deeper and more awful shade; as a good impulse sometimes falls upon the heart of a bad man, that he may discover, from the contrast, his own dark depravity.

There is a vast palace of red stone, called the Bourbon Museum, very rich in sculptures and other antiquities. On entering one of the halls of statues, you find yourself among objects like the inhabitants of the eastern tale, who were turned, by enchantment, into stone, in the midst of their employments—dancing, wrestling, fighting, or declaiming. ‘Is it petrified nature, or animate marble?’

Before I saw busts and statues, I knew not how necessary they were to the study of history; but when I now read of a very good or a very bad man of antiquity, my imagination has his very features to fix upon.

In this Museum is, what is rare, a statue of Caligula. There were many statues of him while he lived, but at his lamented death, almost all were destroyed. The Roman people held him in such singular reverence, that it renewed their grief for his loss, to see so many of his images in marble; and therefore a swift destruction overtook them all.

Caracalla, too, was so vain of his own soft features, that he caused so many busts to be made, that many remain for the reverence of posterity. The expression in all is lowering and sulky, for the sculptors flattered him as little as the historians; but, like Napoleon, I do not believe that these Roman Emperors were half so bad as

represented. What is the evidence of history, and how remote is the chance of coming at the truth (even in our own times) of what we do not see, and if seen, of warping the evidence of our senses to the dictate of our wills. Yet to judge of Caracalla from the features he has left in marble, would not be to esteem him a very placable prince. In fact, if I should see a man so scowl at me from behind a rock in the Pyrenees, I should have little hope of safety in appealing to his mercy.

'There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear,
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope, withering fled, and mercy bid farewell.'

Perhaps you can fancy the high relish with which the populace smashed such busts upon the pavements.

There is a bust or two, and a statue, of Julius Cæsar, who left the empire to so many amiable princes of his line. Augustus was the first, and he had a heart of adamant. He was the very man to consolidate the despotism, and to cover his power under names of liberty, leaving little for his successors to do, but to administer the supreme power, which Tiberius did so well.

Tiberius, when age had softened a few asperities in a temper not naturally rough, issued those just and equitable decrees, that have given him so distinguished a place in history, and so flattering a picture for the pencil of Tacitus. But he was a better man than his adoptive father, and had in his proscriptions and murders, at least the wolf-like and man-like motive of revenge; while Augustus was a cool, calculating wretch, doing nothing from passion, but all from policy. Having, like Jaffier, 'deceived the senate,' he probably deluded himself, and died in the belief that he was no worse than other men, but even a prince distinguished for mercy and clemency. But I would rather have the heart of Nero, and act from his wild, mad impulses, than from the craft of Augustus.

Nero has claims upon our remembrance. His face was round, and expressed imbecility rather than violent passion. He had the same kind of face that you will often see enlivened by a small, leaden, pig's eye.

But do you think that the old Romans really had those enormous hooked noses? I thought so too; for I read Virgil, in a Dutch edition, with plates, in which Æneas was represented in the likeness of the King William, whose nose was anything but a pug.

Cicero, indeed, had a magnificent aquiline, Julius Cæsar was a little hooked in the beak, and Augustus and Titus had something large in the way of nose, but in general, the busts have as great a variety as you would find in the same number of faces in any other country.

I could go on, sir, in this desultory manner, stringing together my recollections like artificial pearls, till the winter session comes to editorial relief. But if a merciful man should be kind to his beast, he cannot surely be hard with his friend. When you reflect that this is my second crop of reminiscences of Italy, and that I knew not in one week what I was to write the next, it will not much stretch your charity to overlook a thousand faults. In the letters from the Alps, I claim a greater immunity; for I was never there, and had no leisure to examine books and correct the careless journal of a friend. But 'forever and forever farewell,' Italy, garden of the world, land of song, of solemn temples, crumbling arches, glorious recollections, beauty and banditti, masses and macaroni.

From Naples I went to Sardinia, where I passed a week, with little pleasure. It was in a brig from Palermo, that we anchored in a little harbor off the Straits of Bonifacio. The crew went ashore and raised supplies of mutton, 'after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin.'

Near Corsica we passed, at some distance, an English bark, and happening to have an American flag, we ran it up, but without return of civility. Perhaps the Sicilian flag would have attracted more favor, for an Englishman is not over much delighted to meet a republican navy in these seas.

'Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aquæ.'

I met in Italy a great many Englishmen—but what do you know of Mr Bull. It is an impostor that goes by that name in America, a runaway servant, wearing his master's dress, and trying to ape his manner. But in Italy there are no trading cockneys, and the English there are the rich, the titled, and the learned. But they were seemingly so unsocial and cold, that they reminded me of a good chestnut in the burr, for they proved, upon acquaintance, better than they seemed. In several solitary walks, I met a Briton; we passed, but not like dogs, for they will look at each other; yet we were among broken columns, that had for centuries declared the folly of human pride. Again we met at Miseno, 'by the upbraiding shore,' but the ocean upbraided in vain. Our next meeting was at the rooms of a friend, who brought the two extremes together.

On the voyage to Gibraltar we had a gale, and it gave us no pleasure, while it lasted, to see the sea fowl forsaking their element, and making for the shore. I had little confidence in the sailors, and they had none in themselves. Capt. Grammatico wrung his hands, and cursed himself for a fool, that he did not enter Carthagena, and I agreed with him in sentiment. But we had now nothing to do but to scud along the shore. The coast of Spain seemed to us beautiful beyond comparison; the hills were green, in the valleys were towns, and on the hills castles and monasteries. We were driving rapidly

into a part between Barbary and Spain, where the sea was narrow, and our ill managed vessel was already shattered. My forebodings were dismal, and I defy you to feel less at ease than I felt, till the second morning, when the wind abated. While it raged, the master did little but cross himself and the coming waves. I kept myself as cool as was convenient, but none of us felt at ease, till we doubled the point of Europa.

Now, sir, like great men in politics, I quit the ground whereon I have stood so long, and request your favor to my Recollections of Japan; for twentyseven misspent years ago I was at Nangasaki. I might indeed change my signature, and cheat the public, but I could not deceive you, who would at once know the old dog, though in a new doublet.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN.

NO. I.

SIR—Early in the present century, I sailed from Batavia for Nangasaki, in Japan; I have a few loose memoranda, like the Sybil's responses, on separate leaves, and from these I state that in July we arrived at our port. On passing the South Cavallos, an island at the mouth of the harbor, we saluted with nine guns; then

at Papenberg, which made the larboard point of the bay, we gave the Japanese nine more, when we were boarded by the upper Banjo. We were surrounded by an incredible number of boats, that came to tow us up should there happen to be a calm, but we had breeze enough. Two miles higher, we passed the Emperor's watch, two small forts on each side of the bay, and there we burnt powder for eighteen guns, nine from each quarter. Two miles farther is the place of anchorage, where we let go anchor, and having roared with our mortar thirteen times more, the stately ceremonial was over.

The ship was dressed according to the custom here, in all the ensigns she could muster. The powder was then taken from us to be carried on shore, and we were deprived also of our boats; the roll was called, and an account taken of us all; when, having undergone the strictest search, I was permitted to go on shore, where I was searched again, and a third time at the entrance of the Waterport, on the island Decima, where I was led to the Dutch governor, who gave me his welcome and the port regulations in Dutch.

A large corps of *Tallars* came also to the governor to ask the news of Europe; the questions were asked with shrewdness and the answers written down for the Emperor at Jeddo. The city is distant fourteen days' travel, at the rate of the mail, which goes fast. When the strange looking interpreters had gone, I walked round the island, which is but small; it is artificially raised upon the flats that surround Nangasaki, and in ordinary tides it is but ten feet above water. The island is surrounded with a wall ten feet high, with spikes on the top; through the wall are two gates—the waterport and the gate that leads to the city. The island is joined to the city by a bridge about forty rods in length, and over

this space the water is conveyed in bamboos to the island. After rains it is troubled, but, having settled, it is good water.

Decima was built by the Portuguese, and when they were ordered, in consequence of their christian zeal, to retire from Japan, the Dutch were removed from Veranda here; and they do not seem to have enough of that kind of zeal to lead them into peril of banishment.

The fire once swept the whole island, though it is now built over, and has several large and commodious stores. The Dutch factory has a garden, with vegetables, good peaches, and sour grapes. There is an upperhoft, or director, who has a private secretary—a pack-house master and three writers—a doctor, a carpenter, and a steward, which make in all nine whites, but they have a great many Japanese servants, some of whom speak and write Dutch with precision. The pay of the Company's officers is not so great that the offices are much sought; the governor himself longed to return to Batavia, though he had been here but a year.

They have but five per cent. on sales in Japan, and as much on the return cargo; of this the director takes sixty per cent., the pack-house master twenty, the secretary ten, and the three writers and the doctor, divide the other ten; the steward and carpenter have low wages and nothing more.

A few years before we came, when three or four large ships arrived, the commission was respectable, and the director had little desire to go to Batavia; though like all ambitious people, he looked for better times.

However, a good table and low monthly wages are furnished at the expense of the Company. The rent paid to the Japanese government yearly for the island, is ten thousand rix dollars. The houses are built low

and strong from fear of earthquakes; the doctor told us that in 1799, there were thirty shocks in one day, and that a large town on a mountain ten miles off, was swallowed with about three thousand people. But what is that in such an ant-hill as Japan?

The first officer of the customs is called the upper Banjo, and no store can be opened or business transacted without him. The ship is guarded night and day by two armed boats, and nothing is landed nor is any one allowed to go on shore, but on the strictest examination. When the cargo is discharged, it is an important day for the customhouse officers; the first secretary of the Japanese governor comes on board in pomp and parade with many attendants, while the ship is decked in all her flags to honor the representative.

The Japanese are a very polite people, and they have polished the Dutchmen, who salute the Banjos according to the forms in the code of propriety. The first manœuvre is to place the hands upon the knees, to bow the head almost to the ground, and lift it only when directed, though an interval of ten minutes precedes the direction. I have seen two reporters thus crouched for an hour and a half, till the upper Banjo told them to rise, and they dared not till then raise even their eyes. When the representative of the governor comes on board, the rules of civility (which are more strictly enforced than in our own country) require that the Dutchmen, governor and all, lie upon the deck; but the Dutch are an accommodating people, and would carry their complaisance as far as Japanese punctilio could possibly require.

Once in four years, the governor, secretary, and doctor, make a visit to Jeddo, to carry the Company's presents to the Emperor. The journey is completed in about four months, and the presents go in a cavalcade,

which is closed by an army of tallars; in the intermediate years, four tallars are sent with a few presents to report affairs to the Emperor.

The last governor died in his pilgrimage, and is buried near Meaco; permission was not readily granted for his interment, and the condition on which he was buried was to shave his head and receive a Japanese name. The doctor who accompanied this governor, was at Nangasaki, where he lived eight years, and must have seen much of the customs of the country, though he was rather shy in his communications; I was sufficiently inquisitive, but all the company's servants seemed jealous of us, and were unwilling to speak of Japan, or else had nothing to say.

In this journey to Jeddo, the mode of travelling is in palankeens, till the company comes to a place where it takes boats to thread among the countless islands around Niphon; and the voyage in the barks is of about fourteen days.

The Emperor lives at Jeddo, and the Diari, a sort of Pontifex Maximus, at Meaco; he is an object of the most profound veneration, and is held to be a type of the Divinity.

Charlevoix calls the Japanese the English of Asia; but which Islanders did he wish to compliment? At first, I thought these people a sort of Dog-Chinese; but more known, I rated them higher; they are more affable, polite, brave, and kind, than the Chinese, though it is hard to settle their relative honesty.

There is among the islanders a feeling that leads them to act to the extent of their wild code of honor; of course, duelling is a frequent practice, especially among the military, and those in high employments at court. Their manner of fighting is what ours sometimes is not, a test of the courage and fortitude of the parties; in

our rencontres, both parties often escape a wound, but in Japan a gash is the very preliminary of the combat, for the party who desires satisfaction or revenge, meets his enemy, whisks out his hanger, rips up his own belly, and infamy is the portion of the other, if he fail to do the same. Generally, they fear death as little as you fear eating an egg when it is good. It is a lesson instilled into youth (as it was tried to get Latin into me) that death is a lighter evil than dishonor, and their after life has opportunities enough to practice on these early principles.

To offend the Emperor is, of course, to deserve death, and to die; commonly, the culprit executes himself, for by this anticipation, no dishonor falls upon his lineage, nor is there a confiscation of estate; but his children inherit with his good name, their father's wealth. Sometimes, however, the man with many titles conceives offence, like Tiberius, in the secret recesses of his own inscrutable heart, and the offender, with regard to this life, is like a tenant at sufferance, who has little notice to quit. At other times, the man with the diadem sends forth the mandate that the venerated Roman sent to Seneca—to die, and the message is as coolly received, and executed. When the Emperor would confer honor, he sends also a sword, wherewith to do the business with *despatch*, though you hate a pun; the person thus honored with the imperial orders, invites his friends to a last banquet, talks of the immortality of the soul, and liberates his own, by a sudden jerk, from its mortal incumbrances. When we shall have an Emperor in North America, I hope to see the same custom among the people, and I should like even now to see Japanese duelling substituted for ours, inasmuch as it is more rational, and has greater certainty of satisfaction. Sometimes, to be a good shot, argues a consciousness of

timidity, and were all our duellists compelled to hit themselves in the spot where they wish to strike their enemy, there would be less practice in small gunnery. But after all that has been said and preached, is it worse to hew the limbs in combat than to hack the character in calumny? Is open hostility though violent, as demoralizing as secret enmity, covered with hypocrisy as a leprosy, and plotting vengeance while it seems to offer peace? I am a peaceful citizen, without talent or taste for war, but my system shall be storm and sally, not mine and countermine.

We deceive others, but first we delude ourselves; we think that we are just, and we are praised for justice, when we pay for what we buy: we should censure ourselves a little, and others more, to refuse, when able to pay our debts. What *are* our debts? do we owe nothing to men more valuable than gold? Would any man part with his good name for money, and do we not refuse to render justice where it is fairly due, by speaking well of those we honor and dislike?

There are in Japan a countless number of priests, devotees and pilgrims: the religion is in some points like the Roman Catholic, for the temples abound with images, that may be called idols. One temple at Meaco has 33,333, and it is called from that number—*Sanmen-Sansin-Sanbiak-Sansieu-Santai*.

As the Japanese know nothing of the spirit of Christianity, but misjudge it, from the catholic zeal of the Portuguese, who tried to extend their faith with little choice of means; it is hardly strange that the cross should not be held in reverence. Therefore one day is set apart in the calendar, when they offer indignity to that sign of our salvation, and even small children are led up that they may trample upon it. The calendar has besides this, a reasonable allowance of festivals,

some at the full, and others at the change of the moon: and there was a *star-feast* celebrated once while I was at Japan, which was honored by a profusion of lamps hung on the outside of the houses.

But the most poetical, and the most popular is the feast of souls, held in memory of friends who are dead. It continues four days, and is worthy the imitation of a more refined people. On the first day of the feast there is prepared in each family a profusion of viands, that would not disgrace our own feast of thanks: the feast however is on the succeeding night, and like Hamlet's wedding banquet, it is cold. At this all the friends of the family are invited and a place and plate assigned to the deceased; whether they actually rise and occupy it, like Banquo, I know not, but the dead are welcomed with grave ceremonial; for questions are put to them, which are permitted to be answered by deputy, and some one of the living replies to what is said in behalf of his constituents, the dead. The next day (like our days succeeding midnight feasts) is devoted to sleep, and at night the numberless thousands of the city and surrounding country pour out to the semi-circle of hills, which is the place of the tombs. As the tombs are on the sides of the mountains, and as there are probably a hundred lamps to one person, the sight is a brilliant one, as the lights seem to be dancing about in a maze of splendor as you will see in June, on the meadows, at our festival of the lightning-bugs. On the next day comes a long siesta, and on the evening of this day the lights are seen advancing from the mountains, and converging to the water-side in front of the city. At the same time there is a numerous fleet direct from Lilliput, made of straw and furnished with paper sails; the lamps are put on board and the ships, three feet long, are set adrift, amid the shouts of some hundred thousand people.

I think there may have been five thousand barks thus fitted with lights, and as the wind drove them out in various directions, and the flames communicated to the straw, paper, and oil; it was a glorious sight to see, better in my estimation than the battle of the Nile.

The Japanese funerals are only by night, and the body is buried in a kneeling posture in a tub; at the grave the hair of the deceased which has been previously cut, is burnt, together with a great many paper lamps. The priest then stamps the character of the deceased upon the forehead, and the clerical estimate of merit is dependant on the price given for a certificate; however, a little money will buy a good name, and the priest, like our epitaphs, is seldom known to speak ill of the dead—a forbearance that I recommend to you and others concerning the living.

NO. II.

SIR,—A Japanese claims a higher origin than a Virginian, or even a New England man; it is recorded as the commencement of the annals that a few hundred centuries ago an Emperor of China, who, like some other great men, had lived so ill that he felt a reluctance to die, asked his physician for medicines that would enable him to live forever.

The doctor looked grave, said the request was reasonable, and might be obtained; there is, said he, an island far to the east, covered with flowers and odoriferous trees, where I must gather the simples that are to make your majesty live as long as the latest of your posterity. But they must be plucked under the plane-

tary influences, and to propitiate the skies, there must be a company of three hundred youths and virgins, which I would select from the best of the celestial empire. This wise prince sent his physician at the head of the train, with which it was the doctor's secret policy to found a colony in Japan, and from this spotless stock descended the present people of the islands.

The priests seem to borrow some profitable maxims from the Catholics, and a gainful trade is carried on in the sale of indulgencies; an indulgency is supposed to be a better thing than an absolution, though for the latter the priest demands the higher price. The dress of these sacerdotal brokers is like that of a capuchin friar; the head, too, is shaven, and there is a string of beads.

There is a general diversity in points of religious belief; the Japanese believe in a Suprême Being, and a future state of punishments and rewards; but these general truths are obscured by a thousand wild errors. There are no quarrels for religion, and every creed is tolerated but the true. They have such a paynim hatred of Christians that it is surprising they do not favor Jews; they have more ceremonies and mummery than can be described; they have pilgrimages to the tombs of saints, and other places considered holy. They are given to repetitions in their prayers, and there are certain shrines of saints by the road side, where it is thought advantageous to repeat them a great many times.

That travellers in haste may have the full benefit without delay, there is an ingenious way to pray by machinery; this is a small engine with a crank, where the needful prayers are written on a barrel wheel, and every twist of the crank turns one out. Were the Yankee people Catholic, to pray to Saint George, and Saint January, this would be the very device for that labor-

saving race, though in these times there is a little too much friction to their wheels.

There were at Nangasaki seyen Chinese junks from Amoy, a large town in the province of Fokein, on the Straits of Formosa. Fourteen commonly arrive in the year, and each junk takes away thirteen hundred chests of copper, for there is a restriction that no more shall be taken; their other lading consists in a few sharks's fins, and in lacquered ware. The junks are not of the largest class, and, considering the model, it is amazing that they should ever reach Japan; they would be but queer tubs in the Bay of Biscay. They seem capacious, like a Dutch galliot, but it is only because they are so high forward and aft, for they are shallow in the water. The sails are of mats and the anchors are of wood, for the Chinese are too proud and too bigoted to old usages to copy the light model of European ships. On the largest junk mast is a square sail of about half an acre (more or less;) there is no reefing this kind of canvass—but there are small apertures, like doors, in the middle of the sail, which are opened and shut.

The Japanese bestow certain hospitable attentions upon their friends, the Chinese; that is, they pen them up like sheep, and haul the junks high and dry ashore. The Chinese have a national aptitude for smuggling, which gift has been cultivated by art, and with all the Japanese caution, there is a brisk trade that is not on the books of the customs.

There was an affray between the officers of the revenue and the crew of a junk; contraband goods were on board, and the officers were received with the ceremony of a volley of missiles. It is strange that the offenders escaped so easily; they had but a hundred lashes apiece, except the officers who had double,

though as the crew was large, I pitied the floggers, for on a melting hot day they had to lay on about forty thousand lashes. The Chinese made horrid grimaces; but had the Dutch committed a crime like this, a hard death would have followed it, for the Japanese would as soon suffer their own *dogs* to turn upon them.

The upper Banjo, or chief officer of the customs was a man of such natural shrewdness and untiring perseverance, that it was thought he would have a higher place at Jeddo; he permitted me to read the invoices of the articles brought from China, which were sugar candy, silks, clothes, porcelains, hard-ware, cardamum seed, betel-nut, gold in bars, liquorice root, and sandal wood.

All the metals of Japan are of the best quality; the copper is excellent, and as to steel, the best tools I ever had were brought from Japan. There are mines of gold, which it is the wise policy of the Emperor to close; there is one in sight of Naingasaki, guarded day and night, as if access to it would depopulate or demoralize the country.

While at Nangasaki, I was permitted several times to go freely and unattended into the town, where I was treated with the utmost kindness. There was an alacrity to show me what I desired to see, and to minister to my convenience, that showed a good heart in the Japanese. I do not remember to have seen a town with so many happy faces, and, during my whole stay, I did not see anything like a wrangle. The ladies that I was permitted to behold, had delicate features, and small, but expressive, eyes; many of them would have been thought beautiful in your own fastidious city, and the manner of arranging the hair seemed to have been studied from a Grecian statue, though the locks were a little swelled out from the temples as in the Sphinx.

They are not so dark even as the Italians; for they seldom encounter the direct gaze of the sun, and all flowers that bloom in the shade, are pale; yet they take some exercise, chiefly in a small cart with low wheels, that a servant pushes before him after the manner of a wheelbarrow. There are many coaches also of the antique European construction, which are drawn by horses, or oxen.

Another device of the ladies to walk forth in the shade is a sort of umbrella, in the shape of a bell or an extinguisher to a lamp. It has a window in front, and a servant walks ten feet in the rear of his mistress and holds it over her head and shoulders from the end of a pole; it has a picturesque appearance and the lady looks like a butterfly under the petals of a lily.

A spanking pair of oxen makes a very good team, and they show better abreast, than as I have seen them in Gloucestershire in a *tandem aliquando*. In Europe the prejudice is in favor of horses, but in Asia the ass is as honorable a beast, and at Japan and the Cape of Good Hope the ox is not without estimation. In that part of Africa an ox is broke to the saddle, and made to curvet like a nag; I have myself seen the King of the Hottentots, (and a handsome man he was) riding through Cape Town full speed upon a brown ox.

In describing the festival of the lanterns, I omitted one peculiarity, for, according to the strictness of ancient custom, it is not lawful to demand payment, except at this feast. It is too good a custom to be confined to an island, for once in a year is enough to be dunned anywhere. Of all lugubrious days (and just now they are doubly dismal,) of all first days of winter or last of autumn, of all solemn anniversaries of unfortunate events not one is as sorrowful as the last day of grace. The

dew drops may glitter on the rose in the morning, the breath of summer may come over banks of violets, the sun may rise like an orb of glory, but it will seem cheerless as it did to the sick Lefevre and his son, when it ushers in the last day of grace.

There is another feast that smacks a little of chivalry; religion, (as in some of our feuds) is the pretext; *hoc prætextit nomine culpam*, but private animosity is the cause. This festival, which is held in honor of the god of war, brings into the lists a great many combatants, who take this method to settle their private quarrels, and, in a country where revenge is virtue, many dead bodies must be left upon the field. Ignorant savages! that know no better way to get satisfaction for injuries received, or inflicted; for we hate those more whom we injure, than those who injure us. With us Christians, revenge is as sweet, and is safer to be had than in Japan; the general custom here, is not to attack life itself, but that whereon life depends, and which is more to our enemies than money was to Shylock. We aim our archery at the character and reputation of our foes, and as we shoot from an ambush, the victim writhes, while the archer is unknown; he is invisible as the pestilence that walks at noon day, and, having inflicted the wound, is commonly the first to offer his insulting condolence to the sufferer. This is often done under the white robe of public duty; and a man that has the rancor of hell in his soul, will immolate one whom he envies, under the pretence that he is serving the commonwealth.

The salutations of the Japanese are more graceful than those of Europe. These people however incline too much to ceremony; enough to remind one of Noodle and Doodle, on the stage; it is nevertheless, the genuine politeness, like that we call of the old school, un-

like the total apathy and suppression of all feeling that constitutes high breeding in England. At London, it is vulgar to be moved or surprised at anything, and a man of fashion would lose caste to show temper while he is bitterly insulting another or to wink at the explosion of a powder magazine.

Cross the channel and you find a different state of things, to which it is not possible for an Englishman to accommodate himself. For to be a favorite with the dames of France, one must have enthusiasm in all things. This will cover all defects and without it there is no favor in Paris. Americans are more caressed there than the English, because they have never trained themselves to suppress the marks of all emotion as a duty of politeness, and because they have also more ardor of character than the English.

That the Japanese are no wranglers may be seen in their dictionary. They have no terms of abuse in the language and one cannot in words abuse another; unless by a figure of speech.

In English, we have in controversy the advantage of about four thousand words of abuse that were created for the system of private warfare that I mentioned above; they express every variety of reproach from that which is but slightly ridiculous, to that which includes an utter destitution of intellect, morals or manners. Authors stand at the head of our literature, only from their skill in the application of these terms, and the invention of figures to express the same meaning more circuitously, and therefore with more elegance; it follows that Junius and Swift, and newspaper writers generally, will be the last to be translated into Japanese.

NO. III.

DEAR SIR—Japan is as populous as an old cheese, and it is cultivated like a garden. Botanists complain of the scarcity of all but the useful and cultivated plants; all others are considered weeds, and eradicated as our farmers grub up a shrub oak. It would fatten Mr Coke of Norfolk (supposing him to be lean) to ride a hundred miles in this country; there is nothing like it even about Holkham. There is such a population in Japan that little land can lie fallow; what think you of 5000 people to the square mile? It is equal to the number in Washington City.

The inhabitants, however, have various ways of reducing the census, one of which is to strangle their infants, when earthquakes have grown so unfrequent that there are more mouths than penny loaves, for there are no wars, as in Europe, wherein the surplus vagabonds may be expended. How would their wise men marvel at our policy and power of multiplying the population, especially in Ohio, and States westward! It would astonish the political economists of Japan to be told that in 1787 Ohio had no white people; that in three years more it had three thousand whites; in ten years therefore fortytwo thousand; in ten years more two hundred and thirty thousand, and in five years later four hundred thousand. This is wonderful, even here, but in other countries it is scarcely credible. The scavans of Japan say that they have no accurate data for a correct census; and that they might as well try to count the birds on the trees as a people with so many thousands, without house or home, settlement or parish. Jeddo, they say, has ten millions, and I think it can have little less; if this be an invention, it is a lie with

a circumstance, for they say that the official returns give in the main streets two hundred and eighty thousand houses, with an average of more than thirty people to a house, and that the very blind amount to thirtysix thousand. This gives a town about one hundred and forty times as large as Boston. Meaco which is a small town in comparison, has, according to Kœmpfer, two millions six hundred thousand people ; he was a day in riding through it, though not a direct line and probably not at the top of his speed.

The Japanese ships are inferior even to the Chinese. To diminish the probability of the dreaded foreign intercourse, the ships are obliged by law to have such low sterns that they could not live in any sea ; they are unsafe even in creeping along the shore. The navigation about Japan is so difficult, that it is good training for seamen ; and the Japanese are excellent sailors, conducting their miserable craft with great skill among rocks, shoals, sandbanks, whirlpools, reefs of rocks, coral and waterspouts. These waterspouts are called, in Japanese philosophy, sea dragons ; and they are really thought to be animals with long tails. Were not the sailors adventurous, there would be no navigation, for a voyage of ten leagues is as perilous as the first voyage of Columbus.

These people make no use of the flesh of animals that are employed in labor, so that good beef is not in repute, and in fact, little animal food is eaten; the chief and favorite food is rice and vegetables, though the priests eat animal food. As there are few cattle, there is neither milk, nor butter, nor cheese; and sheep, goats, and hogs, are seldom kept. But if the Japanese care little for beef and mutton, they have the true insular taste for fish; they eat all that the sea produces, which are the more esteemed, if they have lain for a week dead upon the shore.

The dress of the people is uniform, and has been so for ages, so that a good garment for state occasions may serve a great many generations. It is not so here, where the fashion of a coat changes before the tailor is paid, supposing, that he gives a moderate credit. The neck and part of the breast are bare, the robe is loose, the sleeves wide, and, in a cold day, the hands thrust into them, as in a muff. They seldom wear hats, but what are worn are generally of straw, wide and tied under the chin, though I have seen a grande^e in a leather hat, richly gilded like a dome in Moscow. When the sun is too hot for the brain, the fan is raised for a shade, for a fan is an essential part of the equipment, and there is a long code of ceremonies for its regulation. Soldiers wear it in the girdle by the side of their sabres.

A common soldier is a sort of prince over all but his comrades. The sabre is his chief weapon, and it is of so excellent a temper that it will cut off a board nail without injury to the edge. The guns are clumsy matchlocks, but the bow and arrow is a better weapon. The soldier wears armor, visor and hemlet; a dress admirably adapted to encumber him, but it has one advantage, preventing the possibility of a retreat. The soldier is paid, as all are paid, by those who cultivate the soil, and he is ungrateful enough to oppress his paymaster. The payment is in rice, which is a sort of circulating medium. The soldier is as much above the proper grade as the husbandman is below it; for the latter must share the produce about equally with the lords of the country.

'Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.'

There are a great many monks and religious recluses who live in celibacy, perhaps in chastity, and endure penance from choice. They seem, (like wise men) to

distrust their own power of resistance, and therefore permit no females to approach their dwellings. I saw female devotees, dressed like nuns, affecting an air of modesty that sat gracefully upon them,—but if they were indeed modest common fame owes them reparation. There is a religious order of the blind, (we have some, but of the ‘mind’s eye, Horatio’) which is governed by a principal, who has great powers. The religion of Fo is gaining followers; it includes a belief that all men and beasts have souls that are immortal—that there is a distinction between good and evil, and that bad men after death will animate the bodies of some brute, whom living they most resembled, be it dog, fox, wolf, or hyena. Men, who look into their own hearts and find that all is good, put a period to a well spent life the sooner to enjoy the reward, but with us I have seldom known a good man become his own hangman.

In a country, whose laws are the will of one man, and whose will it must be that his favorites live in splendor, there are many poor; and the beggars are a body so large that it seems strange they do not rob. The dogs too, as in some villages in New England, are more numerous than the people, and they are no less attentive to strangers than our own curs. I was not long since at a town in Middlesex, where, at the confines, I was waited upon by a deputation of six dogs, who turned me over to seven other bands before all the honors were done, and I fairly out of the village. In Japan these faithful animals are held in honor; you will never see one kicked by an ungrateful master, or scouring away with a tin canister at his tail, for the pleasure of a malicious schoolboy. Here, as in Turkey, there are dog-hospitals, where an old hound is fed upon soups, and in his age he sleeps in the sun, sleek and well fed, urging the chase in his dreams and yelping as the prey seems within his reach.

In our country, a dog is less to be envied ; the pup no sooner opens his eyes (which is not done in a day) upon this unfeeling world, than his tail is abbreviated, and his ears are cut off. If he have a master, of an easy and placable temper he is starved, and punished when he steals, though what can poor *Tray* know of *meum* and *tuum*, when the latter is the form of a piece of meat. If the master is severe and stern to view, the dog has little to solace him but the old saw, that every one must have his day. He must suffer for the ill-humor of his master, who, when he is aggrieved by an equal, that he dare not oppose, gives vent to his indignation upon his dog ; who is, like the safety valve of an engine, an outlet for the superabundant ebullition. The poor brute feels no anger, but perhaps loves the more, and, with such humility and fidelity, that had he but reason, he would be a better christian than his master.

Japan is the paradise of dogs, which is more than can be said of New England; the dogs, however, like some rich men, are better fed than taught. As they are more in number than the men, they could bring an immense body into the field; their number, too, is constantly full, or increasing, for they are liable to few of the accidents that take off their masters. Pestilence passes by and touches them not; the earthquake can overtake few so light of foot; and, unlike their owners, they have too much natural feeling to destroy their own offspring. That fabulous malady, hydrophobia, is not known among them; but at home, I have known all the curs in a village knocked on the head, because one of their lineage retreated with his tail under his legs, from the pitchforks of the bumpkins. I myself once gave chace to a spotted dog, from morning to a summer noon. Three of us went to hunt the mad dog, and in going eight miles, our numbers increased to sixtyfive, rank and file, animated with

one soul, but armed with various weapons. The dog charged three times, and thrice he dispersed the column; when he made the last charge, I was myself in front, and seeing no foam at his mouth, and little ferocity in his eye, I called to him, he wagged his tail, and surrendered. I named him Rescue, and kept him five years, when he was hung, on a charge of worrying sheep; for the proof, on the court martial, established the fact, that the sheep had been worried; and probably by a dog. I have known a man hung upon slighter grounds, and what is the hope for a cur?

These dog-hospitals, that I told you of, remind me of a sect of philosophers in India, so humane that they not only brush away with feathers all insects from their path, but so pious and charitable as to leave funds for their support. There is, at Benares, a Refuge for Destitute Mosquitoes, where the funds are bestowed on certain beef-eating fellows, who offer their bare legs and arms, three times a day, for bills as large as a small gimblet.

On the Dorchester flats, the mosquitoes are as large and as hungry as in India, but I never knew but one fool to feed them with his own blood; a few fishermen had kindled a fire to smoke them away, when one made a bet with another, that he would for five minutes suffer, without wincing, every insect that would bite, come cut or long tail. Strip, was the word, and the sufferer laid down as quietly as if he were to die for his creed or country. Four minutes and a half had gone, and he lay as motionless as the Dying Gladiator; but his comrade came behind, like Glenalvon, and touched him on the back with a burning coal, when the poor fellow clapped his hand on the part, saying, 'I should have won, though, but for that d——d ganninipper.'

There are a great many unlucky days in the Japanese calendar, on which they begin no enterprise, and the

priests have something to do in consequence of this belief. They also have possession of a great many warm springs, which are always found in volcanic districts, and each fountain has the power to wash away a particular sin; and who would not like to wash away his sins without the trouble of amending his heart and his life? The consequence is, that there are a great many bathers at high prices. There is on a mountain a countless number of these priests or bonzes, and they exercise unlimited power, and attract half Japan in pilgrimages. They have a large scale, of which one end is over an abyss, and in this the pilgrim is placed for confession; if he does not tell all his faults, or if he is supposed not to tell all, the balance is shaken, and he falls to destruction.

The Japanese have universally such a taste for gardening, that you would think them a nation of gardeners. These gardens are, many of them, scooped out like an amphitheatre, descended by steps, and have artificial rocks, hills, ponds, and islands. Like the English, they follow nature, or rather embellish it, and you will see no rectangular walks, or yew trees cut in fanciful shapes. Even the poor people, whose possessions are but ten rods square, have miniature gardens like those described.

Where the houses are built of wood, and sometimes covered with flags, there must be a most orthodox dread of fire, and therefore no man in Japan is more honored than he that can extinguish one. Of course, arson is not a light crime, and the criminal has a touch of the *lex talionis*; he is tied to a stake, and roasted alive.

In the districts, there is a sort of mutual insurance, that is, all the community are responsible for any disorder, as was the case in Saxon times in England. But every man has a way to insure himself; and though it

always fails him, a failure never shakes his confidence. That is, every one has a charm or amulet; generally, a distorted human figure is placed over the door, when no misfortune or disease can be supposed to enter—yet the inmates die.

Short courtships are in fashion at Japan, though children, however, who are plighted by their parents, are married when of age. The husband has the power of putting away his wife, and without assigning a better reason than his own will. This is hardly a practice to make tender husbands.

The grandees allow little freedom to their wives, who have but the range of their own apartments. Father Charlevoix says that the fidelity and modesty of the ladies are equal to the suspicion of their lords, and thinks that the Japanese have the happy art of restraining the liberty and retaining the affection of their wives—in which the good Father displays as much charity as sagacity.

NO. IV.

SIR—Jugglers are so common in Japan, that it seems that one in fifty of the people practice the black art, though this estimate makes a formidable corps of wizards. They have a thousand ways to cheat the eyes, and are so dexterous that I could not account for their tricks, but by supposing assistance from the powers of evil. There are a great many young women, proficients in these dark studies; and it is a more horrid sight than you can imagine, to see them covered, neck, arms, and body,

with hissing snakes, whose heads are protruded as if to bite.

In all useful domestic machinery, the Japanese are centuries in our rear, though, according to some economists, it might be doing them a mischief to instruct them in the mystery of a mill. Their mill is the primitive pestle and mortar; the rice is pounded with a sort of mallet, and I saw no machinery whatever, though some there may have been. But I suppose the fur would rise upon your back, were I to speak slightly of all machinery to save labor, though, to be frank, I like best the old buzzing household wheel.

Having commended the beauty of the Japanese women, though their eyes are somewhat small, you may ask if I can praise them for higher qualifications. Of countries where travellers are few, many errors must exist in the description; and from the accounts of some, the ladies of Japan are not distinguished for reserve, or even for pretensions of modesty. I have better thoughts of them, and would, thirty years ago, have taken a wife among them, rather than espouse a young woman of Sicily. To tell you the truth, which must go no farther, I had inducements in both countries, but did not (intending no pun) embrace the opportunity. The women of Japan are neat in their persons and dress, and they cannot be weak mothers, to instill into their children such lessons of courage and fortitude; they never heard of Cornelia, but their sons prefer death to shame.

In no country are baths so universal as in Japan, where they are in every private and public house. An inn would as much lose its reputation there, to be without a bath, as in New England it would suffer in credit without a bar. There is a moderate drinking, too, in Japan; I saw no wine, but there are distilled spirits, and it is not

considered very infamous to be intoxicated in the evening, though a Christian community should have no pardon for the offender.

There is but one power in the constitution of Japan, the executive; for this includes the legislative and the judiciary. The Emperor's power is easily defined, his will is the only law of Japan, though it is sometimes but a doubtful standard of right and wrong; there are grades of crime, but no degrees of punishment, the slightest offence against the laws, that is, the will of a good prince, deserves no less than death, and offences of a lighter kind, as arson, parricide, or simple murder, are punished with the same severity. A great many offences are capital, probably about a hundred and fifty, or about half as many as in the code of Britain, for the Emperor must have blood! blood! blood!

The empire is divided into sixtyeight provinces, and there is a governor to each, who adopts the mild political maxims of the Emperor. Some of the governors come up to Jeddo with a train of fifty thousand people; they inspect the construction of roads and canals, and the roads, therefore, are excellent. It seems that the people, being restricted in their roving tastes from quitting Japan, gratify themselves by constant motion at home; for there is no country where the ways are so thronged with travellers. There is much trade from one province to another, and more pilgrimages than were in England at the time of the Canterbury Tales. A governor goes on horseback, with two couriers before, crying, 'make way! make way!' even if no one be in sight; two other footmen are attached to the bridle, to restrain the horse, and two more to the stirrup, to switch him into a curvet. The governor, in the mean while, sits like a statue of dignity, looking as intently on the mane of his horse, as if it were the fortyseventh proposition in

Euclid. They are required to come often to court, to give an account of their stewardship; and they go thither, like a Bashaw to Constantinople, prepared to share the plunder, and purchase immunity for its extortion. If they demur to the salvage, or otherwise offend, they are sent to the island of Falsisio, on the southern point of the empire, from which they never return to describe it. It is said to be more barren than St Helena, affording no sustenance for a rat; it is surrounded by beetling cliffs, and all visitors must be drawn up by ropes. It was the very place for Napoleon; a thousand petty insults might have been heaped upon the *General*, and all reproaches would have died away before they could reach the ears of Europe; but then Sir Hudson Lowe would not have occupied in history his enviable place.

The governor of Nangasaki, who happened to know more than his countrymen, sent to Batavia for an hundred ship-carpenters; not one was to be had, and the Dutchmen advised him to send as many of his countrymen to Holland, to learn its useful arts, but the governor died before he could mature his plans.

At Meaco, the holy city, resides the Diari, whose empire is that of public opinion, which has power even in Japan. His possessions have been lopped away, like those of St. Peter's successors, but such is his influence over the minds of the people, that half Japan is his tributary; and the city of Meaco is his own in fee tail male general.

The Emperor finds it needful to pay homage to the Diari, as Napoleon condescended to cultivate the good will of the Pope. The religion of the Diari, however, is not universal in Japan; it acknowledges one Supreme Being, and a future life. The devotees have no images in their temples, but pray in front of a

mirror, to remind them that their hearts are open to the Deity, as their faces are reflected to themselves. One order of the religious of this creed, is that of the Soldiers of the Mountain; they live in caves, and subsist upon charity, which, in superstitious countries, affords to such a splendid revenue. As they think bodily suffering an atonement for sin, penance is their pleasure, and they

'Think to merit heaven, by making earth a hell.'

It is these, or some other monks, that are described as putting to sea in crazy barks, making holes in the bottom, and singing hymns as they sink to felicity. They also bury themselves alive, with space enough to prolong their torments, and suffer from choice the penalty of a defiled vestal in the Roman commonwealth. In their pilgrimages, they choose the roughest roads, and are the best pleased where they can find the most flints and thorns to lacerate their naked feet, for they have not discovered the happy expedient of putting peas in their shoes. Having no fear, they are in no danger, for danger is the child of fear; and like Macbeth and Ladurlad, they bear a charmed life, for they run swiftly along the verge of precipices that would turn a common brain.

From their superior austerity, they assume great powers over the pilgrims, for a slight offence suspending them over a chasm by the hands, and when the strength fails, and the grasp relaxes, the body is dashed to a shapeless mass. The pilgrims are required to pray with certain formalities; they must rest their mouths upon their knees for twentyfour hours, which is the length of a moderate prayer, and their least motion is punished by a blow.

In some of the temples are huge idols, and one is as large as the man of mount Athos; the Colossus of Rhodes

was but a baby in comparison; his shoulders are five fathoms broad, and six men can sit in the palm of his hand.

My recollections of Japan are so desultory, that I have already forgotten, in my want of method, what I have written before. But I think I have not mentioned the Ainōs, a simple and primitive race of people, on some of the islands. They call themselves *men*, and as the king says, ‘in the catalogue,’ they may pass for such. These Islanders have such beards as would raise envy in a Persian prince; and they have hair also upon their backs, but I tried in vain to get one of the pelts. The females are said to be modest, but modesty is thrown away upon them; they have other defences, and it is a beautiful woman that has the greatest need for modesty.

The Ainōs form an early and instinctive alliance with the bears; the cubs are taken young from the mother, and suckled by the women. Hence strong attachments subsist between the foster bréthren with two, and with four legs; for the number of legs seems to mark the difference between the animals, though sometimes the bear walks upright, and the man upon all fours.

Hunger, however, is stronger than affection, or Commodore Byron would never have eaten his dog; and when these household cubs are fattened, they are killed and eaten. The family mourns over the death of a favourite, but find some consolation in picking his bones; yet they never read in *Rocheſoucault*, that there is something that does not displease us, in the misfortunes of our best friends; though perhaps he meant, when the loss of them is followed by an inheritance.

They live at Yesso, a sort of Japanese Arcadia, and are not as neat as the Japanese, nor yet as filthy as the pastoral people I have elsewhere seen, though they are never known to wash themselves.

The men have several wives, commonly one in the different places to which their business calls them; they have a just law, that inflicts a severe punishment on adultery, yet it makes a discrimination to favor the tempted. If a woman is as shameless as the wife of Potiphar, and gives her rings to a man, this pledge secures him from the justice of the law, and the vengeance of the husband.

The Ainos have some traffic with the Kurile Islands, the same that were discovered and described, with some exaggerations, by Benyoski. You may read his adventures, which have a touch of romance, in two volumes; he was exiled to Siberia, from whence, with others, he escaped by seizing a ship; he had won the affections of the governor's daughter, who, if I remember well, went away with him, though he had a wife at home. All these things are embellished in a drama of Kotzebue, after his manner, in the *Stranger*,

‘With his sentimentalibus, lachrymæ, roar’em.’

The moral of each play is equally good, covering crime with passionate thought and seductive language. Benyoski was a man of a restless mind and afterwards planted a colony in the isle of France, where he was killed; saving my liability to forget.

There are few streams in Japan that can be called rivers, in the American phrase, for here a course of a thousand miles is required to constitute a river, yet the streams of Japan, though small, are rapid and clear. The lakes are in the same proportion, though there is one sheet of water more than forty leagues in length; the shores are lined with three thousand temples, which make about one temple to every superstition.

The trees of Europe that I saw were the pine, and a great many noble willows; the fruits were oranges, figs, plums, and pears. The beach is fringed with cocoa

trees and fan palms; and here you may see meadows of mimosas, in which the plant will shrink from your touch, and leave a clear space to walk in.

There are few wild animals in any of the Japanese islands; the largest are wolves, and these not very ferocious, yet the inhabitants think that they are the embodied spirits of evil, and so call them.

Kœmpfer praises the justice of the Japanese laws, or magistrates, far above that of Europe, where it is to be feared he had tasted a suit at law. But the infrequency of crime is produced by tremendous penalties upon the culprit, his family and his neighbourhood. In disputes, the parties appear personally before the judge and tell their own story without the intervention of a lawyer, or the aid of special pleading. The Japanese laws like all others, act more upon the fears than the hopes of the people, denouncing penalties to evil doers, rather than promising rewards to those that do well. But in free countries there is a counterbalance, and though the laws do not offer premiums to virtue, yet the greatest reward is sure to follow good conduct in wealth, reputation and office; this is universally true in our own pleasant land, where there is not a single rogue in office, nor do I take it on myself to say that any has been turned out.

NO. V.

DEAR SIR—This prosing has been so long continued, that it has become to me a pleasure whatever it may be to the gentle readers.

It is very easy to write reminiscences, if you require no other arrangement than the course in which the facts occur to memory; though this is not a very philosophical connection, or the order followed in the exact sciences. The epistolary style is also very favorable to indolent writers, and for all writers; for it includes all styles, from bald disjointed chat to the most polished and sonorous periods.

Did I tell you how they sleep in Japan? Even as you and I bivouacked near the White Mountains; on the floor. A coverlid, (or as I heard a senator call it, a kiverlid) stuffed like one of our *comforters*, is spread upon the plank, and a billet of wood, with a place cut for the head, stands substitute for a pillow; so that in Japan it would not do to throw pillows as girls do at a boarding school. The luxurious have a small cushion, on the timber, but this is rare. These people would make as good soldiers as the Highlanders; you remember the old chieftain sleeping with his clan on the hill side, one of which rolled up a ball of snow whereon to lay his head. ‘Out upon it!’ said Lochiel, giving it a kick, ‘are you so effeminate as to need a pillow?’

The Japanese are equally hardy in bearing the cold, though the severe weather is but of brief duration. But they have no such snug quarters as a chimney corner, and, though they might do battle for their altars, very few of them could die for their hearths. In some houses, however, there is a mound raised in the middle of an apartment, like a blacksmith’s forge, whereon they make a fire, the smoke of which ascends through a hole in the roof.

The houses in Japan are not so tastefully furnished as those of Europe, and the beautiful varnished tables and boxes that are so much admired are found rather in their cabinets than parlors. The porcelain is good, but infe-

rior to the Chinese, and the paintings are brilliant and gaudy. The Japanese are fond of show, and what furniture they have seems made rather for sight than service, more as ornaments than utensils.

These islanders seem to have the elements of a great character; they have steadiness of purpose, contempt of death, and, what is more rare, of pain. They have ingenuity in the arts, and aptitude to learn foreign languages. They seem to be an odd mixture of the Italian and the Russian. The passion of revenge is with them a tornado that sweeps away every obstacle in its course; when rendered desperate, they are not, like the Javanesse, satisfied with a general massacre, of running ‘amuck;’ but they pursue their enemy with the pertinacity of a beagle. If they fail to compass their revenge, (and it is no slight obstacle that will discourage them) they rip open themselves rather than live in the torments of ungratified rage. Formerly, family feuds descended with the family name, but I did not learn that debts of gratitude were ever thus bequeathed; the heir would not so readily pay the legacies. The benefits that a man receives die with him, and often he survives his own memory of them; he tries to forget what it is painful to remember, who saved his life, or loaded him with favors, while he ‘remembers who owes him money or gave the last kick on the shins,’ and the memory of an insult, an injury, a word, a look, is hoarded up for revenge. To conclude, my hearers, (for I have got into a sermon without a text) if you would practice a fashionable and ‘gentlemanly vice,’ take up with ingratitude. Byron gave the preference to avarice, but I can show you a great many men on ‘Change and in church, proficients in both.

I found at Nangasaki several of the natives, who were shrewd and intelligent, and I explained to them

the principles of a republic, but they were slow to comprehend how we could get along without an emperor. I told them that we were all equal and free, (though it stuck a little in my throat,) that the rulers were the servants of the people, who were the sovereigns, and that all of them obeyed laws of their own choice. These were startling assertions, and produced skilful cross questions, forcing me to admit that, in the republic, at Boston the head of it, at Worcester its heart, and at Northampton its back-bone, a rich man may make a poor one, his serf, his slave, and his captive. Of the poor, the most to be pitied are those who have once been rich, and their numbers have of late frightfully increased. They must always have out paper enough, (such is the phrase) for a rich rogue to buy up at a dollar a hundred, and thus he may feed his prisoner upon the vapor of a dungeon, he may destroy his health, and inflict upon him moral degradation; he may crush him where he is most sensitive, in his honor, his family and affections, till death removes him beyond the humane operation of the laws.

Thus sir have I told you all that I know of Japan, and something more. I have written four times as much as I intended, and yet could write as much more, but enough has been done to entitle me to reward, and I look to the merchants for a service of plate, though it should be pewter, or a medal, if only of leather.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

NO. I.

SIR—Though I am not of that class of travellers, who, (as the African said) ‘take big walk, make big book,’ yet something I have seen which I am encouraged to describe by your praise of the sketches of the Boston Merchant, whom I hold in slight esteem; for he was nothing out of Italy, and not much there; I also have been there, but the eternal city, *tantum vidi*, for what could I investigate in three days; therefore my recollections of Rome, are like the memory of a dream; or like a lake in a storm, reflecting only broken images of grandeur.

It is known to you that I am not only a scholar, but an instructor; for the village school has been so long under my administration, that the birch I planted at the corner has become a goodly tree.

When I was a young man (which was not in this century) I was a year in Canton, though as I was generally moored in the river, I saw less of the land than of the people, and shall therefore not so much describe China as the Chinese. But ‘Recollections’ you

know, Sir, come as they will, and not as the reminiscent may desire, which I offer, to palliate my want of method, as you will see that I often connect things together by very remote resemblances.

In North America there is such a connexion between the sciences and arts, that it would excite your wonder to see in China, the arts so high and the sciences so low; yet their arts are at a stand, and have not for centuries advanced. The Chinese have known the qualities of the magnet, the invention of printing, and of gunpowder, longer than the Europeans, yet their compass is but a blind guide, their types are blocks of wood, and their matchlocks are as perilous at the breech as at the muzzle.

Their greatest monuments are more creditable to their industry than their skill, and the great wall was not founded on the reasoning of Romulus. It was the labor of cowardice, inviting an attack because displaying fear. Yet it is a greater work than your Mill Dam, for it runs over mountain and valley as far as from Boston to New Orleans; but it is shorter than the grand canal from Canton to Pekin.

An honest man soon becomes suspicious in China, where he finds enough to excite sarcasm and misanthropy. The Chinese have no sincerity, and therefore no confidence, for they look into themselves to discover the character of others. They believe in magic but not in virtue, for they buy the favor of wizards and distrust the honesty of all men.

Their government is admirably well adapted to make them hypocrites and knaves; it is a representative despotism, where you may see 'the image of authority,' better than in a cur barking at a beggar. Every functionary represents in his circle the power of the Emperor, and his lightest way of enforcing it is by the bamboo.

Servility and insolence are correlative, and you will nowhere else find power so lordly and obedience so humble as in China.

The press is prolific, but such is the system of reviewing that I should think it mercy to fall into the hands of Mr Walsh. An ill-starred author dared, like Webster, to meddle with the great dictionary of the nation, and to insert the *little*, or family names of Emperor, and of Kong-fut-see. The critics in China, have high jurisdiction, and adjudged the criminal guilty of treason, when it was only murder of the Emperor's Chinese; but he was sentenced to be cut in pieces, and to have his children put to death. But the Emperor was clement, and commuted the punishment to cutting off the offender's head, and his children were reprieved for the great autumnal execution. This is worse than it is with us in the *republic* of letters, where, though the author is sometimes cut up, his relatives always escape the knife.

You are to remember that in China the only noble family by inheritance, is that of Confucius, or Kong-fut-see; he has been dead twenty centuries, but those of his lineage are called 'Nephews of the Great Man.'

The Chinese all smoke, though good tobacco is too dear to be used unmixed; it is blended with opium, which it is penal to take, yet every one abuses and smokes it. There are in Canton societies for the suppression of opium eating; the viceroy is the president, and he made a pathetic appeal to his constituents to give up so perilous a practice, though he takes his own opium as regularly as a Virginian his julep.

The Chinese are free from some prejudices, touching food, that yet exist in other countries; the beef of the horse is preferred to that of the cow, and their game is what we call vermin; rats are fattened for epicures and

a pheasant is sold at the same price with a cat. Pork, however, is the general meat, and the hams are excellent; but in this country of the imitative arts, ham is counterfeited, and many a foreigner has bought a gammon from which he could slice nothing but chips; nutmegs, however, are so cheap that they are seldom imitated.

Beef is a prohibited meat, but I cannot now tell wherefore it is not free; when sold in the streets, it is hawked as mutton, though the purchaser knows what he buys. It is only change of name and no one is deceived any more than in dining on a rabbit in Spain, where a coney is *always* a cat.

The dog butchers have a brisk trade, but when they stir abroad the whole canine commonwealth barks at their heels, and when one of their fraternity is dragged to the shambles, the others attempt a rescue. A pup of six weeks makes a delicate roast, and has a peculiar flavor, something between the taste of a kid and of an opossum. At first, my regard for poor Tray at home, rendered me indifferent to such dainties, but I soon overcame this prejudice by reflecting that I must have eaten dog sausages from the Boston market. In America, venerable prejudices stand between our teeth and excellent food—for, with us, who eats shark's fins, bear's claws smoked, or bird's nests boiled.

In the way of food, nothing comes amiss to a Chinese, for his appetite is as accommodating as a Hottentot's. A Frenchman keeps a rabbit till it has acquired a flavor, and a Chinese does not scorn to eat pig or poultry that has floated for weeks in the river.

But the great article of food is rice, which is boiled, and eaten with a chop-stick and porcelain spoon. In rice countries, the four pronged fork would be more

useful than with us, for we use it from affectation, and to imitate the French. French cooks delight in cut and compound dishes, without joint or substance, wherein this fork is an excellent feeder; but the Turk and Persian eat in the primitive, justifying the proverb, that settles the relative antiquity of forks and fingers.

The Chinese have a compound countenance ‘nose of Turk, and Tartar’s lips.’ Yet, although the Tartar race holds the empire of China, it has failed to disseminate its own unmixed features. China was conquered by that warlike people; and as the brave always find favor with the fair, the Chinese ladies were courted after the manner of the Sabine. The annals relate, that in those days of glory and profusion, two dollars would buy a wife, and a sack to carry her in; so that rating the lady as nothing, the purchaser paid but double for his bag.

The Chinese take great delight in what they call music, though they are little pleased with the strains of the Eolian harp. But they have the tom-tom or the gong, producing an indescribable combination of horrid sounds. Their music is prized according to its loudness; I can hardly give you a conception of it from description, but I could select performers that would make music like a Chinese band, viz., ten jackasses braying, five brazier’s pounding on the copper boiler of a steam boat, thirty bag-pipers, and a sexton to pull a cracked bell.

But there is in every man’s mind something that responds to the touch of his national music, be it bagpipe or banjo, and a national tune is a compression into the smallest compass, of everything that binds us to our country, as the legends of the nursery, and the songs of the festival. I have heard a Dundee sailor in a moonlight calm off Java head, when the air was filled with the odour of flowers, sing ‘Should auld acquaint-

ance be forgot,' in such a manner as to draw the crews of the whole fleet on deck, and their souls out of their bodies; but when the same sailor sung another song, without national interest, no one cared to listen.

The tragic muse, has not in China, a very reputable train-of votaries; the companies of actors have but five or six persons, so that one man 'plays many parts,' and boys perform the characters of females. They are, of course, strollers, that strut and fret their little hour, in any coign of vantage or tap-room corner, where they can hang a curtain. Centuries are embraced in the time of one play—and the same liberal arrangement is made with regard to space. They have some shifts equal to Bottom's moonshine and wall; if a character is supposed to take a journey, he runs round the stage cracking his whip, and stops when the spectators may imagine him arrived.

These strollers are but one class of vagabonds, for China is half peopled with what the statute calls 'rogues found loitering,' 'valiant beggars,' fire eaters, bonzes, and jugglers. The jugglers perform surprising feats, which I am inclined to inscribe to diabolical aid; they will plant you a mango twig in the ground, moisten it with blood, and in a few minutes, under their incantations the twig becomes a tree, covered with flowers or bending with fruit. I have not seen such rapid vegetation even in Ohio. Their feats of balancing seem to defy the principle of gravitation; I should suppose that a bird could hardly perch where I have seen a dance. Another of their performances is to have a ribbon a hundred feet long attached like a lash to a twelve inch rod, which they so whisk about that the ribbon is never tangled, and yet is always in the air; so perfectly can they do this, that while the lash is floating in the air, it describes many fanciful and regular figures.

The mountebanks of the east are renowned for their skill in poising. They will spin round plates on their fingers or on sticks, as if they were wheels with axles. I have seen one of these magi, fasten three sticks as pivots to each boot, and then on six other sticks he would spin like whirligigs as many plates, which, while spinning, he transferred to the sticks in his boots, where they continued still to spin. The operator then set in motion three other plates in his hand, so that he had nine going at once. Puppet shows are more common at Canton than at Naples, but Punch has more wit in Italy. The puppets in China are under the inspection of the police, which is vigilant lest they utter anything against the paternal government. At Rome they have more freedom, and form the only means by which a satire may be aimed at the rulers, or follies of the great. Puppets in China are the amusement of all classes, and indicate the refinement of the public taste.

The dress of some of the countrymen about Canton, is principally a cloak of rice straw, so that the peasant walks about under a thatched roof. They sleep upon mats, and the people generally have no better beds.

The Chinese children have a great reverence for the schoolmaster, and seldom incur his displeasure. The booksellers have a vast variety of books for juvenile scholars, who, in a language so intricate and voluminous, receive every possible aid. If you have never arrived at the distinction of keeping a school, you can hardly estimate the public gratitude that should follow those who simplify the process of education. I would acknowledge a pedagogue's debt to the compiler of the National Reader, which I once heard called a national bulwark. Some grave and wise man rated the influence of the ballads in a language above that of the laws; but, Sir, the school-books have a greater agency than either, in forming character.

It is a sight to make my green spectacles glisten to look at the shelves of Munroe and Francis. They have changed the whole system of juvenile reading; Blue Beard and Tom Thumb, have abdicated their high places in favor of better people, and a child, while he seeks only amusement, may now learn history and the sciences, and avoid the silly tales that composed my own early library, and which haunt the memory for evil, like stories of ghosts and spectres. If the children of the commonwealth were to erect a monument to their greatest benefactors, you would find it inscribed to our friends at the corner of Water street; this may seem a strong assertion, but every schoolmaster or parent, that educates his own children, knows it to be but faint praise. You, I think, deserve well of your country, being the father of eight sons; when the season of Christmas presents comes, let them not make a profitless investment of half a dollar in a whistle, or statues of men and horses in sugar, but purchase a book, that if they read but once and throw it by, will yet leave a lasting impression on their minds. This is my course with the young Doolittles, who have already a miniature library of fifty volumes, and whose greatest treat it is to visit the bookstore of the publishers.

ERASMUS DOOLITTLE.

NO. II.

SIR—The first impulse of an American, when he sees for the first time a Chinese, is to laugh at him. His dress, if judged by our standard, is ridiculous, and in a Mandarin, a stately gravity sets it off for double derision.

His trowsers are a couple of meal bags, reaching just below the knee, his shoes are huge machines, turned up at the toe, his cap is fantastic, and his head is shaven except on the crown, whence there hangs down a tuft of hair as long as a spaniel's tail. This appendage is one of honor, and cherished with care; for a long streamer at Canton is as much a distinction as a beard that covers the girdle at Ispahan. As the Emperor of Persia has the best beard in his dominions, so he of China has the longest tail, and no Mandarin presumes to rival, by half an ell, that of the Emperor.

When I was at Canton, the Majesty of China was a younger son of old Kien Long, so well known at the time of the embassies. Kien Long had rather more than common sense, which, for an Emperor, was prodigious; like old King Cole, he had a fondness for the bowl, and actually composed an ode on Tea; but like you and me he had his failings, though he was as good a man as some who think themselves better. Like the monarch of Britain, he could not resist 'the light of a dark eye in woman;' he therefore had some domestic troubles, for his Empress hung herself for jealousy, and his son died of an imperial kick, for wearing mourning for his mother. But Kien Long was as good as other kings, and abdicated in favor of his fifteenth son, after which his life was short, for a deposed or abdicating prince seldom survives his power. The Emperor of China, like Augustus, covers his power with specious names; his government is supposed to be paternal, and, like Charles II, he is called the father of his people. He is also called the father, and sometimes the mother, of his country, which is as bold a figure as 'Father of Chemistry, and Brother of the Earl of Cork.' He is accountable for his actions to no created being, and his paternal relation gives him the right of chastisement. He inflicts death for disobe-

dience, and minor penalties for less enormous crimes; China is his farm, and his subjects are tenants by sufferance, paying rents in kind. On the north his farm is enclosed by a stone wall, and, as Johnson said, it is an honorable distinction to be grandson to a man who has seen that wall. In so large a family as the Chinese Empire, the brethren sometimes fall out, but this happens in smaller circles, farther west.

The great man, once in the year, condescends to turn a furrow with his own hand. This is at the Feast of Agriculture, a kind of cattle show, held in the spring. The Emperor is, however, as much above the Mandarins, as they are elevated above the rest of the people. They speak to him on their knees, prostrate themselves nine times before him, and kneel to his chair and his robes. Men are said to be under the government of the cudgel in Russia; in China, they are governed by the bamboo. Blows are too common to be disgraceful, and are a sort of penalty that all the subjects may suffer. The bamboo offers a very simple method of obtaining evidence, for if a witness fails to testify as he is desired, the testimony is flogged out of him; while in our courts, he is only *screwed*. The blows make him conformable, but when the witness is flogged, the accused is in danger.

The lesser punishments are inflicted under the inspection of the judge, which is, no doubt, gratifying, when the judge is the complainant. The culprit sometimes procures a substitute, which may be had for a round sum, except in capital cases; the executioner, too, is willing to deal at fair prices, and for a moderate compensation, he will strike lightly, and somewhat aside. This, however, is a great risk to run for benevolence, for if detected, he would suffer twice what he remits, in his own person.

Justice, such as it is, is administered gratis in China; and it is some comfort to the Chinese, among all their grievances, that they are free from lawyers. No offence is punished with less than five lashes, and fifty are often given. The manner of flogging is this: the great man has three attendants, the culprit is prostrate on his belly, one attendant sits astride on his shoulder to keep him down, another draws his legs out by a cord around his heels, and a third applies the bamboo. The sufferer hoards no malice, but retires like one of my scholars after 'correction,' with increased veneration for his master.

There is an instrument in common use, in the nature of a moveable pillory, but I have forgotten the name; though if I had worn it, I might have remembered it longer. It is a wide board like a table, opening to enclose the neck, and on this is inscribed the offender's demerits, for the amusement of passengers. Like Falstaff, he cannot see his own knees, nor can he put his hand to his mouth; for in compass, this poke is equal to the ruff in the time of Queen Elizabeth; he is fed by some compassionate and congenial soul, whose own manner of life gives a prospective chance that he may require, in time, the same good office..

A Chinese soldier has little resemblance to Mars. He is encumbered with heavy arms, the most effective of which, at a distance, is the bow and arrow; for his matchlock is so clumsy, that when discharged, it requires an iron rest. The soldiers have among their equipments umbrellas, and fans, and snelling bottles for canteens; they are sometimes dressed in stripes, like a tiger, and have two horns on the head piece, which, with a hideous face carved on the shield, is enough to alarm a child who sees it for the first time. Their system of war is the defensive, and they feel less security in a field than in a garrison.

But this would be no disparagement, if they would *fight* behind an entrenchment; the best of our own battles have been won in breastworks, and it is no disgrace to any General to cover with the enemy's bodies the ground before his line of cotton bags.

The Chinese, if they do not much reflect upon a future state, have yet a great desire to be buried in a good coffin; and in some, this amounts to such a passion, that their life passes, like a silk worm's, in the preparation of something fine to cover themselves when they are dead. They have also a careful eye to the coffin of a friend, and a son will sell himself to slavery to buy a good one for his father; whom perhaps he neglected while alive, as in western countries we raise monuments to genius, when it is dead, that we suffered to languish in want while it lived. Where the coffin is splendid, the funeral is, of course, magnificent; and if a family is unable to bury its dead in a suitable, that is, in a sumptuous manner, the bodies are kept sealed, and glazed in the coffin, until more favorable times, it may be for twenty years.

In a country where death is so much honored, there must be a code of funeral ceremonies. The first part of a funeral is somewhat like an Irish burial, and consists in howling, in which all the mourners and friends are expected to bear a part; and after a few howls, come refreshments and tea. The funeral procession is led by music, and has banners, streamers, and images. The eldest son walks with a stick, as if to intimate that he is overcome with grief. The suits of mourning are worn twentyseven months, and the time was formerly longer. Their dead are buried in places that do more credit to the living than our sombre grave yards; it is an amiable weakness in the survivors, to suppose that their deceased friends may be gratified with a tomb in a pleasant spot—

some airy hill, shaded with trees, where they themselves may linger to muse and commune in spirit with the departed. When a friend is dead, it strikes upon our hearts to remember how we misprized him, and how ill we requited his kindness; we forget his failings before we have covered him with earth, and remember only what is amiable. We recall the thousand times that he preferred our happiness to his own, and our harsh return for what was so kindly meant; and though he is beyond the reach of our vain regret and late remorse, it is some relief to a wounded spirit, to lay him in a shaded spot, and '*manibus plenis*' to scatter flowers upon his grave. Excuse me for this digression, but I feel what I write; I am myself lacerated by this vain regret, and late remorse, and would give ten years of life that I might recall from death, for a single day, a friend who never knew how much I loved him, if he judged me with half the severity with which I now condemn myself. He lies in the deep sea, where flowers cannot be scattered or inscriptions graven, and I have no monument for him but these lines of self-reproach, that I have written in sorrow, and you will read with indifference.

On the death of the Emperor's mother, there was an edict, bearing heavily upon the barbers, that, for a hundred days, no one should be shaved, and another that fell like a bolt upon lovers, that none should be married. One of the missionaries remarked, that it was wonderful, during the one hundred days of mourning, to see the decorum of the people; in the streets, they conversed but in whispers, for the whole term there was no wrangling or altercation, and a decent gravity was upon every face, as if all sympathized with the affliction of the Emperor. The ceremonial of the funeral was described in twentyfour volumes, and the apartment, where the body lay in state, was called the Hall of Nine Prayers

and Three Great Affairs. The Hall of Ancestors is a large apartment, common to all of the same family; and there they meet at certain seasons, without distinction of rank, except that the oldest take precedence. The names of the dead are recorded upon the wall, with the usual lapidary allowance of virtues. The congregation sometimes amounts to ten thousand, who are fed at the expense of the richest in the family; it is a good custom, and if it were introduced here, fewer of us would forget poor uncles and cousins. Why, Sir, upon my veracity, I myself know a man who denied his own grandfather.

There is another good festival of the Chinese, held in April, when they go to the tombs of their ancestors and eradicate the weeds that have sprung up around them.

This reverence for the dead is a consequence of the peculiar state of the paternal relation in China. If filial piety in China, is less a feeling than a political institution; still, it is inculcated so early, and enforced by such penalties, that there are few undutiful sons, and when a child feels the irksomeness of the yoke, he comforts himself with the thought, that he shall hereafter have to himself the same deference.

The obedience of a child to his father is absolute and unconditional, and if it be morally possible, the father has the civil right to inflict the punishment of death. Monuments have been erected to children who have distinguished themselves by filial tenderness and respect, and half the books in China, are but records of such dutiful actions. Children are under the same useful restraint that I have imposed upon my scholars; a son must ask his father's permission to go out, and salute him on his return; and to whatever the father enjoins, the son can make but three remonstrances—but this is a greater latitude than I myself allow. To speak disre-

spectfully of a parent, or grandparent, is death by strangling, and to strike them, is death by beheading.

By a political fiction, the Emperor assumes that he is the father of his subjects, and exerts in his political capacity, all that is conceded to the paternal relation. This is a lever of immense power, and though he abuses the paternal relation, the filial is seldom interrupted.

Your own calling, Mr Editor, is neither safe nor common in China; for there are a great many constructive offences in publications, and to write anything remotely against the government, is death to the editor, the printer, the paper maker, and the carrier. What a massacre there would be, if such a law were to be executed tomorrow, in Boston. The only independent editor in China, is the Emperor, who superintends the Pekin Gazette, a 'respectable Daily.' The articles are in the usual imperial style, and as true as the bulletins of a defeated general. The Almanac is also a court publication, filled with astrology and predictions, and enjoins industry to the people, that they may fill the granaries of their father the Emperor. Kien L^{ong}, who was something of a pedant, ordered a pocket edition of the best authors, but the publication was dropped before it reached the hundred and seventy thousandth volume. Literature is the only read to preferment in China, though it takes a contrary direction with us, where ignorance often has the advantage.

I think you are fond of an eel pie; what think you of a viper broth? It is very palatable and nourishing, but rather inflammatory. The viper sellers go about with a bamboo over the shoulder, from which is dependant two vessels, one holding the broth, and the other the reptiles alive. You may see snakes exposed for sale in China, as often as a codfish in Boston, and on the lid of the

vessel is written the contents with (as on all sign boards) the words 'no cheating here,' though this denial of what is not charged, looks less like innocence than guilt. These snake-butchers are very expert in their calling; when they find an adder asleep, they seize him by the back of the head, and with a pair of tweezers take out his fangs, before he is fairly awake.

The Chinese calendar has prognostications of weather, and points out the lucky and disastrous days for serious enterprises, such as marriages and lotteries, for the people have a great reverence for the stars, which they think regulate the events of the world. They divide the zodiac into twelve signs—the Mouse, the Cow, the Tiger, the Hare, the Dragon, the Serpent, the Horse, the Sheep, the Monkey, the Hen, the Dog, and the Bear.

I would have sent a longer letter, but for the visit of an uninvited guest. What is your method with such? I once had a neighbour who called upon me daily—I heated my stove red hot, and tried to burn him out; but he stood fire like a salamander; next, I essayed smoke, which he bore like a badger; at last, I lent him five dollars, and have not seen him since.

NO. III.

SIR—Some of the penances that the bonzes in China inflict upon themselves, are as strange and wild as our own fancies under the incubus. They do not, from a spirit of devotion, run into the torturing self-sacrifices of the Hindoos, but seem willing to save both soul and

body, or rather to make use of the means of saving the soul for the support of the body. Hence, a devotee, who has imposed it upon himself to wear a heavy chain about his neck, asks charity of the devout, who sacrifice less to religion. I have seen a short fat bonze, saddled and bridled to crawl on all-fours, thirty leagues, and as his tuft of hair was conducted under the saddle and hung down by the crupper, he made a tolerable representation of an ass. He thought it needful to the success of his plan to go through the usual motions of a donkey, and he would curvet, kick and bray with surprising fidelity. It would have delighted Monboddo to see that bonze.

The city of Canton lies so low, that from no point, to which foreigners can penetrate, is there an extensive view of it. The river is wide above the Boca Tigre, and the water swarms with boats of every size. There may be about twenty of these immense junks of twelve hundred tons, but there are countless fleets of boats of fifty tons; families occupy them, whose home is on the water, and who, in half a life, have seldom slept on *terra firma*. There is a long oar, at the stern, moveable on a pin, and the boat is skulled by four or five sailors. The oar strikes the water like a fish's tail. The streets are filled with people, and, when seen for the first time, it is a ludicrous sight to see so many close-shaven heads without covering; you look down upon them as on the closely-packed audience at a theatre. I have sometimes seen one Chinese running away from another, and it was too much to see with gravity, for their tails were streaming out horizontally a yard and a half.

Where the head is shaven, the barbers have a double advantage, for a Chinese gentleman must keep his head very smooth, though the common people hardly shave once in a week. The heads, in a crowd look like a collection of large turnips and offer excellent specimens

for the study of phrenology. The shampooing is a separate job with the barbers, and has an additional price. It consists in cleaning out the ear with a small spoon, and introducing some very soft brushes.

The Chinese form their written characters very nicely; they write with a hair pencil, in lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand corner of a page, and this is peculiar to China and Japan. In all memorials to Mandarins, but more especially to the Emperor, the greatest nicety is required, both in the expression and characters. There are particular words appropriated to different ranks, and no words must occur twice in the same memorial; to write a proper memorial in China is therefore as difficult as to draw a special plea in more favored countries. But good penmen will write with wonderful rapidity, and they seem to write as fast as they can think. Would, Sir, that I could do it; you would have better 'recollections,' for when I happen to have a good thought it escapes before I can get it out.

The Chinese can calculate eclipses. These are calculated for the capital of every province in the empire; and the mandarins of the provinces are therefore in readiness for the eclipse at the very moment when it is to happen. When the obscuration begins, the people (like the Neapolitans in a snow storm) fall on their knees, amid a horrid noise of gongs and other soft instruments of Chinese music. They have a belief, founded on tradition, that the luminary is about to be devoured by a dragon, which catastrophe nothing but noise and tumult can prevent; and if outcries can preserve her, the moon is safe. When the luminary emerges, the exultation is extreme, and every man prides himself on the part he himself took to aid her.

In a country where so many thousand families live on the river, many must subsist upon fish, which are

providentially abundant. In China every animal must work, unless, as in England, the hog is the only gentleman; cormorants, therefore, are employed in the river fisheries. The birds are trained to it with care, and lest they should eat a good fish, a leathern thong is tied about their neck, so that they cannot swallow. One fisherman goes out with a dozen birds, which you may see perched on the gunwale of his boat; when one of them takes a fish too large for its strength, another comes to its assistance, and lifting the prey by the tail and the gills, they carry it to the master. Some of the cormorants, like men, have a sense of honesty, and require no bandage about the neck; but having finished their employer's business, are allowed to fish on their own account. Ducks also are used as in Lincolnshire for decoys; but a very common method to catch the fowl is this; in the bays and rivers where they are found, the sportsmen throw a large kind of gourd with which the ducks get so familiar that they will swim and play around them; then comes the traitor, with his head enclosed in a similar gourd, and a bag tied about his middle, in which as the fowl are numerous, he carries off as many as he requires.

The Chinese have a passion for flowers, and there are flower-sellers everywhere in the streets. They have also a taste for cultivating dwarf trees, and on their terraces you may see pines, oaks and oranges not so high as your knee. To give some of these trees the appearance of great age, honey is spread over them to attract the insects that they may bore into the bark, and to increase the delusion, a few branches are killed and covered with moss. Their rage however is for the peony, which they call the king of flowers, and for a favorite plant they will give a hundred dollars. There are about two hundred and fifty species of this flower in

China, cultivated in large beds, and so managed as to blossom in spring, summer, and autumn. But Chinese flowers have generally nothing but their beauty; their lilac is without smell, and their splendid rose, the Hortensia, without fragrance.

In China an old bachelor is a phenomenon; it follows that there are but few single ladies, and, perhaps, not one vestal, where Diana is so generally known as Lucina. Marriages are early, and blessed with great increase, and I have often seen, on the gunwale of a little junk, a line of fifteen small children. The Chinese, however, are not a gallant race of men, and they do not regard females with the romantic deference of our times of chivalry. They seldom break a lance for beauty, unless in the unmanly form of a bamboo raised against what they should honor, and (as the lawyer says) forever defend; for the Chinese code, like the English, allows a husband (or as his lordship is styled in our book, a *baron*) to correct his wife with a stick no larger than his thumb. Such privileges in the brave, are, I suppose, apt to create docility in the fair; and, in China, Griselda would look too much like the truth, for a popular novel. Cinderella would have the most admirers, where to have a little foot is to be every way amiable and attractive. The fashion of feet, however, varies, even in China, where the Tartar ladies take a pride in displaying a foot of substance. They wear a huge shoe, with wooden soles turned up at the toe; of course, they do not walk gracefully, but they are excellent riders, sitting with one foot on each side of the horse.

I think it is stated by Sir George Staunton, that he saw few beggars in China, though the population was so crowded that he estimated at a hundred thousand the number of the people living on one branch of a river; yet the mass of the people are poor, and there seem to

be no rich merchants retired from trade, or landholders with hereditary domains. In law, if not in fact, the land is the Emperor's, and rent is paid in kind. The grain is stored in various parts of the empire, and in a season of scarcity is so freely distributed that the Emperor sustains the paternal character, and seems to be indeed the father of his people.

In a country with a population so crowded, the circulating medium is well accommodated to the wants of the poor. The lee is a coin of copper, not without alloy, of the value of one mill, so that there is a thousand to a dollar. There is a hole through the middle and they are strung like buttons; but large payments are made in silver, cast into lumps of ten ounces each. The Spanish dollar is current in circulation, but scarce, and I can say the same of it where I live. It is said that countless millions have been used to adorn the temples of the Lama in China and in Tartary.

When an Emperor dies his coin passes at a discount, as under similar circumstances the medals of our own great men are depreciated. The coin seems to be the only monument that an Emperor can transmit to posterity, for the envy of his successor is sure to destroy his triumphal arches and pagodas.

In China there is no union between church and state, partly because the Emperor is strong enough alone, but principally because there is no church. The people are credulous in omens, and have various methods of divination; the most common, before they enter upon any great undertaking, is to throw up a lee, or 'sky a copper,' and they abandon the enterprise when the coin comes up 'tail.' This is rather a loose method of proceeding, but is sagacious enough before a law-suit, where, with all the omens; and the law itself on his side, a man may be vanquished.

All religions are tolerated, but that of Fo is the most general. It includes a belief in transmigration of the soul, till the spirit of the transmigrator has atoned the misdeeds committed in the first body, and the 'lex talionis' is the rule of infliction; that is, whatever suffering a man has wantonly caused to others, the same he is obliged to endure in their own forms. To me, Sir, this would be a startling creed, 'for to say nothing of the wounds I have given to the affection of those who are now beyond the reach of ingratitude, I should have something formidable to suffer besides. I should, according to my estimates, be impaled thirteen thousand times in the character of a fish worm; I must reanimate the bodies of two thousand grasshoppers that died of a fish hook in the back; I should die four thousand and odd times (and often miserably lacerated) with pigeon shot; I should revive thrice in the form of an alligator, to be dug from my hole and killed with a spade in the head; I should live seventy times as a woodchuck in a clover field and be as often despatched by a farmer's cub with a cudgel; I should live under a bank, as a speckled trout, and gasp out life twelve hundred times on the green grass of the meadow; and lastly if I must transmigrate and suffer all the pain myself that I have wantonly or without excuse inflicted, or permitted on other animals, I must live and die in the body of poor Rescue, who was hung from the great beam on suspicion of stealing sheep. Neither man nor dog should be executed on circumstantial evidence; for Rescue died bold in innocence, and my heart smites me to this day that I had not firmness to resist the clamor of the neighbors, who wanted a victim to save their own vile curs. If, after all, the doctrine of transmigration should be true, I would not, bad as I have been, take the lot of Izaak Walton, who has so much reparation to make to frogs, that it will take him a great while to get into the fish.'

It is common in Europe to reproach the Chinese with their practice of destroying or exposing infants, though it is so seldom known that it can hardly be termed a practice. Sometimes indeed, a new born babe may be seen floating down the river, tied to a gourd, that some compassionate soul who has the means of supporting, may rescue it. But consider, censorious Sir, that where a practice has descended from antiquity, it implies far less crime to follow it than to commit the same act where the feeling and custom and law are against it; and did you never read of the exposure of infants in London or Paris, or did you never hear of it in more moral cities, and are not a thousand infants secretly destroyed where the murder of one is detected. In China infanticide is almost necessary; the population is full; and many a man finds no cover set for him at nature's table.' The land is filled with people, and the single branch of a river is thought to contain in floating families more than a hundred thousand. If we have less than the Chinese to answer for in exposing children, do we educate them in a better manner? Is there not with us a wretched class, the offspring of sin and the inheritors of shame, brought up from their cradle to follow evil rather than good? Harken to the schoolmaster. A child is born into the world which he soon finds to be one of sorrow. He is wrapped in a mass of clothes that checks the circulation, and embarrasses the free motion of his limbs. He is soon frightened with tales of ghosts that "squeak and gibber" till darkness and solitude become a state of suffering. It is little better for his intellect to be amused with fairy tales or the usual nursery rhymes. When with his comrades at the narrow school, two amiable principles lead him through the flinty paths of learning, pride and fear; the fear of the pain rather than the shame of punishment, and the pride of

excelling his mates. He is instructed in languages and sciences, but who gives him religious and moral instruction? At the period of life, when the disposition is ardent and new impressions indelible, what kind master instructs him in the sorrow and shame that follow deceit, or the indissoluble union between duty and happiness? Fellow citizens! listen to the pedagogue. If you subject yourselves to the responsible relation of parents it is fearful to neglect the duties. Bestow upon the morals a tythe of the time devoted to Latin and there will be to the public less crime, and to you in your age more respect and gratitude. Is there any excuse for an undutiful son? Yes, the care of his parents in his youth that he should advance more in knowledge than in virtue.

NO. IV.

SIR—In my last letter concerning transmigrations I forgot to state that old Kien Long was so well satisfied with the mind that animated his body as to believe it that of Fo himself. This opinion seemed to him so reasonable that he acted upon it; and his temples dedicated to Fo, were so splendid as to employ a great part of the silver imported to China, and what has gone from our city is enough to ornament at least one altar. I never heard, however, that the Chinese Emperor imitated the sagacious Roman and acted as priest to himself.

The Chinese have with strangers that easy confidence that with us a rich man feels towards the poor; that kind of self-possession, founded on conscious superiority, and sometimes called impudence. The polite-

ness of China is established by law. It is a strict ceremonial, and as a stranger knows nothing of it, and as a Chinese thinks it founded on what Square calls 'the rule of right and eternal fitness of things,' the self complacency of the polite Mandarin is mingled with a little contempt for the stranger. When the Chinese, however, has shewn off his accomplishments in the eye of a less refined foreigner, he is so good natured as to make him forget the vast difference between the parties, by an obliging condescension. Chinese politeness, like the religion of the Catholics, (and some of the Protestants) is one of ceremonial. It is convenient, inasmuch as it does not compel a man to surrender his own pleasure to another; for the demands of civility are satisfied with certain established movements of the body and noddings of the head. No less convenient is a religion that is confined to formal observances. If a man be a thief, and steal the property of his neighbour, or worse, a calumniator, and rob him of his good name, the creed that would command restitution and repentance, must be less agreeable than that which buys the absolution of the priest, or the intercession of St Peter.

There are good catholics at Macao, where there is a bishop who is truly a pious man. At the same place, in a population of seven thousand Portuguese, there are fourteen churches, four monasteries, one convent for nuns and another for Magdalens; the latter ladies are shut up till they are married, and as a good name is not there an indispensable dowry, they are soon released.

The Portuguese character at Macao is equally amiable with the national peculiarities at Lisbon. The Hidalgo will not soil his hands with toil, but condescends to beg; and he is as brave as he is industrious. It would be hard to settle the question of the relative courage of the Portuguese and Chinese, as it has never been test-

ed in the field, but John China-man shuts the land gate and starves his neighbour into his own way of thinking; for there is a strange connexion of the intellect with the appetite, as you may see if you happen to be sitting with a discordant jury. I hope, Sir, to be tried for this libel after dinner, for ‘wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.’

The Chinese, with a great many secrets in the arts, are yet ignorant in the sciences. Lord Amherst won the heart of the Viceroy of Canton, by the present of a phosphorus bottle, to light his pipe, and the great man exulted that he could carry fire without burning his pocket.

The medical profession in China is not lucrative, and a fee, in case of difficulty, is about sixpence sterling. The student obtains the knowledge of the profession, like Gil Blas with Doctor Sangrado—by watching the practice of his master, rather than turning over books. Surgery is in a state of similar advancement, amputation is unknown, and, in cases of mortification, death, instead of the doctor, relieves the patient; though in America I have known both upon him at once. The Emperor’s physicians are eunuchs, but Kien Long had so good a constitution, that he survived all his physicians, though, strange to tell, he took their medicines. The accoucheurs are invariably females;—a different state of things would be considered preposterous. The regular physicians, in consideration of their slender fees, are allowed to practise on horses and cattle, and, with so much skill that they oftener lose a man than an ox. They have adopted the judicious way of some of our doctors, to bring their merits before an undiscriminating public. They have handbills, testifying to their skill and cures. I do not know that they have the lo-

belia; though they have means equally speedy of drawing a patient's sufferings to a close.

A Chinese physician not only desires to give good medicine, but is anxious to administer it at a lucky time; —and this is throwing a fee in the way of a professional brother, for a conjuror is consulted for the auspicious hour. There is a medicine in great demand; it is a kind of *elixir vitae*, or draught of immortality. All men die, yet their successors have the confidence to drink. Grave men may smile at this; but what is their own custom? Have they not some favorite 'drop or nostrum,' that is to keep death at bay for the present, and, when the present becomes the past, that will still cast the grim, 'but sceptered sovereign,' far into the shadows of the future? Do any men think to die at the present moment, and is not all time the present? This elixir is thought, by Sir George Staunton, to be composed chiefly of opium, and when the candidate for immortality is under its influence, his visions are so beatific that they seem like a foretaste.

The Chinese have for ages practised inoculation for the small pox; the matter is put upon a piece of cotton and thrust up the nostril, and if the patient lives, he was born under a lucky star, to which he is as much indebted as to his doctor.

Were you joking? or was it really your fortune to serve the commonwealth on the jury, at a dollar a day? It is a splendid allowance for a responsible office. There is nothing like it in China, where the juryman's duty is discharged by the judge; a system of economy like ours of brevet, in which a man is obliged to support the splendor of two titles, with the pay that pertains to the less. This trial by jury is called a great bulwark, and on paper it looks remarkably well; but abuses will

creep into the best of systems. The inlet to abuse is, that the returns of jurymen are too general, and include men that I would not trust to count fifty; I should not like to be tried by such, though, when my time comes, I shall have no choice. Be honest, and tell, in the form of a note, if some of your twelve did not fall asleep in the box. Were not four of them shallow, four obstinate, two careless, and the rest not over attentive? Be pacified, grave Sir, I mean not the men who composed *that* jury, for I know them not, but I am speaking of what too often occurs. The jurors are taken from the body of the people, and I grant you that it is in the main a respectable body; yet I would that some of them had stayed longer at school; jurymen should be above the reach of prejudice or party excitement. In this country (it is well said) we have no rabble; true, we have not a race of vagabonds without home or family, local attachment; or moral honesty—but we have a formidable body of men who despise knowledge in others because they are themselves ignorant, and who would banish refinement and elevation of character, because they are the mark of a *gentleman*. They have among themselves, men whom they delight to honor, because it is elevating a brazen image of themselves. Their favorites owe their popularity to a readiness in flattering the faults of their constituents, and in calumniating men more intelligent and honorable than themselves; they foment the jealousy that the ignorant naturally feel towards the better informed, and ride into office on the storm that they themselves have raised. It is a bad sign for the constitution when such men bear sway. Within the present century it was, all over New England, a *character* for a man, that he had a liberal education and was a gentleman. I am no aristocrat, though I stand for the aristocracy of merit; but we live in a high-

ly artificial state of society and of political economy, to understand which men must read as well as think; and I will as soon believe that a blacksmith is a proper person to repair a watch, as that a man with no other qualifications than ignorance and impudence, can make or administer the laws.

Here is much evil already, and the germ of more; what is the remedy? schoolhouses; every question in the last appeal comes to the people; theirs is the supreme tribunal, but ignorance never made a good judge. I do not say or believe that the greatest scholars are the wisest men, but there is a high degree of general intelligence necessary in this country to preserve our institutions. If the body of the people are ignorant, more, if they are not very intelligent, they will be dupes to the crafty and unprincipled. They must have an early and faithful, but plain education, and there will be no country on earth so happy and flourishing as this; but if our youth are brought up in ignorance themselves, and are excited to distrust knowledge in others, Turkey - itself is not so near to a fall as these United States.

I, Sir, am one of the people; my sympathies and good wishes are rather with the Plebeians than the Patricians, yet I lament that the most numerous class should be deluded by the craft of the designing—that they should distrust one man because he is intelligent, and confide in another because he abuses what he cannot attain to, or comprehend.

Educate the rulers, that is, send the people to school, and they will be well able to govern themselves, but a wild horse is not wilder than an ignorant, and therefore a wilful man, clothed in authority. But lop off the militia system and have the same rate of fines for delinquents at school, and we shall have better citizens as well as better soldiers.

It is a great thing for China that she has a permanent fashion of national dress. A national dress makes a man more patriotic, as it gives him a vivid conception of the great and good of antiquity, and forms a desirable distinction between people of different countries. It is, moreover, a measure of private economy, very advantageous in a crowded population. In this country, dress is a terrible tax upon industry, for not even a plain schoolmaster can hold his station in society, without at least a biennial coat; while in China, the same garment covers successive generations of men. I myself, once endeavoured (though not from choice) to overturn this state of things, but what can one man do against an universal evil. This was at Ratsburgh, where I kept my first school, twentyseven years ago, and 'boarded round.' There was a ball at Thanksgiving, (it was enjoined in the *proclamation*) and I went, in a coat that was first expanded at my father's wedding, some lustrums before. I have forgotten what was the fashion then, for it has since changed a hundred times, but well I remember the contour of that coat; the skirts were skirts indeed, and in dancing flapped against my ancles; the waist was under the shoulder-blades, and in front was a row of gilded buttons, touching each other, to the top of the collar. But in these latter days, we judge a stranger exclusively from his dress, and it was the saying of a poor man in a profession, that he could not afford to wear a cheap coat, it would cost him half his patients.

Have I told you anything of the Great Wall? Sir George Staunton described it accurately, for he crossed it in going from Pekin to Zhe-hol. The majesty of China was then resident in Tartary, at the 'Palace of Grateful Coolness,' in the 'Grove of Innumerable Trees.' The Wall, is misnamed, it is rather a chain of

forts, of the extent of fifteen hundred miles; the idea of a wall does not include half its wonders, even as our White Mountains with all their grandeur, are belittled by the name of *Hills*.

On the fourth day of the embassay's journey from Pekin, was seen a *line* running through valleys and over the summits of mountains. As the cavalcade approached, they discovered bastions and battlements, and at important passes several successive ranges of the wall. This line of defence ran over mountains six thousand feet in height, and across rivers of the largest size. The general height, without the battlements, was twenty-five feet, and the thickness was about the same.

A volume of Roman history might have given the Chinese some better learning on the subject of walls. It would have shown them the policy of Romulus, and they would have gathered more wisdom from later times. They would have seen the constant struggles of the North to overcome and overrun the fertile South. Could walls defend a country, the Alps had defended Italy—what wall is like them? yet the African, the Gaul, and the Goth, poured over its summit upon the land of the olive and vine. To build a wall of defence is to invite an attack; as it intimates at the same time wealth and cowardice. There can be no better wall than a line of hay between two rail fences, or a hasty redoubt of cotton bags. But the Chinese carry the principle to their private dwellings; and their houses are surrounded by a wall eight feet high, where is entrenched a family of several generations; as, if he be safe, a Chinese little cares how; for, (in the language of Fielding's learned turnkey)—

'Virtus an bolus quis in a hostess equiret.'

E. D.

NO. V.

SIR.—The population of China is to us Americans, who require a square mile each to bustle in, almost a marvel. We are not unsocial, though we like not to have our neighbours too near ; and our resource, when one comes ‘cranking in,’ is to emigrate westward where the forest never echoed to an axe. In Illinois a man considers himself cramped if there be a neighbour within fifteen miles. But then a family over the mountains, though it occupy but one room, can bring to the forest twelve or fourteen axes, and the average number of white headed urchins in one household, is twenty two. But there, as in China, is no celibacy. The Chinese have no wars to which they can send their vagabonds, ‘the cankers of a calm world and long peace.’ China, for this unlucky absence of wars, is crowded with houseless vagrants, ‘that eat the wall newt and the water newt.’ Consider that there are about three hundred people to a square mile, who cultivate the earth faithfully, and draw more subsistence from bread than from beer. Necessity teaches them economy in the expenditure of food, and our overstocked commonwealth would support twice the number if we would follow the thrifty practice of the Chinese, and introduce to our tables, cats, dogs, rats, mice, ‘and such small deer.’

There are few cattle in China, where the land is required to be more productive than in grazing. The Emperor is the great and universal landlord, letting out his lands like a feudal baron on a variety of tenures, though not upon mortmain. Yet for so great a prince he has some strange humilities, he permits certain censors to record his actions, and sometimes they venture

to censure, but this is to walk, like Seneca, on slippery ground, and may cost the philosopher his life. Flattery is venial where sincerity is so perilous. The great landlord has a road over his farm, from which the tenants are excluded. It is ten feet wide, and it is death for a pig to cross it, or for a subject to travel on it. It is swept like a parlor, watered like a garden, and shaded like a bower.

The Emperors of China have a practice at variance with that of the potentates of Europe; they never marry a foreign princess, but select their wives from the daughters of the Mandarins. When the Emperor dies, they are widows indeed, but upon the principle that boggled Falstaff—compulsion. They are shut up in a cold northern edifice, called the Palace of Chastity, for it is considered derogatory to the dignity of the prince's memory, that his princess should be devoted to anything but the cold urn of her husband; and truly I think that Agrippina, as described by Tacitus, landing at Brundusium, with her eyes fixed upon the ashes of Germanicus, makes a better figure in history, than Maria Louisa, listening to Wellington or Saxe Cobourg. But this I hope is a calumny upon the Duchess of Parma and widow of Napoleon.

The daughters of a Chinese Emperor are not married to foreign princes, but given in marriage to favorite and faithful servants. The Emperor is too powerful to sell his offspring in exchange for the uncertain favor of another monarch; and when, even in Europe, did a family alliance predominate over a reason of state, or when, among princes, was the *expedient* deferred to the *right*.

The Chinese, however, have adopted some European practices. As there are many offices with inadequate salaries, and as no man cares to serve his country for

nothing, a Mandarin, in spite of Magna Charta, brings his patriotism to market, and sells justice or pardon at regular prices. But there is no monopoly in this ; the Emperor, as it is right, has the first advantage, receiving a mighty sum from the viceroys, who in return have their purses from the Mandarins, who again look for remuneration from the people.

But it is safe for no man to display his wealth, in China he had better be content to hide and enjoy it. A Mandarin has got a broker's eye for a money-bag, and when it is discovered, there comes some grievous charge of the violation of the law of ceremony, which subjects the offender to speedy death, while his effects pass to the officer as administrator. Yet the Mandarins are liable to punishment if they defer justice, and at their gate there is a gong which any suitor may ring, and the functionary must discharge his duty at any hour; but then there is a clause in the law, making it penal to strike the gong for frivolous causes, and as the Mandarin adjudges the importance of the cause, few petitioners use this privilege.

One of the Emperors of China who loved pleasure better than daylight, and who disliked the succession of night and day, built a palace of innumerable lamps, a hall like that of Eblis, where the sun would not rise upon his slumber, or go down upon his mirth. The same Emperor, however, wished to know what was doing among the stars, and made some judicious regulations for the encouragement of astronomy ; for he ordered that all astronomers should be put to death who failed to announce an eclipse. By this method he had better almanacs than he would have had, by giving a medal or a premium for the best. This Palace of the Illuminations was the true origin of the feast of lamps, so praised in Japan, by your prosing Boston Merchant.

I have sometimes seen an affray between two pugnacious Chinese. They first attempt to catch each other by the tail, or long tuft of hair,

‘Then comes the *tug of war*,’

at every jerk they make hideous grimaces that would be applauded at a grinning match. They seldom strike a blow, and when one party gives the other a slight tap with a fan, the contest is over, the offender running away from justice, which the injured seeks of the Mandarin, who is prompt to avenge any flogging but his own.

You may safely say, when you have read these recollections, that you know nothing of China. To judge of a country by such sketches, would be to condemn a temple from the specimen of a single brick ; for at Canton less can be learned of the Chinese, than of the English at Wapping.

Some great man, at the time when the philosophers of Europe were full of admiration for Chinese institutions, lamented that he had not been born in China ; but, had he known more of the Empire, his regrets would have been less. Even Voltaire, who, it was said, believed by turns, everything but the Bible, gave credit to the superior moral excellence of the Chinese. China was held to be a sort of Asiatic Arcadia, a country without crimes, where men lived in innocence and acted only from good impulses. The public were bent upon being deluded ; or when they read of monuments to chaste women and just Mandarins, they would have doubted if what was universal would be thus commemorated, and if the arches and pagodas were not rather an intimation of the infrequency of chastity, and justice, for inscriptions on tombstones depend as much on the fancy of the writers as on the characters of the deceased.

The English embassies gave us better knowledge of China. To the Dutch, we are less indebted. These high-minded people, when they found that the English had failed, through want of docility, in the *kotou*, prepared with alacrity, an embassy upon more accommodating principles. The envoy was willing to knock his head as often as requested, and the secretary records the particulars, as if they had been food for national vanity.

The Abbé Raynal also thought the Chinese a nation of philosophers. Their philosophy, however, resembles more that of Diogenes, than that of Socrates or Plato. In mathematics, they have produced no one like Archimedes, or I would, in imitation of Cicero, remove the brambles from his tomb. Yet, one of the worthy missionaries praises their love of the mathematics, though, said the honest man, ‘they know little of them.’ The Chinese, indeed, refer to their own annals to show, that twenty centuries ago, they were highly civilized; but it is more probable that they lived in caverns and trees, for they admit that their country was so full of snakes, that the salutation of one man to another was, ‘I hope you have not been bitten.’ These same philosophers have a language of monosyllables, and written characters, as difficult to be acquired as any of the sciences in Europe; it is an admirable invention to keep the people ignorant. Where the language is rude, what can be hoped for the sciences? it is but slow and uncertain travelling, where there is no road. It has been thought that the present is the remnant of a more perfect language, fallen upon a race of men that cannot improve or restore it. No man has power to introduce a new character but the Emperor, which is too strict for republican institutions. Here, with us, each man coins his own words, without danger of punishment; but, in the

empire, it is safer to alter the Emperor's coin, than his Chinese.

Many of the fifty thousand Chinese characters are pictures of the object signified. A prison is denoted by a square enclosure, like a pound, which, with a dot in the middle, expresses a captive. The character that signifies a tree, if used twice, denotes a thicket, and thrice, a forest; and time repeated, is eternity.

There is much ingenuity in the compound characters. The character for *water* and *mother*, when combined, denote the *sea*, mother of waters; *good* and *word*, together, make *praise*, which is a good word; *calamity* is expressed by *fire* and *water*, *fire* and *sword*, and also by a *broken reed*, probably the bamboo, which, in China, is a true symbol; an *ear* and *door* signify to *listen*; to *grieve*, is expressed by a *heart* and *knife*, and to *meditate*, by a *heart* and *field*; a *sword*, pointing to a *heart*, like a free-mason's, signifies *patience*, and a *bargain* is denoted by a *word* and *nail*, (probably *clenched*.)

The Chinese are as little gallant in their characters, as the Castilians in their proverbs; the mark for a woman, if repeated, is *strife*, and if used three times, may mean anything bad. A *barber* is signified by *razor* and *respect*, and doubtless a man is more respectable when shaved; *comfort* is expressed by *rice* and *mouth*—and there are a thousand similar compounds, as you may see in the Great Dictionary of two hundred volumes.

Literature in China is an open field, where all may reap or glean. If an author avoid politics, he may with safety outrage good morals or good taste; but with us, he may do this in politics.

Thus, sir, have I performed what I promised of China. These recollections are but shreds and patches, connected without order or art. I have fallen, too, into

repetitions and contradictions, by forgetting often what I had previously written, and in the last letter, I have borrowed from an old review.

I will write for your newspapers no more; I grow careless in style, for I seem to be sitting by you and talking, and therefore slip into a mode of writing quite colloquial; besides, I must labor in my great work, the translation of Tacitus, for the use of my three scholars. But for these Recollections, if I can escape censure, I will not look for praise.

E. D.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[From the Legendary.*]

'Priscian, a little scratched.'

ON a memorable day in August, I emerged from the red schoolhouse on the Germantown road, where, for sixteen years, I had trained the rising generations of men in all the sciences—but more particularly in the knowledge of reading and writing.

Of my little scholars I took a mournful and affecting leave, bestowing on them a parting address, better—that is, longer—than three hours, which it is my intention to publish, as a specimen of eloquence in modern times. It produced a great sensation among the benches, and I had the pleasure of seeing many eyes as red as beets with weeping, though I scorn to deny that I perceived, simultaneously, the scent of an onion.

Packing my wardrobe in the crown of my hat, and my coin in a small tobacco-box, I walked slowly and sorrowfully down to the great city, which, like Babylon of old, is of brick, and which was founded by a man

* This article is reprinted from the Legendary, to make a book of the proposed size. All pieces that follow, have appeared in the Courier, or were originally written for it.

not unlike myself in his reverence for a right angle. The city is a magnificent chess board; and if a knight would advance thereon a mile, it is needful to turn thrice to the right and as often to the left.

Let me not omit to premise, that I had, at Germantown, cherished a tender sentiment till it threw a purple light, chequered with shade, over my whole existence. Therefore I resolved to journey westward, seeking—*in aliquo abdito et longinquorure*—some ‘happy valley,’ where I could cultivate love without jealousy, or, in other words, pass life without care. These at least were the motives that I held out to the world; that is, to half a dozen friends who inquired coldly, whither I would go; yet, doubtless, I was somewhat incited by that restless national spirit, that leads so many to seek Fortune beyond the mountains, at the very moment when the goddess—though I am no heathen—begins to smile on them at home.

Though no sectarian in philosophy, I travelled as a peripatetic. My only comrade was one, who, though ranked among curs, is more faithful to his master than some other dogs of higher lineage, and that wear richer collars. His, however, was a ‘braw brass collar,’ bearing his master’s name, and his own, which was Jowler, and a motto, *Care Canem*, suggested by a great traveller who had read it on a Roman threshold at Pompeii.

In my hand I ported a crabstick that I had cut in the woods of Camden, and I carried in my pocket a ferule, that had descended from my grandfather, and which, therefore, I have tasted as well as administered. This I took as a diploma, to be a passport to the confidence and tables of the great—of esquires, judges, and generals, titles, that, in a plain republic, where none seek or refuse an office, often pertain to one fortunate man.

Indulge me with a last word concerning the ferule, or, as Maro hath it—for I like a *new* quotation—

‘Extremum hunc mihi concede laborem.’

Generally I prefer it to the birch. In Latin I hold a divided opinion; but in ‘rhetoric,’ and its kindred studies, it seems fitting and emblematical, to deal with the ‘open palm.’ Moreover, in ‘correcting’ an offender it is proper to look him in the face. If I see there a sullen obstinacy, I am too much his friend to spare him; but if I mark a manful resolution to bear the pain, and a shrinking only from the disgrace, that is a boy after my own heart, and he has little to suffer from the severity of his master.

Thus attended and equipped, I went forth rejoicing, for I had much to delight, and nothing to afflict me, till I came to the Susquehanna, where, at Harrisburgh, I lamented anew over the grave of a friend, Simon Snyder, who had been governor of the commonwealth. But that friendly man was dead, and probably decayed, though there is authority no less than Shakspeare’s—and the grave-digger gives the reason—that ‘a tanner will last you some nine year.’

The Susquehanna is broad but not deep, and you may, if you would perpetrate injustice, apply the same character to me. It has a sonorous name, and is a beautiful stream, bending, with a noble sweep, around wild or cultivated hills, reflecting their pride, and carrying upon its waters the rich products of their soil.

Not far from York I ascended the South Mountain, an outpost or advanced guard of the Alleghanies, and time and travelling soon brought me to the main body.

I passed an hour at a rude village to which Indian massacre has given the name of Bloody Run, and here I studied diligently the features of a countenance entirely seraphic. It was like the most celestial of Raffaelle’s

Madonnas, or the purest of Carlo Dolce's Saints. I had not thought, when I left Germantown behind, to find such beings among the mountains; yet this admiration of what was beautiful and pure, had no connexion with infidelity, and could not have offended the lady whose ring the schoolmaster aspires to wear. It was but his perception of the same qualities in another that are so attractive in her, though in no other can they be, to him, so amiable. I left the dark haired cherub with regret, for I may never see another, or her, again.

At Bedford I entered the schoolhouse, making known to the master my name and calling, and as much of my life and opinions as might attract his regard, when the kind soul seated me at his desk, pressing me to *examine* his school; and I closed the examination with a short address.

He walked with me several miles, to the foot of the Alleghany Ridge, but when I asked him to ascend it, that good and grave man shook his head, for he was of few words when signs could express his meaning. I left him standing like a statue of Silence, while I walked briskly on, animated with renewed benevolence to the whole human race; for the kindness of that worthy gentleman seemed to be transfused into my own soul.

This ridge gives its name to the mountains, and, to geographers, the bold figure, 'the backbone of the United States;' but Uncle Sam has grown so much from his original shape, that at present the spine is somewhere in the side of that strong man. Having reached the summit I looked down upon an interminable valley or 'glade,' where cultivation had so much encroached upon the wilderness, that the rivers reflected alternate forest and farm. Other ridges, blue in the distance, lay before me, and the Laurel and Chestnut gave names to the next.

On the bleak side of the Chestnut Ridge, I entered a log cabin that had been the abode of misfortune, where an old soldier retired to his miserable dole, and shared it with the needy traveller; though seldom was the most needy as poor as General St Clair. Fellow citizens! it is neither generous nor just, when a man has served us faithfully and long, to turn him out to graze on the hill side like an old war horse that can no longer charge; or to let him starve like an aged hound, that has lost its teeth for an ungrateful master.

The Alleghanies have little of the sublime, but much of the beautiful. In wildness and abruptness they cannot be compared with the White Mountains. Yet, when villages with red schoolhouses shall be sprinkled over them, he must go far who would find a more attractive country. To me these mountains were charming and new, and I loitered among them with a schoolboy lightness of heart, careless of the future and oblivious of the past. Often did I quit the road, attracted by the sound of a waterfall or the coolness of a fountain, of which thousands are gushing from the rocks.

I could never, when alone, resist a ducklike propensity to play in running water, though I have frowned upon the same pastime among the urchins of the school, principally from a care of their health, but partly from that unamiable principle that makes us so intolerant to our own faults when we see them reflected in others. It may sink me as a moral philosopher in your esteem, as much as it would raise me as a good soul among my scholars, to confess that I toiled half a day among the mountains to make a dam across a little torrent, and that, when I had completed this beaver-like monument, I left it with the regret that all men feel when dismounted from their hobby. Your own I believe to be Pegasus, but seldom, as I think, have you reason for a similar regret.

As I was sitting on a log, listening to the sounds of my little waterfall,

‘mellow murmur, and fairy shout.’

they seemed at intervals to be mingled with the tolling of a distant bell; and it had great solemnity of effect, to hear, in these solitudes of creation, the sound that man has consecrated to the worship of the Creator.

Yet I knew that I was distant fifty miles from even the rudest church, and this sound, to state the truth, was too puzzling for satisfaction. I was forced to give it up as a bad conundrum, lamenting that the senses, with a little aid from fancy, lead us to error as well as to truth, for, deciding by the ear, I could have almost sworn that I had heard a ‘church-going bell.’ Yet in turning the angle of a rock I fell upon a little colony of emigrants, and what I had listened to was but the bell that tinkled from one of their herd; though, while it lasted, my delusion was complete. So it is in other, and in all things; therefore let us have more charity for the opinions of others, and less confidence in the infallibility of our own.

These people were hospitable as Bedouins, and pressed a hungry traveller, who never stood upon ceremony, to a supper of venison collops that would have satisfied Daniel Boon.

As I swam with the current, I saw less of the stream of emigration than I should have seen if going eastward; yet I found emigrants of almost every European nation, though, mostly, they were from the British Islands. Among these were many Irish, though there were not wanting the ‘men of Kent’ or of ‘pleasant Tivi’dale.’ Some of them had flocks and herds, and others were no richer than a pedagogue, and this is saying little for their wealth. But it is a most unfortunate road for charity. The fountains of benevolence are frozen, where every man is a publican.

I once met at a Dutch tavern, a humble old man, who seemed to owe little gratitude to fortune. The German boor repulsed his timid efforts at conversation, for a Dutchman, though not always civil to a traveller who has money, is invariably rude to him who has it not. The poor man next solicited the acquaintance of my dog, who very frankly wagged his tail in reply, for he is as good natured, almost, as his master. As the veteran seemed to have survived the last of his friends, and was as venerable in front as Cincinnatus himself, I invited him to share my supper—it was not of turnips—and had the pleasure of seeing him assail it as if he had seldom fared so well.

There is, in the morning, a singular appearance about the mountains. The body of mist, rising from the glades, settles at a certain altitude, and, from above, it looks like an ocean with islands; for the green summits of the lesser hills rise above the vapor, and present to the eye and the imagination an insular paradise; yet, when the mist had arisen, like a veil from a pretty face, it was not always to increase my admiration, for the fancy discovered beauties in the obscurity, that the eye could not find in the light of the sun.

On the summits of the mountains I beheld frequent vestiges of the tempest in trees riven by lightning or prostrated by the tornado; and they suggested, to an humble pedestrian, the consoling reflection, that the highest are not the safest places. It was my fortune to behold a war of the elements as awful as that which assailed the demented monarch; but, like Lear, I was near to a hovel, one of the hospices erected for the poor or benighted traveller, and there I rested through the night, sheltered from the fury, but elevated and appalled by the uproar of the tempest.

The next day the wind was still a hurricane, and as I descended to the thick forests of the valley, it was a singular sight to behold the tops of the trees wrenching in the gale, while not a leaf was stirred below.

Deep woods and solitudes have always inclined my spirit to devotion. The ‘solemn temples’ that the piety of man has raised to the worship of his Maker, are less impressive than a primeval forest; and among churches, those that have the greatest devotional influence on the mind are Gothic cathedrals, that owe half their character to their resemblance to a grove.

To sustain it in devotional duties, human weakness requires the aid of local situation and solemn ceremonials. The piety of even the devout Johnson was ‘warmer in the ruins of Iona,’ and the Liturgy of the English Church no less elevates the confidence of the righteous, and inspires hope in others who pray to be delivered from evil.

* * * * *

Having crossed the mountains, I descended the Ohio, the most beautiful of rivers. The Alleghany is limpid and swift, the Monongahela more turbid and slow. One may remind you of a Frenchman, the other, of a Spaniard; in their union, they may bring to your recollection a grave and placid gentleman, who desires to take for the better, a more joyous companion.

In this rich and wonderful valley of the West, grandeur is stamped upon the works of creation. What are the meagre and boasted Tybur and Arno, the Illyssus and Eurotas, to a stream navigable to three thousand miles, and rolling, long before it meets the ocean, through a channel of sixty fathom! What, but grottoes, are the vaunted caves or catacombs of Europe, to the mighty

caverns of the West—that extend beneath wider districts than German principalities, and under rivers larger than the Thames. Ye sun-burnt travellers! whose caravans have rested under the shade of the banyan, while ye marvelled at the circuit of its limbs—come to the Ohio and see a tree that will shelter a troop of horse in the cavity of its trunk.

A stroll even now upon the ‘Beautiful River,’ will explain the enthusiasm that led the first bold hunters of the ‘Long Knife,’ to the forests of the ‘Bloody Ground.’ Danger was but a cheap price, at which they enjoyed the rich, wild profusion of the West, when it first opened to the admiration of civilized men.

It was my good fortune to see one of those aged sons of the forest, who, in his youth, had loved danger and venison better than Robin Hood; for Kentucky had other rangers than guarded deer in Sherwood Forest. The lands that he had taken in the wilderness now hold a populous city, and have made the fortunes of his countless progeny. He had paid the purchase by instalments, and when the dreaded day of payment approached, he would stroll with his rifle a few hundred miles to shoot an Indian for the bounty on his scalp.

I descended the river as I had hoped to pass through life—suffering no damage from the rapids, and lost in admiration of the beauty of the banks. At Vevay, in the county of Switzerland, I moored my bark, and have cast anchor for life among a kind and simple race that sing the *Ranz des vaches* in an adopted country, hallowed by names that remind them of their Alps.

THE LAST OF THE BLACKLEGS.

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.

HAVING, in my present retirement, some leisure for writing; and much for reflection, I devote it to a sketch of my life; in reading which, something may be learned of my opinions. The motto prefixed is, probably, Latin, and it was kindly furnished by the chaplain. My present seclusion is not the voluntary solitude of an anchorite, for I am in a municipal citadel, that is under the immediate protection of the State.

From the governor of this castle (he is called also the *keeper*, though the word smacks of Exeter 'Change,) I abstracted a book, that I have diligently read; and I can say as much of no other but the ' Games' of Mr Hoyle. The governor's, was a book, of Roman history, and it is in reference to a passage therein, that I have titled myself—' Last of the Blacklegs.'

I find that one Cremutius Cordus destroyed himself, in distrust of the clemency of a mild Emperor, named Tiberius, who was distinguished by many other princely qualities. The guilt, that weighed so heavily upon the culprit, was, that he had, in his history, called an

obscure man, whom I had never before read of, ‘The Last of the Romans;’ and this, as Cassius had been dead for many years, was neither adroit flattery to the Emperor, nor a high compliment tendered by the author to himself. Now I shall not be so blind to my own merits as to class myself with Cassius, for with all my failings, (and I have a few,) I could never have struck in the back a man that had spared my life, and distinguished it with honors.

I was born in a cellar in Broad street—so that (as was said of another) I came up stairs into the world; and that I shall leave it in a similar manner, there is in the family a prediction and a precedent. My lineage is as ancient as any other; and perhaps I am descended from Romulus himself—for I sometimes think that my progenitors may have drawn nourishment and philanthropy from a foster mother as gentle as his own.

My father was a corporal in Tuttle’s immortal regiment, till he was broken for a retrograde movement executed without orders. He next pursued a calling analogous to a soldier’s, for, by an easy transition, he became a butcher, and sold mutton to the camp. But he met with misfortunes in business; that is, he was discovered at night with a sheep upon his shoulders, and he could in no way make it appear that he had acquired it by purchase. Consequently he went through the evolution called the *gauntlet*, and as he was lame, and the regiment large, and cordially disposed to execute the Colonel’s reasonable orders, this manœuvre quite broke the old man’s spirits, while it fractured also a couple of his ribs.

My mother was from the Emerald Island, and the advantage that she had gained from the waters of the Liffey was the only inheritance of her son.

In features, I resembled my sire, whose face was considered *hard*, and I rather improved this character of countenance by the cultivation of a formidable whisker. I have felt flattered when the ladies called me ‘the man in the iron mask.’

In youth my education was neglected, and this I have had reason in after life to lament; for an early acquaintance with books would have advanced my schemes upon society, by giving that knowledge of *evidence* and *alibi*, which I have more expensively acquired, at intervals, from the County Attorney.

In arithmetic, I could never get fairly beyond *Subtraction*; though I have had many battles with my comrades in support of my own rule of *Division*; yet I am not so ignorant of numbers, as it was once my ill fortune to pretend. This was at Auburn, where there is a large college, in which all are professors; the president (blast his eyes! for he brought the waters into mine,) directed me to measure a slab of granite, and also to saw it off, at the length of thirtyone inches; but as I disliked the problem, I severed the block a few inches short, saying in excuse, that I had never been good at figures.

‘Give him thirtyone stripes,’ said the president, ‘and let him keep his own account.’ This proposition was a poser; but it gave a new impulse to my mathematical talent; for when the lash was raised the thirtysecond time, I told my instructor that I had already counted thirtyone.

It was at an early age that I enrolled myself in one of the two classes into which philosophers divide mankind. My early tastes received much encouragement from the theatres, from which I was never absent when the play was the Beggar’s Opera, or the Forty Thieves. The fame of Tom and Jerry has reached me, even here; for in our fraternity it is a favorite play; but as it did

not come out till I myself got in, I can only describe it as it has been described to me; that is, a faithful mirror to hold up to a gentleman Blackleg.

I had, from youth upwards, a taste that is said to mark a gentleman; I had a passion for wearing white and fine linen; and this it was that drew me so often, at evening, to the laundress's lines. I had also a singular reverence for the beaver, and collected a great many memorials (both in skin and fur) of that amphibious animal; for when I 'did the genteel thing' and frequented polite assemblies, I would go out in a hat of felt, upon which, on my return, I was sure to find a nap from the castor, and in the crown a pair of his gloves. This, I suppose, is the reason why the doctor once said (when I shamed sickness and chalked my tongue) that I had been too long engaged in the fur trade.

I now became very diligent in my vocation. I have read in my book, of an Emperor who piqued himself on being the benefactor, as he was called the 'Delight of Mankind.' This weak prince, when the sun had set and he performed no worthy action, would exclaim, 'I have lost a day;' and I have made the same remark when the day has closed, and as little had been performed in my own line.

But these adventures were in what the history calls the 'golden age,' for now I have fallen upon iron times. In that age of gold, I was animated by the heroic passion, and tied my cravat at the sister of a school-fellow; but when I called upon her, she directed a servant, (and a truculent fellow he was,) to allow me the choice between his cudgel and the window; and as he stood directly before the door, to oblige the lady I raised the sash. This was, (as they say at the theatre,) but making an exit, as I had often elsewhere made an entrance.

The rations in our corps are not devised to encourage the enlistment of recruits, though the ranks are well filled by conscriptions. I almost blush to state, that I am sometimes fain to suspend my cap by a packthread, and draw up through the wires of my cage the few coppers that charity throws to the unfortunate. This gives me a manifest resemblance to Belisarius; but at other times, if Allston should behold me, with my iron visage, sitting upon a granite pillar, and shaping it with hammer and drill, what a picture the world would have of Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage!

Reader! thus have I sketched my life, and with but a seeming levity, for the reality I could not feel; and the levity has been feigned but to keep awake your attention, which I fear, is apt to slumber over what is seriously said. But it is time that I should drop the mask which I have assumed only for your advantage. If I have grown gray without becoming good, one good action I will do, in giving my example as a warning to sons, and my advice as a legacy to fathers.

If you have an undutiful son, bring him to my cell, and I will say to him; ‘behold an aged sinner, who has human blood in his veins, and who once had human tenderness in his heart; confined, and justly, like a beast that ravages and kills. Mark his hair, shagged as a hyena’s, and shudder at his wolfish eyes. I was in my youth, *like you*, but there was no example such as is now before you, to warn me to fly from evil; nor was there any kind hand to restrain me in its downward course. Now look upon those convicts in the yard, and see the savage sneers, with which malice and hatred have distorted, like a demon’s, the human face! If what you now behold, cannot divert you from evil, as hopeless is your case, as that of the wretch, who has lived for sixty years, with no other advantage to his race, than that of his appalling example.’

SELECTIONS.

THE HANG-BIRD.

THE red-bird that builds on the end of the bough
A nest like a cottager's, covered with straw,
Has a note that I loved, when I followed the plough,
And the prettiest plumage that ever you saw.

The Hurons, a cradle in sycamores make,
That rocks, when the winds the tall pinnacles bend ;
And safe from the school-boy, the cat, and the snake,
The hang-bird, her brood from a twig will suspend.

Then spare the red hang-bird that builds such a nest
As the birds of the tropic might envy to see ;—
O soil not with blood the bright hues of his breast,
But look for a victim in yonder pine tree.

There's a solemn, 'gray bird,' among ruins that flies,
In countries where ruins abound more than here ;—
Come, rest on my shoulder, take aim at his eyes,
And one enemy less will the mice have, my Dear.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM,

Fortunati ambo.

THEY raise but a single column fair,
To the chiefs who fell contending ;
For death united their ashes there,
And glory their names is blending.

The lofty Montcalm, if his spirit glide
 Round the field he has raised in story,
 Will see, with joy, and a warrior's pride,
 That his foes have recorded his glory.

But the brave are brothers, and when they fall,
 The tears of the brave drop o'er them ;
 For rivalry dies on the sable pall,
 And foemen, as friends, deplore them.

'T is a hero's prayer to prevail or die,
 And Fortune to Wolfe's relented ;
 For he lingered to hear 'they fly, they fly,'
 Before he could 'die contented.'

Though few remain, who as greatly dare,
 His glory shall swell their numbers ;
 This, long will the sons of Britain swear,
 On the spot where her hero slumbers.

PLEASURES.

THERE are bubbles that vanish, when grasped in the hand,—
 There are rose-buds that wither, before they expand,—
 There are hopes that are blighted, when brightest they seem,
 And pleasures that fade like the joys of a dream.

A mirage, when our prospects were desolate grown,
 Its charm o'er the sands of life's desert has thrown ;
 And we hoped when the rest of the desert was past,
 To quench this mad thirst after pleasure at last.

But from him who pursues it, the faster it flies,
 As the waters seem near, while the traveller dies ;—
 And spice groves before it, their limbs seem to wave
 While the caravan finds in Zahara, a grave.

If life in its threshold, so desolate seem,
 If its pleasures are only the joys of a dream,
 If its noon-day with doubt and dismay is perplexed,
 O who would not long for the dawn of the next.

GENERAL FRASER.

In the pride of his daring, Fraser fell,
 And while slowly away we bore him ;
 The warriors rude, whom he loved so well
 Shed bitter and stern tears o'er him.

'I die'—he cried to his heart struck chief—
 'Life flows away like a fountain,
 Let my funeral rites be few and brief,
 And my tomb, the peak of the mountain.'

There was not a heart, but heaved with wo
 As the hero's hearse ascended,
 Though the vengeful shot of the watchful foe
 With our farewell volley blended.

But the pilgrim of honor seeks his grave,
 Where the bright clouds rest in glory ;
 His memory lives in the hearts of the brave,
 And his fame, in his country's story.

THE DOG STAR.

BRIGHT star of my fortunes, that shone on my birth,
 And nerves that would vibrate, and blood that would burn ;
 Thy ray never falls on the cold of the earth,
 Whose hearts are as dull as the sleep of the urn.

But souls that have feeling, and fancy, and fire,
 Hearts that can glow, through obstructions of clay,
 And hands that can waken the lute and the lyre,
 Derive the rich gifts from thy tempering ray.

Thou sett'st on the forehead of Beauty, thy seal,
 And the soft light of passion thou shedd'st in her eyes;
 With blood in her pulses, that will not congeal,
 Like that of the daughters of temperate skies.

Bright star of my fortunes, impress on my soul
 An ardour for virtue, a passion for fame;
 Light my wandering steps to that far distant goal,
 And set in the heavens, like Castor's, my name.

SORROWS OF A ROAN HORSE.

WHEN I was a colt, in a Green-mountain glade,
 My mane it was long, and in thunder arrayed :
 My delight was to frolic, to bite, and to play,
 And to care, when it came, my reply was a *nay*.

When I nibbled the clover, in pastures of green,
 A mole that was sleeker you never have seen :
 I was good at a gallop, and great at a rack,
 But tremendous, with Major Mc' Wrath on my back.

Poor Major, he furnished me many an oat,
 And covered me often when cold, with his coat ;
 He was honest and kind, and I found him a friend,
 Till brought by podagra and wine to his end.

I was sold like a negro, at six years of age,
 To a master who drove like Jehu in a rage ;—
 In his harness I trotted fourteen to the hour,
 And he sold me again, when I wanted the power.

But time was at work on my mane and my tail,
 And through many gradations in misery's scale
 I descended, at last, to that lowest of ill,
 For a horse or a rogue, and went round in a mill.

On the Sabbath, a rest both to beast and to man,
 I shamble away from the wheel and the tan,
 To a lane where the thistles are bitter and tall,
 Though the clover is blossoming over the wall.

But my race of existence is rapid and brief,
 My sorrows will end at the fall of the leaf;
 For my master I heard, when the farrier was by,
 Say, in accents of wo, 'poor old horse—let him die.'—

FOURTH OF JULY.

LET the voice of thanksgiving have utterance now,
 Sing the praise of the good, in the land of the free ;
 Let the breeze that is waving the blossom and bough,
 Waft the song of our gladness o'er mountain and sea ;

Far south, where the orange is bending with fruit,
 And the laurel shoots up to a pinnacle fair,
 The voice of rejoicing no longer is mute,
 For the patriot is breathing his orisons there.

Far west, where he lingers ere sets the bright sun,
 There is feasting, and music, and pageant, to day ;
 For the fame of the heroes, whose labors are done,
 And whose name from the scroll can no time wash away.

One only remains, like a pillar at Rome,
 The column of Trajan, to stamp on the mind
 How great is the race that has past to the tomb,
 And how sacred the fame, they have left to mankind.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT that I sat by the side of the way,
 When an old man approached me, whose tresses were gray,
 And asked me the cause why I looked so dejected,
 If my love were despised, or my merit neglected.

To merit said I, my pretence is but small,
 And of love, honored sir, I know nothing at all ;
 But if the soft passion my heart should assail,
 'T is not merit I fear, in the suit would prevail.

My son, said the sage, thy remark is but just ;
 Then take you a box of this magical dust,
 Which he that is lucky enough to obtain,
 Has a balm for all woes and a cure for all pain.

Though you limp, I confess, like an ass in a fetter,
This will alter your gait, Mr Tag, for the better ;
 Though you squint like a Satyr direct from the wood,
 'T is no more, 't will be said, 'than a man of sense should.'

A similar change will be made in your wit,
 For which there is chance enough, too, I admit ;
 Till Friendship shall praise what it slighted before,
 And Beauty shall scorn, while she charms thee no more.

Thus the limp of thy leg and the squint of thy eyes
 Amended, and thou become witty and wise ;
 Be loud and vehement, pugnacious and bold,
 Which the weakest may be with this dust, which is *gold*.

HARVEST HOME.

BRAVE sons of New England, high lords of the soil,
 With hands ever ready to give and to toil ;
 The harvest is bending o'er valley and plain,
 Come, come, to its festival labor again.

We boast not the olive, we want not the vine ;
 For the orange and citron we do not repine ;
 We look at no climate with envious eyes,
 For what nature refuses our labor supplies.

Our country we serve when we follow the plough,
 And 'tis seldom a traitor is wiping his brow ;
 But the labor we love, is the pledge of our faith
 To the land that we live in, through danger and death.

Then long be that land the abode of the free,
 Afar may its fall in futurity be ;—
 Long, long, may its harvests so bountiful wave,
 And long may they gladden the hearts of the brave.

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN.

OUR hopes are a cheat, and our joys are a dream ;—
 We are dew on the flowers, we are flies on the stream ;
 And downward we float, without caution or fear,
 For the water is smooth, but the cataract near.

And sooner with evil, than good, we comply,
 For we love but a season and hate till we die ;
 We forgive in our foes, any injury past,
 But those that we injure, we pardon the last.

What is friendship ? a wish to make use of our friends ;—
 Ambition ? bad means to accomplish worse ends ;
 What is love ? he will find in his bosom who delves,
 'T is that ardent affection we feel for ourselves.

Our love is all selfish, our honor all pride,
 And many a wretch like a hero has died ;
 Our wit is but malice, and who tries to smother
 The laugh it excites at the cost of another.

Our reason what is 't? I am blushing for mine,
 It has led me so oft in a devious line ;
 For when reason and passion blow contrary ways,
 Which, pray, is the impulse the vessel obeys ?

LAMENT.

LAMENT, my sad friend, for the days that are over,
 And dread in the future, more ills than the past ;
 For, as I was once told by a Doctor in Dover,
 The toughest of grinders, to ache, are hte last.

O had we but lived in the fabulous ages,
 When men were all honest, contented, and true ;
 When youth was instructed in virtue by sages,
 And criminal judges had nothing to do.

Or in those later times that we find in romances,
 When honor pertained to the brave and the strong ;
 When lords, for the right, perilled breaking of lances,
 Which ladies would smile on, though broke for the wrong.

O for that era of beauty and banners,
 When minstrels like us, could win riches and fame ;
 When if morals were easy, the better the manners,
 Than in folks, that it might be a libel to name.

THE CALUMNIATOR.

BEHOLD a tall tree that is blasted, my son,
 Yet not by the lightning, though heavy the stroke ;
 More surely the work of destruction was done,—
 And mark thou the foe, that can prostrate an oak.

Vile worm ! could a reptile as feeble as thou,
 Destroy in its strength, a magnificent tree ?
 Did the hurricane pass, when it shattered the bough,
 But to leave the strong trunk, as a victim to thee ?

There are some of our lineage as slowly that die,
 And by reptiles more loathsome than any that crawl ;
 While the foe that destroys them, no one can descry,
 For the arrow is hidden, till after their fall.

Thus a calumny strikes to the sensitive heart,
 Which, the less it discloses, the more it endures :
 While the hand that directed and poisoned the dart,
 May be that of a *friend* ; but should never be *yours*.

GRAND MENAGERIE.—FATHER AND SON.

OH, what is that beautiful animal, Dad,
 So *tame* and so *gentle* ?—A *Tiger*, my lad
 And this, with an innocent aspect, and mild ?
 How *honest* he seems.—That is *Reynard*, my child.

What a fierce looking beast, with those terrible ears,
 And a roar so appalling, how *bold* he appears !
 Though tied, I am fearful so near him to pass.—
 The beast that you dread, little son, is an *Ass*.

And what bird is this, with so thoughtful a stare,
 Like yours, when at caucus you sat in the chair?
 It seems like a solemn and sensible fowl,
 What call you it Father?—Ahem! 't is an *Owl*.

And the little green fellow that hangs in the cage,
 Haranguing the other, like one in a rage,
 Or like *you*, when you spoke in town meeting last year?—
 A plague on your figures!—A *Parrot*, my dear,

And this pretty thing looks a little like you,
 Though his tail, Dad, is not half so long as your queue—
 But why does he prate and gesticulate so?—
 'T is a *Monkey*—confound him—my son, let us go.

In the street I will show you a biped, my dear,
 With a trait of each animal seen by us here.
 Oh, what is it Father?—I'll run, if I can—
 Were his shape like his heart you *would* run from a *Man*.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN FEBRUARY.

THE sunshine to-day is a traitor, poor fly,
 Like hope that deceives while it promises bliss;
 When evening approaches, prepare thee to die,—
 O why came you forth at a season like this?

There is ice on the stream; there is frost in the bower
 Where lilies and roses were blending before,
 And thy wing, that in hue would have rivalled the flower,
 Tomorrow will glitter and flutter no more.

Thy fate that I mourn, the creation pervades,
 And man, its high lord, may with sympathy sigh;
 For the flower that is fairest, the first is that fades,
 And the best and the bravest, the earliest die.

There was one, and I loved her ‘not wisely but well,’
 Too fragile for earth, and too perfect for me ;
 Who is gone where the perfect in happiness dwell,
 In a place that we butterflies never may see.

TRANSMIGRATION

‘Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum ;
 Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.’

At Salem, one day in the year ’21,
 On the wharf I encountered a lad with a gun ;
 And asked if the game was abundant and fat,
 When he grinned and replied, ‘I am after a rat.’

An old sailor approached us, and opening the lid
 Of a small box of iron, he bit off a quid,
 Saying, ‘hold, master Richard, avast with your fire !
 If you shoot at that rat, you may hit your own sire.

‘It was held by our fathers, whose spirits are fled,
 That we take other bodies when these are once dead ;
 And that masters and mates from the town we are at,
 Will revive after death, in the shape of a rat.

‘And here on the wharf they frequented before,
 They wander, like ghosts, on the Stygian shore ;
 Until to an island afar, they take flight,
 Where cat cannot catch them, or terrier bite.

‘That long whiskered thing at the verge of his hole,
 Is, I verily think, sir, inspired by the soul
 Of a man that I sailed with for seventeen years,—
 That rat is the remnant of Benjamin Beers.

'But that isle* is his paradise—thither no cat
 Shall come to disturb the long rest of the rat :
 And there do I hope to cast anchor, midway
 From the port whence I sailed, to the coast of Bombay.'

TOBACCO.

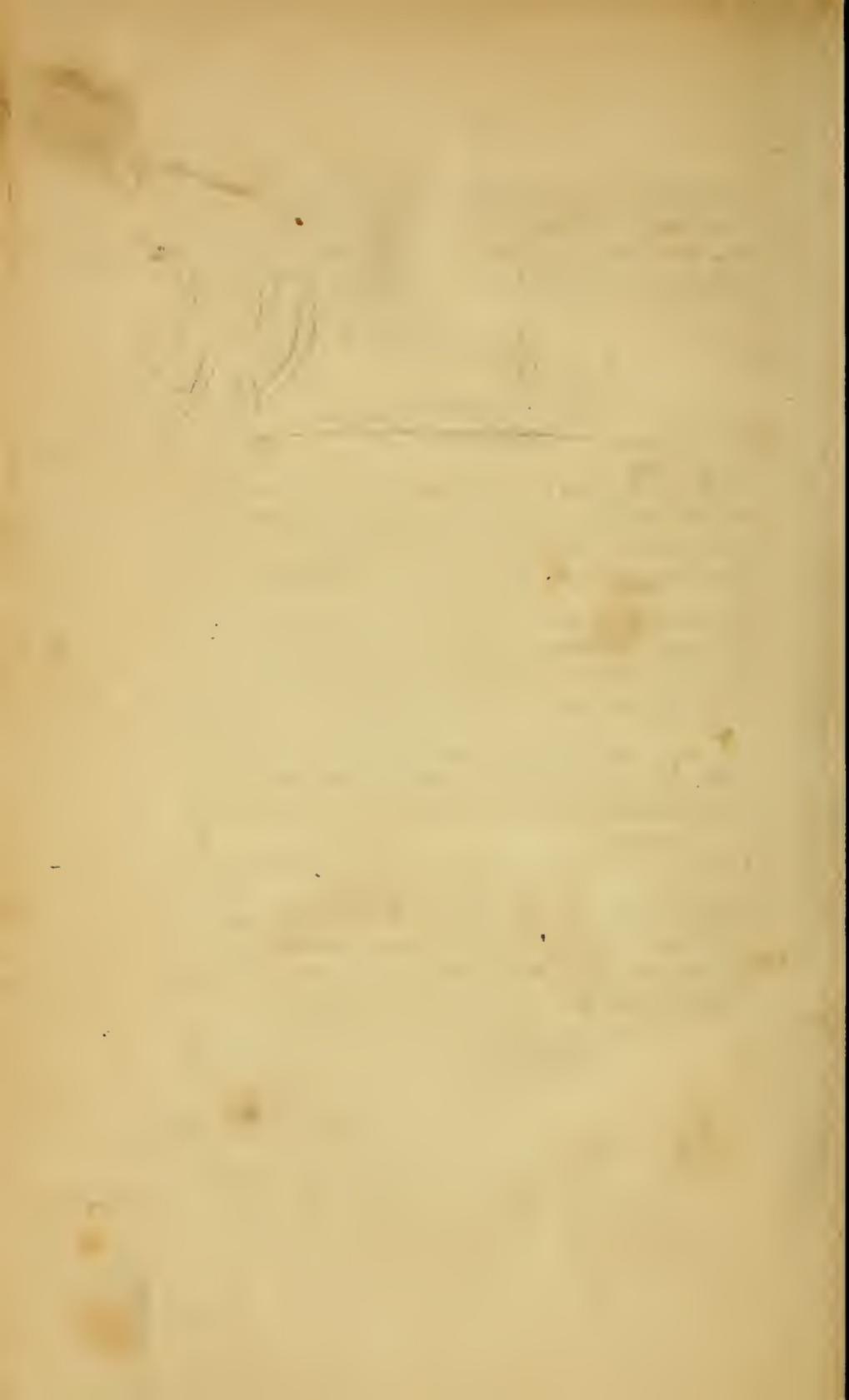
'T IS a curse to the soil, 't is a worm to the purse ;
 For the breath it is bad—for the character, worse ;—
 Abjure it,—or live among barbarous tribes,
 That Beauty abhors and that Fashion proscribes.

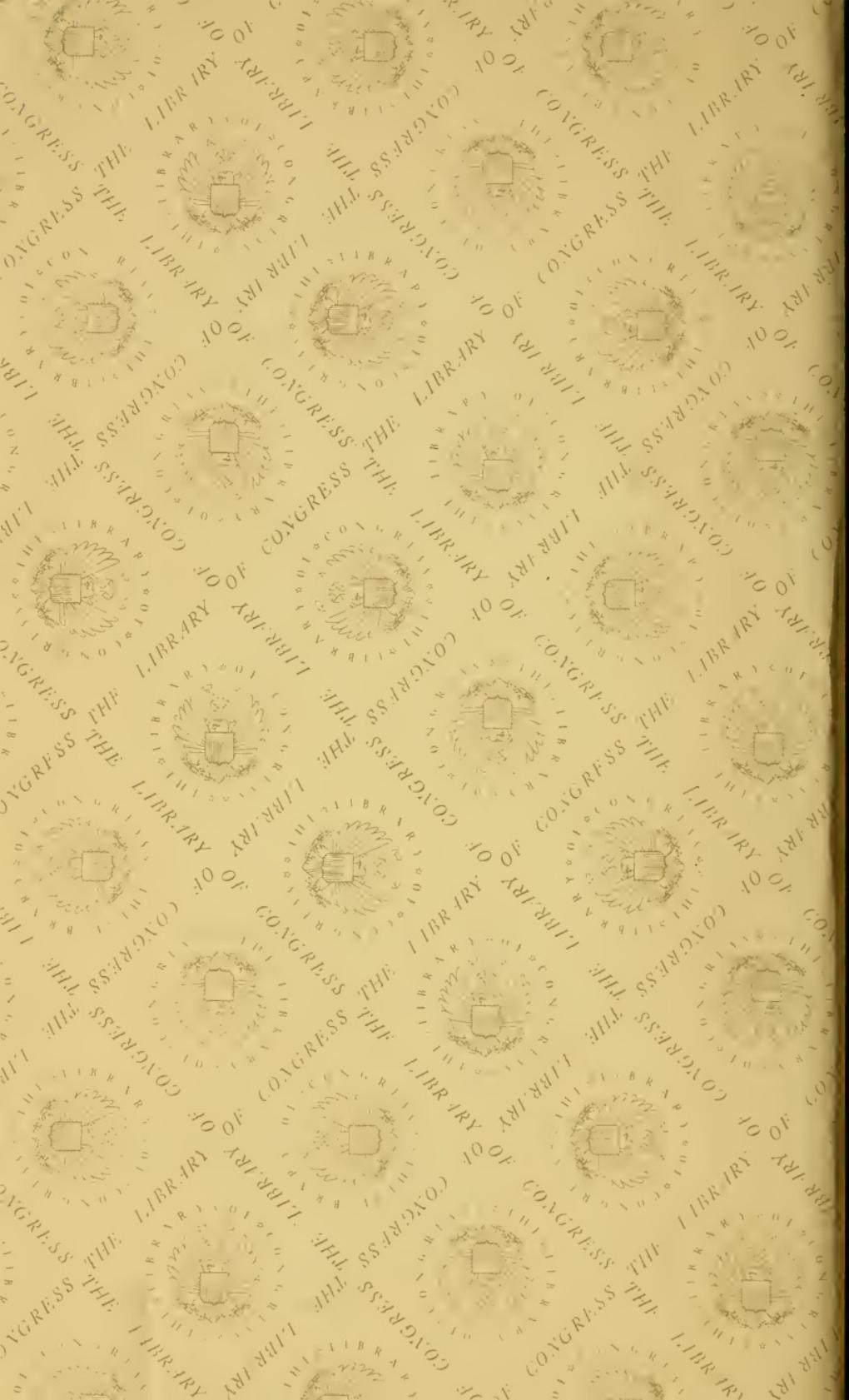
O, gallant Sir Walter ! it marred thy fair shield,
 To smoke, like a Savage, this pest of the field ;
 Vile weed ! and but fit for the wigwam and kraal,
 For an Indian powow, or Hottentot ball.

Yet, there lived in the city a bold man of war,
 Who, more than his mistress, esteemed his segar ;
 For the bridemaids were blushing, the groomsmen were
 joking,
 When he gave up the enterprise, rather than smoking,

Were the Venus de Medicis scented with snuff,
 A glimpse of her limbs would be more than enough :—
 For the sight, that mankind are for centuries pleased at,
 It should never be said, is a thing to be sneezed at.

* St Helena.





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